





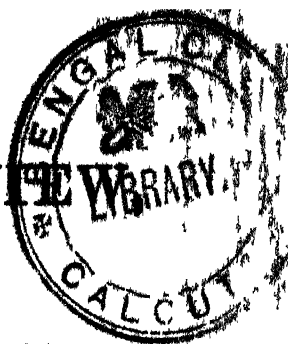








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ART. I.—*L'Expédition d'Egypte, 1798–1801.* Par C. DE LA JONQUIÈRE, Capitaine d'Artillerie breveté. Tomes I et II. 8°. Paris: 1900–1.

THE French Ministère de la Guerre has had the happy idea to publish a full documentary history of the expedition which Bonaparte led to Egypt in 1798, and has had the good fortune, or rather the good judgement, to entrust the giving it effect, to Captain de la Jonquière, of the Artillery, an officer already well known by his excellent contributions to military history. The name of La Jonquière lives in the naval and colonial annals of the eighteenth century, which presumably explains how, by right of descent, the author of these volumes far excels the average Frenchman in his understanding of the controlling influence of sea-power; but what gives the work its exceptional value is that it is based entirely on the contemporary documents preserved in the public and departmental archives, and now printed from the originals or from official copies. In these papers there is, however, one serious gap, the occurrence of which, and the way it has been partially filled up, are best explained in M. de la Jonquière's own words. After describing how, in June 1802, Bourrienne wrote, desiring Fain, the keeper of the archives, to send him 'tous les papiers sur l'Egypte qui pourraient exister dans les archives du gouvernement,' and how, in consequence, a considerable number of letters and despatches from Bonaparte, the Directory, Berthier, Baraguey d'Hilliers, and others were sent, he continues:—

'Une note, de la main du baron Fain, nous apprend que toutes les pièces, après avoir été transcrites sur les registres qui sont dans le  
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cabinet de l'Empereur, ont, par ordre de Sa Majesté, été brûlées en septembre 1807, avant le départ pour Rambouillet. Beaucoup de ces documents nous ont été conservés, en copie, par la "Collection Napoléon" (dont les éditeurs de la "Correspondance" de l'Empereur ont admis l'autorité) et par les publications officielles concernant la campagne d'Egypte; mais qui peut garantir l'exactitude et surtout l'intégrité de quelques-uns de ces textes ?'

From other sources the gap has been partly filled; but the question naturally rises to our lips or our pen, Why did Bonaparte order this destruction? or, when ordering it, why did he have copies preserved? Various suggestions of answers occur to us; but what seems the most probable is that, mixed up with and in the military correspondence were expressions of political opinion or aim, or too candid appreciations of personal character or conduct. This is only a guess, and possibly very wide of the truth; but, in any case, it remains established that many of the most interesting letters have been edited or 'censored' in the interests of Bonaparte.

For the rest, in all the published accounts of this campaign there has been a not unusual tendency to make the story smooth for the writer or the writer's friends. There are, too, many points which have been 'l'objet de controverses plus passionnées que documentées,' concerning which later historians have, for the most part, contented themselves with borrowing from their predecessors, faithfully reproducing their misstatements and their misconceptions. The Memoirs, so many of which have been published, are especially untrustworthy. They were almost all written long years afterwards, when the rise, the greatness, and the downfall of Napoleon were added, as disturbing influences, to the ordinary lapses of memory. As a general rule, it may be said that no form of modern history is so inaccurate as the reminiscences of old men. Even if they wish to be honest, which is not always the case; if their memory is exact, which it very frequently is not, there still remains the impossibility of clearing the past from the present, of separating later information from personal knowledge. Of all this M. de la Jonquière has given some amusing instances, and, as to matters of fact, has confined himself to documents written at the time, by men in a position to know what was done, or, which is often of as much importance, what was believed.

The story of the French conquest of Egypt has always had a peculiar, though diverse, interest to both French and

English. In France it has been judged mainly from the sentimental side, and people still look back on the campaign as having laid the foundation for the influence and prestige which they claim to have held. The English have, perhaps, taken a more business-like view of it, and have considered it, equally in its political and military aspect, as a very big blunder. Politically, they would accept M. de la Jonquière's exposition of the material results, in respect of which he says: 'It must be admitted that the conquest of Egypt was ephemeral, and that its prologue—the occupation of Malta—directly caused one of the best ports in the Mediterranean to fall into the hands of the English.' We might even go further, and say that the ephemeral conquest of Egypt by the French, a hundred years ago, led not very indirectly to its present occupation by the English. Our concern, however, is not now with this, but with the history of the origin and conduct of the expedition itself—an important and deeply interesting chapter in the life of Bonaparte.

It has been frequently stated that the expedition was started, by the far-seeing ambition of Bonaparte, as a prelude to the founding of an Eastern Empire, after the manner of Cambyzes or Cyrus. It has, again, been spoken of as a deep-laid plot of the Directory for getting Bonaparte out of the way. Both suggestions have that carefully rounded-off appearance which the affairs of real life seldom show; and in M. de la Jonquière's pages we have the advantage of comparing fact with fancy, of tracing the idea in its origin, its birth, and gradual developement. Curiously enough, we find that the project of the occupation of Egypt was the direct outcome of a very elaborate scheme for the invasion of England, which, though adopted by Bonaparte, and made his own, was at first the child of the Directory and the politicians of Paris. Austria was reduced, Prussia was pacified, Spain was cajoled; England remained the one obstacle, in the eyes of the Directory, to a general peace. England was therefore to be conquered; but how? was a problem which did not admit of an easy solution.

For the course of the war had been disastrous to the French navy. At the beginning of the war, in 1793, the French navy was, so far as ships went, at least equal to the English. If, to the careless examiner, the English navy seems to have been more numerous, it was because the English Government used then, and indeed till recently, to count all existing ships, whether effective or not—and many were not effective; in size and weight of armament the French

were distinctly superior. But Toulon, the First of June, and other incidents of the war had done much to alter this. So far as regards the French navy we may, in general terms, accept the figures quoted by M. de la Jonquière. In five years (1793-7) its losses by capture, shipwreck, fire, and in other ways amounted to thirty-five ships of the line, sixty-one frigates, and 108 smaller vessels—and very many of these had become effective additions to the English fleet. By the Treaty of The Hague, in May 1795, the Batavian Republic was bound to furnish twelve ships of the line; by the Treaty of Madrid, in August 1796, Spain undertook to supply fifteen; but Jervis at Cape St. Vincent, and Duncan at Camperdown, had quieted these threatening possibilities, and the French were not likely to be much the better for either of them. The English had, of course, lost some, but nothing like the fourteen ships of the line stated by M. de la Jonquière, quoting from Troude; \* and, reckoning ships newly built and the many gains by capture, 'the disproportion between the two fleets had become overwhelming.'

Ever since the beginning of the war, the Committee of Public Safety first, and afterwards the Directory—as, indeed, the old regal Government, long before the Revolution—had entertained various projects for a landing in England or Ireland. M. de la Jonquière considers that the most important of these, which was actually attempted by Hoche in December 1796, 'had, notwithstanding its unfavourable issue, proved that it was possible to surprise the passage of the Channel.' But the late Admiral Colomb subjected this attempt to a very searching examination, and proved, on the contrary, that, in the conditions under which that attempt was made, success was impossible. M. de la Jonquière has probably not seen Admiral Colomb's discussion of the incident, which is buried in the 'Journal of the Royal United Service Institution; † but he at least knew, though he has not said, that not a soldier of the expedition landed in Ireland; that Hoche never even got into Bantry Bay, where it was intended to land; and that the loss in both ships and men was extremely great.

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\* The number of ships of the line actually lost to the British navy during these years was eight. Troude's fourteen is made up by counting two 50-gun ships wrecked, one recapture, and three prizes accidentally burnt.

† Vol. xxxvi. (1892), pp. 17-33.

Hoche's expedition came to its disastrous end in January 1797; and as the Directory believed—as many both in France and England have since believed—that the failure was merely an accident of bad weather, they lost no time in preparing for a renewed attempt. Bonaparte was still in Italy, ready for further hostilities with Austria, and mainly occupied in the acquisition of the Ionian Islands, of which he wrote to the Directory on August 16, 1797:—

‘Les îles de Corfou, de Zante et de Céphalonie sont plus intéressantes pour nous que toute l’Italie ensemble. Je crois que, si nous étions obligés d’opter, il vaudrait mieux restituer l’Italie à l’Empereur et garder les quatre îles, qui sont une source de richesse et de prospérité pour notre commerce. L’empire des Turcs s’écroule tous les jours; la possession de ces îles nous mettra à même de le soutenir, autant que cela sera possible, ou d’en prendre notre part.’

To which he added:—

‘Les temps ne sont pas éloignés où nous sentirons que, pour détruire véritablement l’Angleterre, il faut nous emparer de l’Egypte. Le vaste empire ottoman, qui périt tous les jours, nous met dans l’obligation de penser de bonne heure à prendre des moyens de conserver notre commerce du Levant.’

A month later (September 13) he wrote to Talleyrand, then Foreign Minister:—

‘Je pense que désormais la grande maxime de la République doit être de ne jamais abandonner Corfou, Zante, etc. Nous devons, au contraire, nous y établir solidement; nous y trouverons d’immenses ressources pour le commerce. . . . Pourquoi ne nous emparerions-nous pas de l’île de Malte? L’amiral Brueys pourrait très bien mouiller là et s’en emparer. . . . Avec l’île de Saint-Pierre, que nous a cédée le roi de Sardaigne, Malte, Corfou, etc., nous serons maîtres de toute la Méditerranée. S’il arrivait qu’à notre paix avec l’Angleterre nous fussions obligés de céder le cap de Bonne-Espérance, il faudrait nous emparer de l’Egypte. . . . L’on pourrait partir d’ici avec vingt-cinq mille hommes, escortés par huit ou dix bâtiments de ligne ou frégates vénitiennes, et s’en emparer.’

At this time Admiral Brueys was in the Adriatic, in command of a squadron, employed in taking possession of the islands. There was some idea of recalling him to join the concentration at Brest, but to this Bonaparte objected, writing that if the squadron should be wanted in the ocean it could get there from Corfu in less time than from Toulon, and meantime would serve ‘à boucher entièrement toute l’Adriatique à nos ennemis.’ If, after all, there should be peace, on its way back to Toulon it could put 2,000 men on shore at Malta—‘île qui, tôt ou tard, sera aux Anglais, si

' nous avons la sottise de ne pas les prévenir.' Talleyrand replied that the Directory agreed with him on this matter, and on September 27 wrote :—

'Le Directoire trouve à propos que je vous écrive d'une manière plus positive au sujet de la proposition que vous faites de vous assurer de l'île de Malte. Il importe de prévenir l'Autriche, l'Angleterre et la Russie à cet égard. . . . La possession de cette île, jointe à l'Istrie et à la Dalmatie, ferait de l'Autriche une puissance maritime capable de donner des inquiétudes à la France et à la République cisalpine, dont il est aisé de prévoir qu'elle ne peut jamais être que l'ennemie ; Malte lui donnerait les moyens de troubler la navigation de toute la Méditerranée. Il y aurait encore plus de dangers que cette île tombât au pouvoir des Anglais et des Russes.'

Other letters to the same effect and more precise followed ; but the Treaty of Campo Formio, concluded on October 17, seemed to render immediate action unnecessary, and left the Directory free to devote itself to the English question. On October 26 the 'armée d'Angleterre' was formally ordered to assemble 'sur les côtes de l'océan,' and Bonaparte was appointed general-in-chief. Bonaparte, who was then at Milan, replied, on November 5, that, though badly in need of rest, he would never refuse the country's call ; that with a fleet well commanded and troops in reserve the army of invasion should consist of 36,000 men. On a report from the *Ministre de la Marine* it was estimated that they would be able to muster fifty-seven ships of the line—twenty of which were in the Mediterranean—besides what might be furnished by Spain and Holland. Following on this, Bonaparte, who had returned to Paris, drew up a scheme for the assembling of this great force. It is exceedingly interesting in its detail, but we must be content with one example.

Brueys, who was still at Corfu with six ships of the line and several frigates and smaller vessels, was to see that his ships had their full complement of men, was to fill up with provisions for four months, and to put to sea as soon as possible, preserving the utmost secrecy as to his destination. The route must be left to his own judgement, but as Jervis (Lord St. Vincent) was off Cadiz with twenty-two ships of the line, it would probably be his best plan to pass to the south of Malta, and hug the African shore all the way, so that any Spanish sympathisers with the English might not see him and send word to Jervis. He should try and pass through the Straits by night, so as to be fifteen leagues to the south-west of Cape Spartel by daybreak, and then, under lower sails (courses) only, go fifteen leagues further to the

south-west and forty more steering due west, before turning to the north-west or north. When in the latitude of the Isle of Ré he was to run in due east, and, if the wind was west, wait in Basque Roads for a favourable opportunity; but if the wind was east, then he could turn north, skirt the coast of Brittany, pass through the Raz de Sein, and so get into Brest. Similar instructions were sent to Toulon, and the Prince of the Peace was to be asked (instructed) to order as many ships of the line, frigates, and other vessels as possible to assemble at Cadiz (closely blockaded by the English fleet); to be ready for sea by the end of April, with provisions for three months and 15,000 troops—'si elle (cette armée navale) n'était pas bloquée par des forces 'supérieures,' and so to Brest, hugging the southern coast of Brittany, and also passing through the Raz de Sein.

All this, on paper, looks so neat and well-arranged that an effort is perhaps necessary to remember what utter nonsense it was; that at Corfu Brueys could get neither men nor provisions, and that he was short of both; that the chances of his eluding the blockading fleets off Cadiz and off Brest were very small; and that the Raz de Sein was not a passage that even well-found and well-disciplined ships cared to go through; or that the idea of the Spanish fleet—even if it could be assembled at Cadiz—putting to sea in face of that terrible Jervis, who had given them such a dressing on St. Valentine's Day, was simply absurd. Throughout the paper, though nominally drawn out in collaboration with the Ministre de la Marine, shows that it can only have been the work of a man who did not understand and never did understand the merest alphabet of sea service.

But the great difficulty, as it appeared to the Directory, was the want of money. The ordinary Budget could not meet the exceptional expenses of the expedition, and public credit was almost non-existent. A portion of the debt had been converted into five per cent. stock, but even at twenty it was unsaleable. 'Other measures must be tried; and as the invasion of England appealed to a popular sentiment, it was thought that 'free gifts' might realise the sum required. An enormous number of such gifts came in, but the value was trifling; it is mentioned that 1,375 persons contributed a total of 2,672 francs, and that in one department 25,000 francs were made up 'par une multitude de sommes minimes.' As this scheme had failed, a loan of eighty millions was announced on very favourable terms, with guarantees, and



bonuses to be paid out of the contributions levied in England after the victories to be won there ; but the public had no confidence in the guarantee, nor apparently in the bonuses before the victories were won. The Directory then fancied that some advantage might accrue to them, and certainly some injury be inflicted on the enemy, by greater stringency in the prohibition of English manufactures, which, though contraband, were largely introduced through Geneva. Orders were accordingly given to the police, and on January 4, 1798, a general search was made. English manufactures were seized wherever found ; and among the rest a quantity of cashmere at Lyons, where it had been sent to be embroidered and made into costumes for the Representatives. Of course the tailors were loud and vehement in their denial, and the Representatives were indignant. But the police, though apologetic, were firm ; the proof of an English origin was clear, and they could not suppose that the Representatives wished their own law to be broken in their name. The seizure seems to have been maintained, but republican purity promptly superseded the too zealous Minister of Police.

The want of money, however, was not allowed to interfere with the preparations. In some way or other sufficient for the immediate necessities was raised, and orders for the troops were systematically arranged, so that, between January 19 and March 22, 46,757 men of all arms should be collected in the north and west. These, with 2,800 horses, were to be carried across the Channel in 648 boats gathered together along the coast from Boulogne to Dunkirk, and to be convoyed by the whole strength of the navy. On paper the boats and the ships seemed as likely to be in the appointed place at the appointed time as the soldiers ordered to go in them ; and Bonaparte seems at first to have taken for granted that they would be there. Some of the reports, however, were not quite satisfactory, and he spent ten days in the middle of February in making a personal inspection of the preparations. On the 21st he returned to Paris profoundly dissatisfied with what he had seen and heard ; and then learnt that the squadron from the Mediterranean was no more to be counted on than the ships from Brest or the boats from Boulogne or Dunkirk.

On February 23 he gave in his report to the Directory—a report interesting in itself, and more especially as marking the end of that particular project for the invasion of England. It occupies rather more than four printed

pages, but the following are some of its more important sentences:—

‘Quelques efforts que nous fassions, nous n’acquerrons pas d’ici à plusieurs années la supériorité des mers. Opérer une descente en Angleterre, sans être maître de la mer, est l’opération la plus hardie et la plus difficile qui ait été faite. Si elle est possible, *c’est en surprenant* le passage, soit en échappant à l’escadre qui bloquerait Brest ou le Texel, soit en arrivant sur des petits bateaux pendant la nuit et après une traversée de 7 à 8 heures, sur un des points de la province de Kent ou de Sussex. Pour cette opération, il faut de longues nuits et dès lors l’hiver. Passé le mois d’avril, il n’est plus possible de rien entreprendre. . . . Notre marine est aujourd’hui aussi peu avancée qu’à l’époque où l’on a créé l’armée d’Angleterre, c’est-à-dire il y a quatre mois. . . . L’expédition d’Angleterre ne paraît donc être possible que l’année prochaine; et alors il est probable que les embarras qui surviendront sur le continent s’y opposeront. Le vrai moment de se préparer à cette expédition est perdu peut-être pour toujours.’

This in itself is sufficiently definite, and admits of only one meaning; but it looks as if, after writing it, Bonaparte remembered, or was reminded, that public feeling was so bitter against England that there would be much discontent if the idea got abroad that the expedition had been lightly given up. He therefore—ignoring the conclusion he had just come to—passed on to speak at length of measures for hurrying on the preparations at the several ports; but above all there must be money. After which he reverted to his original conclusion.

‘S’il n’est pas possible de se procurer exactement l’argent demandé par le présent mémoire, ou si, vu l’organisation actuelle de notre marine, l’on ne pense pas qu’il soit possible d’obtenir cette promptitude dans l’exécution que les circonstances exigent, il faut alors *réellement* renoncer à toute expédition d’Angleterre, se contenter de s’en tenir aux apparences et fixer toute son attention comme tous ses moyens sur le Rhin. . . . Ou bien faire une expédition dans le Levant qui menaçât le commerce des Indes. Et si aucune de ces trois opérations n’est faisable, je ne vois plus d’autre moyen que de conclure la paix avec l’Angleterre.’

If after this report there remained any doubt as to the impossibility of the expedition for that year, it was speedily removed. During the next two or three days other reports came in—especially from Brest—which showed the utter hopelessness of the task. The storehouses were depleted; there was absolute want of everything: want of hemp, of provisions, and, above all, of sailors. Without further delay the Directory passed to a consideration of the alternatives

Bonaparte had proposed, and decided unanimously in favour of the expedition to Egypt. Later on, when it began to appear that the result might be a terrible disaster, the members of the Directory were equally unanimous in their attempts to exculpate themselves individually, and to lay the blame of assent on all the others who allowed themselves to be carried away by the fire and genius of Bonaparte, who was solely responsible for the suggestion. So said Revellière-Lépeaux; so said Barras:—

‘Quelques-uns de mes collègues et moi nous lui fîmes les objections . . . il trouva réponse à tout. Je n’en persistais pas moins dans mon opinion, celle de ne pas tenter une aventure aussi hasardeuse. Mais la majorité se laissa entraîner par l’assurance que le général donnait d’une entière réussite, et par les brillants résultats qu’on s’en promettait.’

So also said Rewbell:—

‘Sans la malheureuse catastrophe d’Aboukir, je serais peut-être resté le seul censeur de la brillante expédition d’Egypte. . . . La postérité pourra peut-être juger son expédition avec sévérité; mais nos contemporains ne seront pas surpris que mes collègues et moi nous ayons partagé l’enthousiasme général, et cédé à l’ascendant du génie d’un héros couvert de gloire, qui répondait à toutes les objections.’

M. de la Jonquière thinks that Merlin de Douai came the nearest to the truth when he wrote: ‘Si l’on ne peut pas dire que c’est lui (Bonaparte) qui a conçu le premier l’idée de cette expédition, du moins on peut assurer que sans lui elle serait restée en projet.’

In reality, the idea, which had been afloat in French politics for quite a hundred years, was at this date first formulated by Talleyrand with the paradoxical intention of diverting the Government and the public from hostility to England. In England and the United States Talleyrand had passed the revolutionary years, and on his return to France in September 1796, though not burdened with any sense of gratitude to the country which had sheltered him in the hour of danger, he had learned to understand it and its ways a little better than the great bulk of the French people, or than his colleagues in the Government, when, in July 1797, he became Foreign Minister. He had especially noted the colonial and commercial policy, and wished that France should endeavour to imitate it. But for this, peace and, if possible, alliance with England were necessary; and though the preaching peace with England at that time would only have drawn on himself ridicule and distrust, he still aimed at turning the attention of his country away

from the war. So on February 14, 1798, while the English expedition was still the engrossing topic of the day, he handed in to the Directory a long memoir on the relations of France with Egypt, dwelling on the opportunity of occupying it, and the great advantages which would result from doing so.

With the drawing up of this memoir and its presentation to the Directory Bonaparte had assuredly nothing to do. He was, indeed, out of Paris at the time, and for a week afterwards; and when, years afterwards, he had it in his hands, the notes which he scribbled on the margin—'Quelle folie!' 'Cela est feaux' (*sic*), and such-like—are proofs that the composition was none of his. And thus Captain de la Jonquière holds that, as to the origin of the expedition to Egypt, we must distinguish two different and successive actions. First, that of Talleyrand, in taking up an old tradition of French diplomacy, giving to vague projects a precise form which could be immediately realised, and endeavouring to turn France from a contest which he regretted. Second, that of Bonaparte, who, finding himself obliged to postpone the invasion of England—a project which he had made his own, and to which, in later years, he reverted with redoubled determination—and recognising the impossibility of playing any great political part just at that moment, decided on an enterprise which inflamed his enthusiasm. The idea was not new to him; he had mentioned it in his letters; it had seemed to him possible if it should be desirable. Now that it was officially brought forward, officially sanctioned, he threw himself into it with all his marvellous energy and genius. On March 5 he presented to the Directory a note beginning, 'Pour s'emparer de l'Egypte et de Malte il faudrait de 20,000 à 25,000 hommes d'infanterie et de 2000 à 3000 de cavalerie, sans chevaux,' and giving a detailed statement of the available troops and guns, with suggestions as to what means of transport were to be found in the ports of southern France and of Italy. This was the foundation of the enterprise.

But neither Bonaparte nor the Directory had any doubts about its being in its conception and its success a measure of hostility to England. The occupation of Egypt was to be a deadly blow to English commerce; the immediate consequence of it was to be an effective alliance with Tippoo Sahib, and the despatch of 15,000 men to support him against the English; and though they had no immediate anxiety on the score of English interference, they considered

it prudent to prevent a knowledge of the project reaching the English Government. The presence of English prisoners, many of them on parole, in the seaports might thus be a source of inconvenience or danger, and an order was given to have them all removed inland. A few days later a further order was given that 'tous les prisonniers de guerre anglais, sans distinction de grade, seraient incarcérés et réunis dans les départements de Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, Aisne-et-Loiret.' This, however, was mainly a measure of precaution; for all concerned seemed to have persuaded themselves that the English were too stupid to understand that they had any particular interest in the matter, and that, even if they did understand it, they had no fleet in the Mediterranean, and were powerless to interfere. This pleasing idea was, indeed, not long-lived; and a little later every one, except perhaps Bonaparte, became exceedingly nervous about the chances of interruption; but in March the difficulty immediately before them was the poverty of the dockyards and the want of seamen.

In England the belief then, as all through the eighteenth century, was that the French, by a well-arranged system of registration, could always man their fleets without difficulty or disorder, while the English, with minds not so happily regulated, could only do so by the barbarous and brutal methods of the 'press.' In reality, under the republic or empire, as under the old monarchy, the French system of 'classes' and 'inscription' broke down whenever the stress of war fell on it; and the French ships were manned by an application of force, compared with which the English 'press' was a mere nursery game. At the time we are speaking of, on a report from the *Ministre de la Marine* that great difficulties were met with in raising seamen; that '*la malveillance et l'insubordination sont au comble; beaucoup de municipalités prêtent leur appui aux réfractaires;*' the military authorities of Toulon were ordered to support the officers in charge of the 'inscription maritime,' and to furnish them with detachments of soldiers, who were to search the communes and those places — '*où se réfugient les marins déserteurs, désobéissants ou vagabonds, et les ramener à Toulon.*' The difficulty, however, was not to be easily overcome, and a month later—April 9—the *Commission d'Armement* reported that—

'Elle a convenu avec le général Dugua de faire cantonner les troupes près de la mer, de Martigues à Saint-Tropez, puis de les employer, à un jour déterminé, pour cerner les quartiers maritimes et

rechercher les réfractaires. Cette mesure va s'exécuter incessamment. La commission a jugé que, dans les circonstances actuelles, il était indispensable de recourir à des moyens encore plus rigoureux. Elle a pris un arrêté par lequel tous les patrons pêcheurs qui n'ont pas atteint l'âge de 40 ans, et les maîtres au petit cabotage qui ne commandent pas depuis trois mois au moins sont appelés à servir sur les vaisseaux de la République. Cet arrêté, quoiqu'il blesse des intérêts particuliers, quoiqu'il porte même un préjudice notable à un métier utile sous bien des rapports, pouvait seul nous fournir les moyens de mettre les équipages des divers bâtimens sur un pied respectable.'

Meantime the appearance of energy was kept up in the west. It was important that the attention of England should be diverted from Toulon, and a show of activity was prescribed in the ocean ports. On March 7 the *Ministre de la Marine* wrote that he had just been inspecting the dock-yard at Brest: 'tous les ateliers sont dans la plus grande activité; les ouvriers sont contents et zélés. Je n'entends dire partout que: Vive la République et périsse l'Angleterre!' Cheers or huzzas are not very difficult to get from workmen in the presence of a magnate such as the minister; but the very great activity did not produce any great results. They may, in fact, be summarised as the fitting out the '*Hercule*,' to fall into our hands as she attempted to pass from Lorient to Brest; the burning of the '*Quatorze Juillet*;' and finally the expeditions to Ireland, which were brought to a somewhat inglorious end at Ballinamuck and off Tory Island. These came later; and all through the spring, while busy about the preparations for the Egyptian campaign, Bonaparte's thoughts were still turning to what became more and more the darling project of his life—the invasion of England. On April 13 he gave in to the Directory a '*Note sur la guerre à l'Angleterre*,' which curiously illustrates this. He felt and knew that nothing could be done till the predominance of England at sea had been broken down; but he had not realised how this was to be accomplished. He almost seems to have believed that an *arrêté* of the Directory then, or, at a later date, a decree of the Emperor, ought to be sufficient. It is well to see how he proposed to effect this:—

'Que nous soyons en paix ou en guerre, il nous faut 40 ou 50 millions pour réorganiser notre marine. Notre armée de terre n'en sera ni plus ni moins forte; au lieu que la guerre oblige l'Angleterre à faire des préparatifs immenses qui ruinent ses finances, détruisent l'esprit de commerce et changent absolument la constitution et les mœurs de ce peuple.'

We pause to call attention to the extraordinary recklessness of the assertions here made. The additional expenditure of 50 millions on the navy will not affect the expenditure on the army, but the increased burden which it will throw on England will ruin that country.

‘Nous devons employer tout l’été à armer notre escadre de Brest, à faire exercer nos matelots dans la rade, à achever les vaisseaux qui sont en construction à Rochefort, à Lorient et à Brest. Si l’on met quelque activité dans ces travaux, nous pouvons espérer d’avoir au mois de septembre trente-cinq vaisseaux de guerre à Brest, y compris les quatre ou cinq nouveaux que l’on peut construire à Lorient et à Rochefort.’

Similarly, 400 gunboats are to be collected or built during the summer, and their crews are to be trained. The Dutch are to collect twelve ships of the line at the Texel.

‘Il serait possible, après l’expédition que le gouvernement projette dans la Méditerranée, de faire passer ces quatorze vaisseaux à Brest, et de garder simplement les neuf vaisseaux vénitiens, ce qui nous ferait, dans le courant des mois de vendémiaire et brumaire (October-November), cinquante vaisseaux de guerre français à Brest et presque autant de frégates.’

This sentence has a very remarkable bearing on two much-debated points, to which we shall presently recur—the seaworthiness of the fourteen ships, and their waiting in Egyptian waters.

‘Il serait possible alors de transporter 40,000 hommes sur le point d’Angleterre que l’on voudrait, en évitant même un combat naval si l’ennemi était plus fort, dans le temps que 40,000 hommes menaceraient de partir sur les 400 chaloupes et autant de bateaux pêcheurs de Boulogne, et que l’escadre hollandaise et 10,000 hommes de transport menaceraient de se porter en Ecosse. Exécutée de cette manière, et dans les mois de brumaire et frimaire (November-December), l’invasion en Angleterre serait presque certaine. L’Angleterre s’épuiserait par un effort immense et qui ne la garantirait pas de notre invasion. En effet, l’expédition dans l’Orient obligera l’Angleterre à envoyer six vaisseaux de guerre de plus dans l’Inde, et peut-être le double de frégates à l’embouchure de la mer Rouge ; elle serait obligée d’avoir de 22 à 25 vaisseaux à l’embouchure de la Méditerranée, 60 vaisseaux devant Brest, et douze devant le Texel, ce qui formerait un total de 108 vaisseaux de guerre, sans ceux qu’elle a aujourd’hui en Amérique et aux Indes, sans compter dix ou douze vaisseaux de 50 canons, avec une vingtaine de frégates, qu’elle serait obligée d’avoir pour s’opposer à l’invasion de Boulogne. Nous nous conserverions toujours maîtres de la Méditerranée, puisque nous y aurions neuf vaisseaux de construction vénitienne.’

It might seem rash to say of anything that Bonaparte wrote

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that it is absolute nonsense; but if all this was put in a story-book, it would be paralleled only by Alnaschar's dream, with Alnaschar's foot taking the rôle of Nelson in Aboukir Bay. Not the least curious thing about it is that, to the close of his career, Bonaparte preserved the same wild fancy for stationing the English navy, forgetting or ignoring the very simple fact which, time after time, the English Admiralty tried to impress on him, that the stations of the English navy were determined in accordance with their views of the country's needs, and not to suit the fancies or the hopes of an enemy's general. He never understood that, with blockading squadrons at Cadiz, Ferrol, Rochefort, and Brest, the English held the inner lines of communication—a fact which no one would have detected more quickly than himself if only the armed forces had been on shore.

With this, however, we have now no further concern. The main effort was being made in the south, at Toulon and Marseilles, in Italy at Genoa and Civita Vecchia, and in Corsica. Here were fitted out the ships of war; here were collected the transports; here were embarked the troops. The dates which M. de la Jonquière lays down as marking the important stages in the equipment are: March 5—The Directory issues the decrees for making powerful armaments in the Mediterranean; April 12—'The Army of the East' is definitely organised, the name giving precision to the resolution; May 4—Bonaparte quits Paris to put himself at the head of the army and to watch over its final preparations. To these might be added, May 19—The fleet sails from Toulon.

The difficulties in fitting out and manning the fleet, of which we have already spoken, had been very great, but they had been overcome—some of them, perhaps, in a very makeshift manner. The expedition, as it finally put to sea, consisted of 38,000 soldiers of all arms; 13,000 men—sailors with some soldiers—forming the crews of 14 ships of the line, with frigates and smaller vessels; and 3,000 men, the crews of 280 transports varying in size from 400 tons down to 40. Of these transports about half were French; the greater part of the rest were Italian; but there were many Spanish, and a few representing almost every nation in Europe—Danes, Swedes, Turks, Greeks, &c. At the time of leaving there seems to have been no mention of the ships of war being undermanned, though it is repeatedly said that the quality of the men, as sailors, was indifferent. In each ship of war a detachment of soldiers was borne as

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part complement, in exactly the same way as in English ships a detachment of marines or soldiers in lieu of marines was borne. The difference—and it was an important one—was that these detachments were furnished by the regiments embarked, and were immediately subject to army control. This proved to be a very serious defect in organisation ; but, in fact, the whole fleet—not the soldiers only—was subject to the general commanding, in a way that is difficult for us to understand.

From the time when, in command of the squadron in the Adriatic, Brueys was placed under the orders of Bonaparte he had accepted the rôle of a humble dependent ; and after he was appointed to the naval command of the expedition to Egypt his letters to Bonaparte are obsequious to an extreme degree. Putting the possession of mere animal courage on one side, he seems to have been a poor creature, and perhaps on that account better suited to the purposes of Bonaparte, who wanted an instrument, not a colleague. But the official documents now before us show clearly that Bonaparte was quite as much commander-in-chief of the fleet as he was of the army, and that he exercised the command in matters of detail, of which he knew nothing. We can understand that in such an expedition the general-in-chief may have a certain control over the movements of the fleet, but we can see no possible result but confusion and disaster when the general undertakes to direct the internal economy of the ships and the details of organisation. And this is exactly what Bonaparte did. He was to order everything—even to the way in which the ships were to be painted ; Brueys was to obey orders. Here are some instances of the manner and extent of his command :—

‘ 22 *Avril*.—Il est indispensable, citoyen général, que vous organisiez sur-le-champ l’escadre. Le citoyen Ganteaume, chef de division, remplira les fonctions de chef de l’état-major de l’escadre. Le citoyen Casabianca sera votre commandant de pavillon. . . . Nos treize vaisseaux seront divisés en trois escadres. Celle de droite et de gauche seront composées chacune de quatre vaisseaux, et celle du centre de cinq. Chaque escadre aura une frégate et une corvette. Les contre-amiraux Blanquet et Villeneuve commanderont chacun une escadre. Le général Decrès commandera le convoi. . . . Il aura aussi sous ses ordres immédiats trois frégates armées en guerre et un nombre de bricks bons marcheurs. . . . Avec ces bâtiments il éclairera la marche de l’escadre. . . .

‘ 11 *Mai*.—L’escadre étant composée de 15 vaisseaux, de 12 frégates, de plus de 200 bâtiments de convoi, vous devez prendre le titre et le pavillon d’amiral.

*Ordonn.* 15 Mai.—1. Les apprentis marins, à bord de chaque vaisseau, frégate ou corvette à trois mâts, seront partagés en escouades de dix. 2. A chaque escouade il sera attaché un officier marinier en qualité d'instructeur. 3. Tous les jours, depuis 9 heures jusqu'à 11 h. 4, et l'après-midi depuis 2 heures jusqu'à 4, chaque escouade fera séparément, à l'heure et au mât qui lui seront indiqués par le capitaine de vaisseau, l'exercice d'apprentissage pour monter sur les vergues et le long des mâts.

And so on; the point being, of course, not a question of the excellence of the orders, but the anomaly of their being issued in the name and on the sole authority of the general, instead of by the *Ministre de la Marine* and the admiral in command. It may, perhaps, be largely attributed to this military command of the fleet that the ships of war were lumbered up with soldiers to a most dangerous extent. In addition to their complement of 700 men, the 74-gun ships carried 500 soldiers. The *'Tonnant,'* of 80 guns and a complement of 866, had 467 soldiers on board, or, in all, 1,333 men. The flagships were not quite so crowded, and were the least ineffective of the fleet; but if, as was quite within existing chances, it had met the English fleet at sea, it would have been as black a day for France as any in her annals. There were many who could see and shudder at this extreme danger. Bonaparte does not seem to have understood it or believed in it; and some, at least, of the soldiers in high command seem to have thought that the numbers on board would give them a decided advantage. Brigadier-General Laugier, for instance, on board the *'Peuple Souverain,'* wrote in his Journal:—

‘Chaque jour on fait la manœuvre du canon; les soldats de terre y montrent leur intelligence et surtout leur bonne volonté ordinaire. On s'occupe de régler à l'avance les postes que devront occuper les troupes embarquées dans le cas d'une rencontre avec l'ennemi et d'un combat. Si nous sommes maîtres de nos manœuvres à bord du “Peuple-Souverain,” notre dessein est d'approcher les vaisseaux ennemis le plus possible et, quoique nous ne comptons pas absolument sur la possibilité de l'abordage, qui nécessairement nous serait très avantageux, nous espérons qu'au moyen d'un feu de mousqueterie bien dirigé on empêcherait les matelots ennemis de manœuvrer, on les intimiderait au point de n'oser se montrer sur le pont, on jetterait les grappins et tout au moins on entrainerait le vaisseau ennemi.’

Of course there were rumours of an English squadron. These began long before an English ship of war came into the Mediterranean, and continued in an exaggerated form. The first definite news was brought into the fleet on June 1, that three English ships of the line under the command of

Admiral Nelson had put into the roads of Saint-Pierre, and had sailed again on the 28th. Nelson's ship had lost her foremast. After that nothing more was known. The convoy from Civita Vecchia had not joined, and Brueys was anxious about its safety; but Bonaparte refused to sanction his sending away four of the ships of the line to protect it. Brueys seems to have been infected by his confidence, and on June 5 wrote to Blanquet:—

*'Lorsque nous serons arrivés à l'île de Malta, vous serez chargé, avec les quatre vaisseaux de votre escadre, de bloquer le port de Malta et, si la division anglaise avait fait la sottise de s'y enfermer, il faudra qu'elle vous parle pour en sortir. Nous ne serons d'ailleurs jamais éloignés pour ne pas venir à vous, au premier coup de canon.'*

The orders under which the fleet had sailed, in this respect certainly suggested by Bonaparte himself, were to seize on Malta, for which—it was said—the English were negotiating, though it was more probable that the Grand Master, being an Austrian, would cede it to the Emperor. It does not appear that these suspicions had any foundation in fact, or were anything more than a pretext; but since the day when the wolf objected to the lamb's muddying the water it has not been thought necessary for the suspicions of the aggressor to be based on fact, or even on probability. The detailed plan was therefore arranged beforehand, and when, on June 9, the expedition came off the island, a quarrel was at once made out of the Grand Master's refusal to permit the whole fleet to come in to water. As a neutral, he could only allow a belligerent's ships to water by four at a time. This was exactly the answer on which Bonaparte had counted, and at his dictation the Consul wrote expressing the General's indignation at the refusal, and his determination to take by force that hospitality which the Order was bound by the laws of its foundation to exercise. As if on his own account, he added that the forces at the disposal of the General were so great that resistance was impossible, and therefore he besought him to come to terms at once. Resistance was, in fact, impossible.

It has often been said that the Grand Master was a traitor; that he was bought over by hard cash and promised advantages. This is not exactly correct. He was not a traitor for gain, but one only from incapacity. All through the spring disquieting rumours concerning the armaments in France and Italy had come to Malta, but the Grand Master and his Council had comforted themselves with the

conjecture that they were intended for England. It was much cheaper to think so; and as Brueys, who had touched at Malta on his way from Corfu to Toulon, had departed in peace, they judged that no harm to the Order was intended. But only a week before the French appeared, the Grand Master had received a strong letter from the Minister of the Order at Rastadt:—

‘Je vous prévienne, Monseigneur, que l’expédition considérable qui se prépare à Toulon regarde Malte et l’Égypte. . . . Vous serez sûrement attaqué. Prenez toutes les mesures pour vous défendre comme il faut. Les ministres de toutes les puissances amies de l’Ordre qui sont ici en sont instruits comme moi; mais ils savent aussi que la place de Malte est inexpugnable, ou du moins en état de résister pendant trois mois. Que Votre Altesse Eminentissime y prenne garde; il y va, Monseigneur, de votre propre honneur et de la conservation de l’Ordre; et si vous cédiez sans vous être défendu, vous seriez déshonoré aux yeux de toute l’Europe.’

Even this had not stirred to energy and to action the miserable imbecile who, at this critical moment, held the once glorious office of Grand Master. The time was certainly short, but the strength of the fortress was so great that little preparation was needed. The very least would have enabled the place to hold out for a few weeks, and Bonaparte could not spare days. But no preparation whatever had been made, and the place surrendered at once on terms which Bonaparte, anxious to avoid delay, made as easy as possible—all the easier, perhaps, as he had no particular intention of giving effect to them. The Grand Master was to have a German principality and a pension of 300,000 francs. He got neither, though a sum of 600,000 ‘à titre d’indemnité ‘pour son mobilier’ is said to have been paid. Every knight actually at Malta was to have a pension for life of 700 francs, or, if over sixty, of 1,000. Instead of that each one was paid 250 francs once for all. In return for these agreements Bonaparte, as representing the French Republic, took over the full sovereignty of the island, with the arsenal and stores. A few days were occupied in organising the garrison, and on June 19 the squadron sailed on a course signalled as S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. ‘This,’ wrote General Belliard in his Journal, ‘leads us straight to Alexandria, where it seems we are to land. Up to now we have been led blindfold, and could only guess whither we were going.’ And Kleber wrote: ‘Il n’y avait pas 40 personnes de l’expédition qui fussent instruites de la route qu’on allait prendre.’ ‘Blancquet,’ he says, ‘had maintained they were going to the

‘Crimea; others had favoured the Morea—Sicily—Portugal.  
‘Now doubt is ended.’

The course given would have taken the fleet straight to Alexandria, but for some reason not stated, and apparently not known, it was not kept to. The fleet steered more directly east, along the south coast of Crete, and so came to Alexandria on the curve of a bent bow. A note by Sulkowski, an officer on the staff—‘bien placé auprès de ‘Bonaparte pour connaître ses pensées et ses préoccupations’—gives an interesting summary of the voyage:—

‘Les vents furent maniables pour nous jusqu’aux atterrages de Candie. Là ils renforcèrent et, quoique leur direction fût bonne, nous ne tardâmes pas à sentir le danger dans lequel nous mettaient même les chances les plus ordinaires de la navigation. Une seule nuit orageuse dissipa le convoi et fit même perdre le convoi aux vaisseaux de guerre. A la petite pointe du jour nous n’aperçûmes au bout d’un ciel nébuleux que quelques groupes de bâtiments qui luttaient contre les flots. Le reste s’était réfugié sous la terre ou errait sans obéir à nos signaux de ralliement. Heureusement le vent diminua et, soufflant constamment de l’ouest, facilita à tous les vaisseaux de reprendre la route. Cet événement ne nous coûta que vingt-quatre heures de retard; mais il nous prouva ce qu’eût produit une tempête. Deux jours plus tard une galère de Malte nous apprit la rentrée de la “Justice” et nous donna des détails vagues sur l’apparition des Anglais. Dans cette incertitude on se prépara au combat, toujours forçant de voiles. . . . Le 12 [messidor (30 June)] nous reconnûmes terre.’

During the voyage detachments of soldiers were ordered to be furnished to the ships of war as part complement, those which they had at the beginning having gone towards forming the garrison of Malta—presumably because the commanding officers of the demi-brigades and the colonels of the regiments objected, as far as they could, to men being taken from their ranks. Now it was different. They were ordered to furnish 150 men to the ‘Orient’ and 100 to each of the two-decked ships, with a saving clause that, we may be quite sure, only anticipated their choice—‘Les ‘hommes seront pris préférablement parmi ceux qui sont ‘incapables de marcher par des blessures venues aux jambes et ‘aux cuisses.’ How well the spirit of this order was carried out is shown by a complaint which, about a fortnight later, Brueys wrote to Bonaparte: ‘Les garnisons de nos vaisseaux ‘sont très faibles, et composées de soldats valétudinaires, ‘jeunes et insubordonnés. Il semble qu’on ait fait un choix ‘dans votre armée, pour nous donner ce qu’il y avait de ‘plus mauvais.’

As the fleet drew near Alexandria the frigate 'Junon' was sent on ahead to see the French Consul, and bring back any news that he had of the state of the country. She rejoined the fleet on July 1, bringing the Consul himself, with the startling news that only three days before the English squadron of fourteen sail of the line had been off Alexandria. They had sent on shore a messenger for India, and had left the same evening, steering towards Cyprus. Here was something definite and unexpected. There had been the report of fourteen sail having been seen by the 'Justice,' but it was vague, and pointed to their being on the coast of Sicily. Now they seemed waiting for them on the coast of Egypt, and though they had gone towards Cyprus they might reappear at any moment. It became, therefore, necessary to get the troops on shore without a moment's delay.

This caused an important and immediate change in Bonaparte's plans. M. de la Jonquière quotes at length from Sulkowski's notes, which explain how, in order to avoid crossing the desert with infantry, which, when weary and exhausted, might incur great danger from the cavalry of the Mamelukes, and to avoid the Nile, which the Mamelukes commanded with a numerous flotilla, Bonaparte had intended to land at Damietta and march on Cairo by easy stages, through a cultivated country, which afforded little opportunity to the enemy's cavalry. The urgency rendered this impossible. The troops had to be landed where they were, and, to keep up the communication with the fleet, Alexandria had to be taken, though it had nothing to do with the objective of the campaign, which in the first instance was Cairo. Of this change of plan Bonaparte himself has told nothing; it would—he may have thought—be doing too much honour to the English. But in addition to Sulkowski, to whose testimony he attaches great weight, M. de la Jonquière quotes the evidence of other highly placed officers, and amongst them Kleber, who says: 'C'est cette nouvelle qui détermina précipitamment un débarquement aux Marabouts; car le projet du général avait été d'entrer dans le Delta par les deux bouches du Nil.' It is thus fully established that Nelson's first visit to Alexandria had an important effect. He had not succeeded in catching the French fleet on its passage and 'trying Bonaparte on a wind;' but the mere threat of his presence compelled Bonaparte to change his carefully prepared plan, and enormously increased the difficulties of the campaign.

The hurried landing at Alexandria involved an amount of confusion and loss, with some drunkenness, such as we are taught, by our newspapers, to consider peculiarly English; and on the march by Damanhour to El Rahmanieh on the Nile the sufferings of the troops were very great, not only from the heat, which in July is deadly, but from the want of provisions, for which there was no possible transport. The advance on Cairo followed. Into the details of it we do not propose to enter. They have often been related; there is no opposite side to the story, and there are no controverted points of any general interest. We will only say that the battles with the Mamelukes, brilliant as they were, do not seem to us to call for the excessive self-glorification in which French writers have often indulged. We know the bravery of the Mamelukes; we have ourselves often proved it in men of a kindred race; but from the time of Cæsar to that of Kitchener, discipline, skill, and superior arms have triumphed over rude valour and reckless daring. When we read of the battle of the Pyramids that the loss of the Mamelukes was estimated at about 2,000 men, that of the French at 20 killed and 120 wounded, we have a very clear idea of the category to which it belongs.

But for us the principal interest of the whole is in the action of our fleet, which, having failed to intercept and destroy the expedition on its passage, presently returned to imprison it in the land of its choice. The completeness with which it did this is familiar to us all; but there are many interesting questions as to the manner of it, some of which are now cleared up for the first time. In turning to these, it may be as well to refresh the memory of our readers by a brief recapitulation of our side of the story.

On May 8 Nelson, with three ships of the line, four frigates, and a sloop, left Gibraltar to go off Toulon and ascertain, if possible, what was being done there. Although the destination of the armament had been announced in the '*Moniteur*' of April 1, and (as we have seen) was known at Rastadt early in May, if not sooner, no whisper of it seems to have reached the English Government, and very certainly had not reached Lord St. Vincent when he sent off Nelson, or when, three weeks later, he sent off Troubridge with ten ships of the line to join him. But the frigates and the sloop which were sent with him in the first instance had parted from him in a gale, and, by some woful misunderstanding, had gone back to Cadiz; and, though again sent into the Mediterranean, they did not fall

in with Nelson until towards the middle of August. It was thus that he was left with thirteen ships of the line, a 50-gun ship, and one little brig, to find out where the enemy had gone to. He had no intelligence, no instructions, no indications, and by this failure of the frigates he had no scouts. If the frigates had been with him, the history of the next fifteen years would probably—we may almost say would certainly—have been very different. As it was, Nelson could not venture to detach ships of the line on scouting duty, and had to do the scouting with the united squadron. At Naples, on June 17, he learned that the French fleet had gone to Malta. As he passed through the straits of Messina he learned that they were in full possession of Malta, and had sailed again, steering east. Contrary to his instructions, Nelson had all along believed that Egypt was the real objective of the expedition. He was now convinced of it; and, understanding that it had more start than it really had, he at once steered a straight course for Alexandria. It has been said that the French went by the bow; Nelson went by the string and sailed faster, so that he arrived at Alexandria twenty-four hours before the 'Junon,' and nearly three days before the French fleet. Of the effect this had on the expedition we have already spoken. But Nelson, on his part, could not understand what had happened. It has been said that he ought to have had confidence in his judgement—to have seen that he must have passed the enemy on the way, and to have waited. But he had not acted on judgement, for he had no intelligence on which to form one; and his instructions named almost every place in the Mediterranean except Egypt. He had acted simply on the intuition of genius, and when it seemed to fail him he was obliged to fall back on the suggestions of his commander-in-chief. And so, quartering over the ground as he went westward, he put into Syracuse for water and fresh beef. After a few days there, he renewed the search, learned that the enemy had indeed gone to Egypt, followed them thither, found their fleet in Aboukir Bay, and destroyed it.

The main incidents of the battle are known to every Englishman; but apart from some problems, peculiarly English, with which we are not now concerned, there are some points of very great interest, the elucidation of which can only be given by French authorities. These M. de la Jonquière now enables us to discuss in a satisfactory manner. All previous works, including even the very able history by



Captain Chevalier,\* are imperfect and more or less misleading. The writers had not that opportunity of examining all the existing documents which gives M. de la Jonquière's work its exceptional value.

Captain Chevalier had already told us that three of the French ships—the 'Guerrier,' the 'Peuple Souverain,' and the 'Conquérant'—were worn out and had been condemned a year before. M. de la Jonquière confirms this. The 'Conquérant' was judged to be so feeble that she was allowed only a reduced armament of 18- and 12-pounders instead of 36- and 18-pounders, and therefore also a reduced complement of men—560 instead of 706. She was thus notably weaker than an established 74-gun ship, but remained very much stronger than the English 50-gun ship 'Leander,' with a complement of 343. As to the other two, we have seen that Bonaparte—who had presumably made some inquiries—considered them, with the rest of the fleet, equal to a voyage to Brest and a winter cruise in the Channel. They had their full armament and complement of men, and were quite able to take—and did take—an effective part in the action. It may, of course, be said that, their timbers being unsound, the English broadsides broke through them with a smashing effect, which they would not otherwise have had. But if the 'Guerrier,' for instance, had been newly off the stocks, she could not have been in much better case than she was after three 74-gun ships had made a target of her at thirty or forty yards distance; as had been illustrated a few months earlier by the condition of the 'Hercule,' a brand-new ship, after she had lain for a couple of hours alongside one English seventy-four.

The statement on which French writers have laid more stress is that, on the day of battle, their ships were terribly undermanned. M. de la Jonquière repeats this with emphasis. He says:—

'Les équipages, au complet, auraient dû atteindre 11,168 hommes. Mais ils présentaient, le jour du combat, un déficit de 25 à 30 pour 100, résultant de l'incomplet au départ de Toulon, des pertes subies, des hommes momentanément absents pour raison de service ou de santé. L'effectif réel ne peut donc être évalué qu'à 8000 hommes environ.'

That of the English, whose ships had all their full comple-

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\* *'Histoire de la Marine Française sous la Première République.'* The English and purely naval side of the story has been lately published by the Navy Records Society in *'Logs of the Great Sea Fights,'* edited by Rear-Admiral T. Sturges Jackson.

ment and no sick, he estimates at 8,068. It may be flattering to our national vanity to find it implied that 8,000 Frenchmen were no match for 8,000 Englishmen; but this is, perhaps, not quite what M. de la Jonquière meant; and therefore, without contradicting the statement, it is worth examining some of its details. These are:—(1) Numbers incomplete on leaving Toulon. Of this no evidence is adduced; and though Chevalier says the same, he also quotes no authority. Considering, however, the difficulty there certainly was in raising seamen, it is not at all improbable that their numbers were short, and that their place was filled up, for the voyage, with soldiers, who were withdrawn. It was open to the commander-in-chief—that is, Bonaparte—to have left them. (2) Losses sustained. None have been mentioned. There had been no engagement, no epidemic; there cannot have been more deaths than in ordinary course, which would make no inequality with the English. The same may be said of (3) Sickness. No exceptional outbreak is spoken of. If the ships were sickly, it was their own fault for not keeping them clean. But (4) Men temporarily absent on service is surely a most extraordinary way of counting. On August 1, according to the journal of a lieutenant of the ‘Franklin’—

‘La seconde escadre envoya des corvées à terre pour creuser des puits. Chaque vaisseau de l’armée fournit 25 hommes de sa garnison pour protéger l’aiguade contre les attaques réitérées des Bédouins vagabonds du pays. A 2 heures de l’après-midi, “l’Heureux” signala 12 voiles à l’O.-N.-O. Effectivement, du haut des mâts on les distingua facilement. . . . Tous les vaisseaux firent alors le signal à leurs chaloupes et canots de revenir à bord avec les travailleurs; ce qui ne fut exécuté que par quelques-unes de ces embarcations.’

This statement is corroborated by many others; and besides these boats on shore for well-digging, there were others. Thus Captain Trullet of the ‘Guerrier’ reports:—

‘Le grand canot était allé le matin à Rosette pour y prendre une pièce de mâture, servant à remplacer la corne d’artimon qui était rompue; j’avais sur ce sujet obtenu de l’amiral l’ordre pour expédier le canot et celui au commandant des armes de Rosette pour délivrer la pièce à l’officier du “Guerrier” que j’envoyai avec le canot armé de 22 hommes.’

The ‘Conquérant’ had also sent her ‘grand canot’ to Rosetta; possibly some others; other boats were on shore getting firewood, and returned or not as they thought fit. The case of the ‘Spartiate’ is even more curious:—

‘Ce vaisseau reçut, vers 4 heures, l’ordre d’envoyer son capitaine

d'artillerie Blancard pour prendre le commandement de la batterie de mortiers établie dans l'île d'Aboukir. . . . Le capitaine répugnait infiniment à envoyer le capitaine d'artillerie de son bord qui lui devenait de plus en plus nécessaire dans le moment d'une affaire certaine, et à se démunir, pour l'exécution de cet ordre, de l'armement d'un canot dont les hommes diminueraient d'autant l'équipage des canons auxquels ils étaient affectés; mais néanmoins le capitaine n'a pas cru pouvoir se dispenser de l'exécution littérale de l'ordre du général.' ❀

None of these reasons for the absence of men from their ships can be accepted as establishing a deficiency in their numbers. The men were there; it was for the admiral to utilise them as he thought fit. The force of an army is always counted by the number of men actually at the disposal of the general in command; the absence of any of them from the scene of action may be the general's fault, or it may be his misfortune, but it does not alter the number. The absence of these men in boats was as much the fault of Brueys as the absence from the battle of the 'Guillaume Tell' or the 'Généreux.' On the side of the English, the absence of the 'Culloden' and her 600 men was an accident and a misfortune; but it has not, we think, entered the head of any French writer—not even of one so scrupulously fair as M. de la Jonquière—to omit either the ship or her men from his estimate of the English force. Nevertheless, it seems established that, by reason of Bonaparte's withdrawing part of the men, and Brueys' employing elsewhere part of those who were left, some of the ships were at a disadvantage in the time of battle. According to a journal quoted by Captain de la Jonquière—

'A bord de "l'Orient," une partie de la batterie de 12' (the main deck), 'les canons de gaillard' (quarter-deck) 'et les obusiers' (caronades) 'de la dunette n'ont point servi, faute de monde; il n'y avait sur le pont que des officiers et quelques timoniers destinés aux signaux. Au lieu d'équipages composés de matelots vigoureux et entendus, nous n'avions presque que des enfants.'

This seems to speak of the bad quality of the ships' companies as having something to do with the apparent deficiency of number. The writer of the Journal goes on:—

'Je me bornerai à remarquer que la discipline était perdue dans l'armée, qu'il y existait des germes d'insurrection contre les généraux, que l'égoïsme et l'insouciance étaient à leur comble. Les subordonnés n'étaient liés à leurs chefs ni par la crainte ni par la confiance; des hommes ambitieux et remplis de vanité croyaient leur mérite lésé parce qu'ils avaient des supérieurs. Je ne parle point de la totalité des officiers. J'en connais qui se sont toujours distingués par leur

activité et leur zèle ; mais beaucoup obéissaient à regret, beaucoup suivaient avec froideur la ligne de leurs devoirs, et concouraient dédaigneusement aux mesures que prescrivait l'intérêt général. Ces hommes, redevenus Français le jour du combat, ont presque tous donné des preuves éclatantes de courage et de sang-froid ; . . . mais il était trop tard pour sauver l'escadre de sa ruine, que leur insouciance avait préparée.'

There is no doubt that all through the Revolutionary war the discipline of the French navy was extremely bad ; and bad discipline is extremely likely to lead to misconduct in the day of battle. The writer from whose journal we have just quoted thinks that instances of that were rare. Trullet, the captain of the 'Guerrier,' says they were common. In a confidential letter to Rear-Admiral Vence, in Paris, he wrote :—

'Il me suffit de vous faire connaître que la lâcheté de plusieurs officiers a entraîné celle d'une grande partie des équipages ; car on en a vu qui ont fui avec des embarcations chargées de monde, et d'autres qui, en abandonnant leur poste, ont donné lieu à l'abandon des batteries, outre les rapines qui ont été générales à bord de tous les vaisseaux ; ce qui prouve combien nos lois sont insuffisantes pour la répression de ces délits et combien on doit être attentif pour le choix des officiers desquels dépendent l'ordre, la discipline, enfin la bonne composition des équipages et, par conséquent, le salut des forces navales.'

Did the 'Orient' strike her flag before she blew up? Nelson wrote that she did. He was so told by the English officers who were directly engaged with the ship ; they declared that she both struck and made distinct signs of surrender. Without any evidence that could counter-balance this, and more as a matter of sentiment, French writers have always maintained that she did nothing of the sort. The journal of Lachadenède, an officer of the 'Orient,' already referred to, seems to explain this contradiction. He says that Ganteaume, finding it impossible to arrest the progress of the fire, gave orders to flood the magazine ; but the fire gained so rapidly that it could not be done. He goes on :—

'Dès lors il fut décidé qu'on abandonnerait le vaisseau. L'ordre de cesser le feu fut donné dans la batterie ; et chacun, occupé de son propre péril, chercha son salut dans la mer. Une centaine d'hommes s'emparèrent de la chaloupe et s'éloignèrent ; plusieurs s'embarquèrent dans un canot à moitié incendié ; deux cents environ atteignirent à la nage les bâtiments environnants ; tous les blessés devinrent la proie des flammes. Je me jetai à la mer par un sabord ; . . . quoique je ne sache pas nager, j'atteignis une vergue de grand hunier, sur

laquelle j'attendis le moment de l'explosion; près de 400 hommes avaient aussi cherché un refuge sur des mâtures qui environnaient le vaisseau. A 10h.  $\frac{1}{2}$  il sauta; nous fûmes tous engloutis et seulement soixante d'entre nous purent revenir sur l'eau et retrouvèrent encore des débris sur lesquels ils cherchèrent un asile. Ces bois tenaient par quelque cordage à la carcasse coulée de l' "Orient;" nous restâmes jusqu'au jour sur ces débris flottants fixés dans le même lieu, et pendant cinq heures nous fûmes exposés à la canonnade de l'arrière-garde française; nous eûmes 8 hommes de tués et plusieurs blessés.'

Though the minute exactness of the numbers and the time cannot but throw a shadow of suspicion on this testimony, it is, we fancy, merely the manner of an unpractised writer, and the story may be taken as accurate in the main. We are thus permitted to suppose that after the order to abandon the ship was given, and what little discipline there had been was relaxed, some poor creatures, half wild with terror, did strike the flag and make the signs of distress and surrender which were seen on board our ships.

Why did the French remain at anchor, instead of meeting the English fleet at sea? M. de la Jonquière says that the Rear-Admirals Blanquet and Villeneuve waited on Brueys on board the 'Orient,' and that, in a sort of informal council of war, Blanquet urged that the fleet should get under way and stand out to meet the English. Ganteaume and Villeneuve objected to this, on the ground that the ships' companies were so weak they could not work the sails and the guns at the same time; they could not manœuvre and fight. Brueys agreed with these, and it was thus determined to fight at anchor. But, in fact, this was determined long before, in accordance with the traditions and experience of the French navy; and though there had been some doubt as to whether the battery on the island of Aboukir was any protection, Brueys evidently did not share it, as is proved by his sending away Captain Blancard at almost the last moment. He had, indeed, such confidence in the support of that battery that he considered the weight of the English attack would fall on the rear, and be met there by the 'Généreux' and 'Guillaume Tell,' two of the most powerful ships in the fleet. As the attack fell on the van, it has often been insisted that Villeneuve, with the rearmost ships, should have weighed, in order to support the ships engaged; but M. de la Jonquière points out that, so far as Villeneuve was concerned, Brueys—living or dead—was the commander-in-chief till about half-past

ten, when the 'Orient' blew up, and that he had no authority to move from his allotted post without orders. Even in the English navy, it took a Nelson to set an example of such glorious disobedience.

But what the French have dwelt on with greatest insistence, as the principal cause of the disaster, is the obstinate disobedience of Brueys in remaining in the Bay of Aboukir after being formally and positively ordered by Bonaparte to take the fleet to Corfu. This was asserted by Bonaparte himself, who wrote to the Directory within a few days of receiving the first news of the disaster :—

'Le 18 messidor' (July 6) 'je suis parti d'Alexandrie. J'écrivis à l'amiral d'entrer, sous 24 heures, dans le port de cette ville, et, si son escadre ne pouvait pas y entrer, de décharger promptement toute l'artillerie et tous les effets appartenant à l'armée de terre, et de se rendre à Corfou. . . . Je suis donc parti d'Alexandrie dans la ferme croyance que, sous trois jours, l'escadre serait entrée dans le port d'Alexandrie ou aurait appareillé pour Corfou. . . . Le 9 thermidor' (July 27) 'le bruit de nos victoires et différentes dispositions rouvrirent nos communications. Je reçus plusieurs lettres de l'amiral, où je vis avec étonnement qu'il se trouvait encore à Aboukir.'

This story, repeated with greater emphasis in 'Les Campagnes d'Egypte et de Syrie,' has passed into history, and has been very generally accepted. It has even been put forward as an illustration of the universal genius of the man who could see the danger hidden from the sailors, and provide for it. So far as we know, it has never been directly contradicted till now, when, with the clear evidence before us, we recognise it as a base, cowardly lie, framed to lay the blame of his own blunder on the shoulders of his dead colleague. The proofs of this brought forward by M. de la Jonquière are incontrovertible. We have, for instance, the text of the order to go to Corfu, to which Bonaparte refers. It runs :—

'L'amiral Brueys fera entrer, dans la journée de demain, son escadre dans le port vieux d'Alexandrie, si le temps le permet et s'il y a le fond nécessaire. . . . L'amiral fera, dans la journée de demain, connaître au général en chef, par un rapport, si l'escadre peut entrer dans le port d'Alexandrie, ou si elle peut se défendre, embossée dans la rade d'Aboukir, contre une escadre ennemie supérieure; et dans le cas où ni l'un ni l'autre ne pourraient s'exécuter, il devra partir pour Corfou. . . .'

But more than this, M. de la Jonquière shows, by many indications, that Brueys was himself anxious to go to Corfu, but was prevented doing so by Bonaparte, who desired to

have the fleet on the coast in readiness to take him back as soon as the campaign in Egypt was finished, and to make part in the expedition to England. We have already had an early statement\* of this intention, and from this he seems never to have departed. It is also clear that for want of provisions the fleet could not go to Corfu, and that Bonaparte, knowing this, made no effort to supply the want. And as a corroboration of all this—the detailed proof of which occupies many pages—we have the late expression of his belief that nothing was to be apprehended from the English. This was written on July 30, two days only before the battle: ‘Toute la conduite des Anglais porte à croire qu’ils sont inférieurs en nombre, et qu’ils se contentent de bloquer Malte et d’empêcher les substances d’y arriver.’ And though he did, at this date, add an order to go to Corfu, it was not to guard against any danger from this inferior enemy, but rather because, the enemy being inferior, the fleet might be safely divided. His words, which seem conclusive as to his intention, are:—

‘Il faut bien vite entrer dans le port d’Alexandrie, ou vous approvisionner promptement . . . et vous transporter dans le port de Corfou; car il est indispensable que, jusqu’à ce que tout ceci se décide, vous vous trouviez dans une position à portée d’en imposer à la Porte. Dans le second cas vous aurez soin que tous les vaisseaux, frégates vénitienues et françaises, qui peuvent nous servir restent à Alexandrie.’

And M. de la Jonquière, commenting on this, points out that ‘l’ordre de ravitaillement envoyé à Damiette exigeait un délai d’exécution d’au moins douze à quinze jours, et les quantités prévues étaient loin de suffire pour une traversée aussi longue que celle d’Aboukir à Corfou.’ There is a vast amount of evidence, direct and indirect, to the same effect, proving that of the many base, black-hearted lies which have been brought home to Bonaparte, this slander of his dead colleague is one of the basest. Clearly if—as Bonaparte believed—there was no danger from the English, or if—as Brueys, supported by the experience of the American war, believed—the anchorage in Aboukir Bay was safe against the attack of even a superior force, there was no reason why the fleet should not lie there. Brueys rightly declined to go into Alexandria, where he could see certain destruction if the least adventurous enemy came on him; but he was willing to accept the compromise

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\* *Ante*, p. 258.

which Bonaparte offered him, and to wait in Aboukir Bay. The idea of his being wilfully or obstinately disobedient to an order from Bonaparte will seem preposterous to any one who has noticed the obsequious tone of his correspondence.

The total destruction of the French fleet in the battle of the Nile, and the consequent imprisonment of Bonaparte and the French army in Egypt, necessarily led to a modification, if not to an entire change, in the general's views. It has been suggested that the Syrian campaign of the following year was intended as a step towards the foundation of a vast Eastern empire. It seems possible that it was rather an endeavour to open a way of escape by Constantinople and the Adriatic. At present it is impossible to say; but the further volumes of M. de la Jonquière's admirable work will go far to the clearing up of this question, even if the obliquity of Bonaparte's mind prevents our attaining absolute certainty. We hope, and indeed understand, that the publication of these volumes will not be long delayed, and that we shall then have the key to the solution of the various problems rising out of the Syrian campaign, of Bonaparte's escape, of the Convention of El Arish, and of the seemingly unnecessary interference of the English army. Meantime we possess our souls in patience, and express our gratitude to M. de la Jonquière for this instalment of a most interesting and valuable work.



ART. II.—1. *Rome*. By ÉMILE ZOLA. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier, 1900.

2. *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1898.

3. *Eleanor*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1900.

4. *One Poor Scruple*. By MRS. WILFRID WARD. London: Longmans & Co., 1899.

5. *The Undoing of John Brewster*. By LADY MABEL HOWARD. London: Longmans & Co., 1900.

6. *The Casting of Nets*. By RICHARD BAGOT. London: Edward Arnold, 1901.

7. *En Route*. By J. K. HUYSMANS. Paris: Tresse & Stock, 1895.

8. *The Vicar of St. Luke's*. By SIBYL CREED. London: Longmans & Co., 1901.

AT the end of the eighteenth, as in the middle of the sixteenth century, the Roman Catholic Church seemed to be on the verge of utter ruin. Both declines were followed by a return towards Catholicism, and an increase in the radiating, attracting power of the religion. In England, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Catholicism was still dormant, as it had been for the preceding hundred years, a lethargy due not so much to our own penal laws and the exclusion of Roman Catholics from public life, as to the fact that the Catholic post-Reformation movement had everywhere died into torpor and acquiescence in the way of the world. The French Revolution rudely awakened the Church from its sleep, and filled England with good or soul-awakened priests from beyond the sea. For a few abnormal years the enemies of the Roman Church were also the enemies of England, and a common enmity is a seed of reconciliation. At the same time the union with Ireland brought the Catholic question to the front. For thirty years the best Whig orators and writers annually tried to convince an incredulous public that Catholics, though intellectually inferior, were morally and civically little worse than any one else. All this had its effect, and meanwhile Rationalism undermined the infallibility, in the old Protestant sense, of the Bible, while the ideas which foreran the doctrine of evolution modified the basis of

theologic controversy. Then came the Oxford Movement, curiously coinciding in its culmination with the famine-driven migration of Irish Catholics across the Channel, and then the deliberate attempt of the Roman See to reconquer England. But for the first half of the century there was little more Roman Catholic life in England than there had been for a hundred years before. There were the few old Catholic families; there were priests, mostly of the domestic chaplain kind, no hierarchy. The Catholics led a dim life, neither interfering nor interfered with. They were as Crabbe depicts them in his 'Borough'—

‘ Among her sons, with us a quiet few,  
Obscure themselves, her ancient state review,  
And fond and melancholy glances cast  
On power insulted and on triumph past.’

So also appear the Catholics in Scott's novels—isolated and secluded persons or families, remnants of a lost and hopeless cause, condemned by reason but exciting a kind of sympathy in the poetic imagination, like the ruins of Tintern Abbey. In all Scott's novels there is no sign of Catholicism as an advancing and often triumphant spiritual power, dominating the minds of men, thwarting wills, competing with ambition, interfering with the love of men for power, and the love of women for men. Scott makes no more use of this powerful dramatic motive than Shakespeare does. Needless to say that no such storms invade the calm atmosphere of Miss Austen. Nor does the motive enter into the work of the leading mid-century novelists, whose minds had been formed before the full tide of the Catholicising Movement. Books like Newman's 'Loss and Gain' and Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith' were light-armoured controversy, not real novels. 'John Inglesant' was the first novel of importance which mirrored the advance of Catholicism. It is an historical romance, treating of the time of the Civil Wars, but it was evidently written because the author was deeply interested in the religious conflicts of his own age, and saw much in them closely akin to the movements, aspirations, forces, and counter-forces, of the seventeenth century. 'John Inglesant' was skilfully and delicately written, the more so because, without thrusting the religious issues crudely to the front, the author makes his readers feel at every point the working of great forces behind the scenes. Outside this one book Mr. Shorthouse has not shown much creative power; in it he certainly

has. Inglesant is a real living person. The reader moves through life in his company, sees scenes as it were through his eyes, comes into touch with other minds through him, feels with his feelings, and is not left at the close of the book with the impression that he has been listening to an historical, or political, or ecclesiastical lecture, illustrated by a puppet-show.

Now this is rather the impression left by, at any rate, the later works of M. Zola. To say the truth, a novel by M. Zola is heavy though instructive reading. If, like his 'Rome,' his novels count their purchasers by the hundred thousand, this must be due rather to the desire for knowledge than to the desire for gratification of the dramatic sense. One feels that M. Zola has decided that his time has come to write a book on the Roman question, that he has packed several large notebooks into a portmanteau, taken a ticket for Rome, filled his notebooks with careful observations of scenery, sunsets, buildings, historical and statistical information, the gossip of a section of Roman society, and that he has then, like a Royal Commission, reported upon the question which he is investigating under the guise of a novel. M. Zola has the formative power of taking infinite pains, but not in the same measure the masculine creative force of genius. If one reads first M. Zola's 'Rome,' and then, say, Tolstoy's 'Anna Karénina,' one perceives that the one book is an illustrated lecture and the other is life itself. Mrs. Humphry Ward, on her smaller scale, has, we think, the same merit and to some extent the same deficiency, in this respect, as M. Zola. Not from her pen will there ever be born a Consuelo, a Maggie Tulliver, a Beatrix Esmond, or an Anna. Perhaps the highest creative power involves a total absorption in characters, an inhabiting, so to speak, of imaginary beings, which is inconsistent with conscientious study of 'questions,' as it is also with social and family obligations of ordinary life. Art is an exacting and jealous mistress. She will not share her lovers with science or with society. But creative genius in a high degree is ever a rare find, and gratitude is due to a writer like Mrs. Ward, who takes the greatest pains (also a rare merit) to supply her readers with the best which she can give. By strong will, work, and honest purpose, she has raised herself from the lower levels of 'Robert Elsmere' to writing books of merit, like her two last novels. They contain the thoughts of a clear and reflective mind, and, although they will not belong to the small company of the

immortals, they afford material to those who analyse the intellectual movements of the age.

Both M. Zola and Mrs. Humphry Ward have recently made Rome and the Roman country the scene of a novel. L'Abbé Froment, the leading character in M. Zola's 'Rome,' is a French priest who has in his own country gone through the disenchanting experience of a man who visits Lourdes equipped not with faith, but with a liberal mind. Disgusted by what appears to him to be a theatre of low idolatry encouraged by priests for the sake of money, he returned to Paris, and lived for a while amid the miseries of the most wretched quarters, where the Christian religion seems to be of so small effect. The democratic note in some of the utterances of Leo XIII., especially in his 'Labour Encyclical,' roused him to hope that a new life and movement may yet be born in and from the ancient church, and to embody this idea he wrote a book to which he gave the fatal title 'La Rome Nouvelle.' The book traced the development of the religion from its cradle as a communistic association of the poor and humble to its enthronement as the triumph of the rich and powerful; it described the misery of the poor, and pleaded that Catholicism should heal that misery by returning to its origins, and by becoming the bond of union among the people and the protection of the poor. Here was the chance for the one great international religious society if an inspired Pope could turn it into the true road. For, wrote the Abbé, the kings are overthrown and dominations levelled by the work of the French Revolution. The people can give itself to whom it chooses; political liberalism is bankrupt because it has not satisfied the expectations of greater social welfare which it excited. Even science, in its progress, has reopened the unlimited field of the mysterious and the impossible. The time was surely come when the Pope, 'dismissing the great and rich of the world, should leave in exile kings driven from the throne, to place himself, like Jesus, with labourers without bread, and beggars on the roads.' Some more years of misery, perhaps, and the people will return to its cradle, to the unified Church of 'Rome.' Christianity would become once more the religion of justice and truth; the poor would reign; the Pope alone would stand at the head of the federation of the peoples, the sovereign of peace; the bond of charity and love would unite all men; civil and religious society would coincide; and the kingdom of God would come to pass. New Rome, at the old world-centre, would give to the world the new religion.

But the Abbé Froment made final surrender of the temporal power part of his dream. Nor could he refrain from a page treating Lourdes as a sign of the spiritual malady of the present distressed time, and, worse still, he used the expression 'new religion.' His book was denounced to Rome, enemies striking through it at the liberal Catholic Movement, and he came to Rome to endeavour to defend his views. M. Zola powerfully describes the hopes and gradual disillusionment of the French priest. The Abbé discovered, or thought that he discovered, that the religion is not at Rome that which it is in the dim-lit aisles of Northern cathedrals, the mysterious refuge of suffering souls, but is rather symbolised by the non-mysterious superb basilica of St. Peter's, is the embodied aspiration towards dominion, conquest, glory, the heir of the eternal craving of Rome for universal empire. The Roman hierarchy, he thought, 'left God in the sanctuary and reigned in His name,' inspired by the most undoubting imperialist conviction that they were the legitimate rulers of the world, and that outside their system all was weakness, error, and anarchy. Unchanging dogma, like the old Roman law of their predecessors, was the rock upon which the system rested; the devotions and superstitions, the hopes and fears, natural to man were instruments of their rule; religious orders were their legions. The whole system held together; it was impossible for the hierarchy to retain one dogma and abandon another, to sanction one devotion and condemn another of the same kind. This attitude is finely embodied by M. Zola in his strong and proud Cardinal Boccanera, the Roman aristocrat.

'The truth!—it is in Catholicism, Apostolic and Roman, such as it has been created by a long series of generations. What folly to wish to change it when so many great minds, so many pious souls have made it the instrument of order in this world and of salvation in the next! And if, as its enemies pretend, Catholicism is struck to death, it must die standing, in its glorious integrity. You understand, M. l'Abbé, not one concession, not one abandonment, not one cowardice. It is such as it is and cannot be otherwise. There can be no modification of divine certainty, of entire truth, and the smallest stone, taken from the building, is a cause of collapse.'

The words of Boccanera carry conviction. You cannot convert an old religion into a new one, any more than you can turn an old oak into a young beech; though from a seed sown by an old religion in a favourable moment and soil a new religion may grow.

When, after long delays and diplomacies, the Abbé

Froment at last obtained an interview with Leo XIII., he found final proof that he had steered his airy dream-ship upon a rock. The idealist came into collision with the ecclesiastical statesman, bound by training, and indeed by position and duty in life, to move circumspectly and with regard to settled policy. In England a clergyman who questions almost every dogma in sermons and magazines, and perpetually attacks his own order and chiefs, may possibly, if by a happy accident sympathising secular persons are in power and office, become at least the dean of a cathedral, and on the whole most liberal-minded Englishmen are glad that it is so. The point of view of Rome is to regard the matter as analogous to civil or military service. Even in England a civil servant or soldier who publicly attacked the policy of his office or superiors would stand small chance of promotion. It is understood in our Civil Service that officials shall not write signed articles of party politics. Leo XIII. must regard the exhortations of a French priest somewhat as Lord Salisbury would regard the observations of a second division clerk who should ask an interview in order to remonstrate upon the foreign policy of the Government. 'A priest,' said Cardinal Boccanera, 'has no other duty than humility and obedience, the complete annihilation of his being in the sovereign will of the Church. And why even write at all? For revolt already exists as soon as you express an opinion of your own; it is always a temptation by the devil which puts a pen into your hand.' But the spirit of Protestantism has sunk too deep into the character of Englishmen to let such views as these prevail to any large extent amongst us.

It may be difficult to combine the professions of priest and prophet—of an official and a denouncer of official abuses—of a public servant and a public adviser or critic of policy. Some may think that division of labour is best. However autocratic, or even corrupt and erroneous the Church, there is always good and true work for a priest to do quietly within it, in satisfying the needs of men for public worship, in visiting the sick, advising the troubled, and consoling the afflicted.

If, indeed, a priest is, like the Abbé Froment, at the end of his visit to Rome, convinced that the Church of Rome is a mere worldly organisation, and a more or less conscious imposture, turning to its own use the religious feelings of mankind and seeking for wealth as a means to a purely

earthly dominion, then it is to him an embodied lie, and he had better leave it. But what if, like the amiable Father Benecke in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel 'Eleanor,' he quarrels with the Church authority upon the statement of morally unimportant matters of fact, biology, and primitive history? Are reasons like these sufficient to justify a pledged priest in withdrawing from the bond of union? Hardly so, although the step may be justified by special circumstances in a case like that invented by Mrs. Ward. As a rule, a step of this kind would show that a man did not see things in the true proportions of their relative importance. A wise priest, like Monsignor Martini in Mr. Bagot's clever novel 'Casting of Nets,' might see clearly every moral and intellectual objection to his Church and yet believe that 'amid all the ambition and worldliness, behind all the symbolism and the superstition, there shines the light of a divine truth, which even the theologians have been unable wholly to extinguish.' Mr. Herbert Spencer has somewhere said that if there lives a soul of good in things evil, so also there lives a soul of truth in things untrue. There is much to be said for the practical philosophy of the Vicar of Savoy. A French priest, when pressed in conversation with difficulties in his faith, said simply, 'Monsieur, si je ne croyais pas, je ne serais pas même 'honnête homme.' He meant that, whatever might be the case with others, it was not for him, a sworn servant of the Church, enjoying the benefits of her service, to refuse to accept, or to challenge, her rules and doctrines. This same sentiment lies at the bottom of a common idea that an Englishman ought not publicly to denounce the actions of his country, even if he believes them to be morally wrong. Criticism, it is thought, should be left to foreigners. To admit this to be true without reserve would be most dangerous. Is the feeling a true one that a soldier, for instance, could not honestly kill an enemy whose cause he allowed himself to believe was entirely right? Unless he believes this of his own accord, he has by an effort of will to accept the judgment of his own Government, or, at the very least, say nothing against it. It is for this reason that Army and Church, and even State, are alike intolerable to men like Tolstoy, who place above everything the action of the individual conscience, and condemn all that may restrain or pervert it. While, however, these institutions do exist, those who choose to serve in them must commute part of their liberty, if not of thought, yet

of speech. Thus, from the question of the freedom of the priest one is driven back upon that of the existence of the Church. But the Church exists because it meets elementary needs of men in some degree, and will cease to exist if it ceases altogether to meet them. How far a priest must give up his liberty of expression is, like everything else which relates to the compromise between empire and liberty, a matter of frontier delimitation. There seems to be at present within the Roman Catholic Church, especially in England and North America, some feeling that centralisation of rule should be relaxed, and the limits of provincial, diocesan, and even individual liberty extended. It is a matter of ecclesiastical politics.

Far more within the province of drama or romance, although to many it is a painful and disagreeable motive, is the disturbing influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the relations of private life. The subject may be treated in a superficial and partly comic way, as by Mr. Richard Bagot. He depicts, amusingly enough, the failure of some shallow and intriguing women and priests to capture for the benefit of the Church a wealthy lord by the instrumentality of his Roman Catholic wife. The attempt, as it deserves, not only fails, but leads to the conversion to the Church of England of the disgusted lady. No doubt there is among many Roman Catholics, especially English converts, a standing conspiracy to bring fishes into the net, which may be compared to the standing conspiracy among married women, with exceptions, to get all men married. No doubt, also, a 'great catch,' a man of title, influence, and position, is in both cases attractive to the more vulgar kind of fishers; and it often happens, in both cases, that the excess of the desire defeats its success, since no man likes to be obviously caught. Mr. Bagot sketches with cleverness the irritating air of superior religious gentility which is to be felt in a certain kind of Catholic converts, and has, perhaps, its effect in attracting other shallow minds. The class-feeling which is so strong in the English atmosphere gets into religion. All this, however, is light comedy, and matter for more serious drama lies beneath.

The feud between the Montagues and Capulets was a small hindrance to the course of true love compared with that which lies between ardent and militant Liberalism in thought and equally ardent and militant Catholicism. If the emissary of Friar Laurence had not failed to deliver his



message, Romeo might have carried off Juliet to some remote part of Italy, and lived with her in sweet human union oblivious of the foolish discords of Verona. It is far more difficult for love to bridge, save for a short spell of passion, the gulf which divides extreme Liberalism from extreme Catholicism. Two souls fashioned in these opposing regions are not divided by circumstances only, but by nature. They are so unlike that they can rarely attract one another. Experience shows that the affection of man and woman works within boundaries. It requires a sufficient degree of unlikeness; beyond a certain limit of unlikeness it decreases in power and finally disappears. With love, no doubt, all things are possible. Mrs. Humphry Ward may, we admit, be warranted in imagining so strange an attachment as that between Helbeck of Bannisdale, a middle-aged man whose whole intellect and soul and life have long been surrendered to the service of Catholicism in its most uncompromising form, and Laura Fountain, a young unbred girl of strong character, formed at Cambridge in an academic modern atmosphere of unlimited freedom of thought under the influence of an aggressively agnostic father who allows nothing that is beyond the reach of scientific faculties. No wonder, however, that the attachment never for a moment cast out fear. Mrs. Ward's object is to describe the contest in the heart of such a girl, brought to live in an old romantic Catholic house, and besieged by all the influences of Catholicism reinforced by the love of a man of superior character. At one moment the siege is all but successful.

'The truth was that her will was tired out. Her whole soul thirsted to submit; and yet could not submit. Was it the mere spell of Catholic order and discipline, working upon her own restless and ill-ordered nature? It had so worked indeed from the beginning. She could recall, with trembling, many a strange moment in Helbeck's presence, or in the chapel, when she had seemed to feel her whole self breaking up, dissolving in the grip of a power that was at once her foe and the bearer of infinite seduction. But always the will, the self, had won the victory, had delivered a final "No!" into which had rushed the whole energy of her being.

'And now—if it were only possible to crush back that "No"—to beat down this resistance, which, like an alien garrison, defended, as it were, a town that hated it; if she could only turn and knock—knock humbly—at that closed door in her lover's life and heart. One touch! One step!'

And Laura imagined the bliss of yielding, as many a woman trembling on the verge of surrender to a mortal lover

has imagined the act with terror-inwoven sweetness of feeling.

'To what awful or tender things would it admit her! That ebb and flow of mystical emotion she dimly saw in Helbeck, a life within a life; all that is most intimate and touching in the struggle of the soul—all that strains and pierces the heart—the world to which these belong rose before her, secret, mysterious, "a city not made with hands," now drawing, now repelling. Voices came from it to her that penetrated all the passion and the immaturity of her nature. . . . What stood in the way? Simply a revolt and repulsion that seemed to be more than, and outside herself—something independent and unconquerable, of which she was the mere instrument.'

Laura cannot yield, and, equally unable to live without Helbeck, or with him, and his religion, is driven to the desperate solution of suicide. This issue does not strike us as convincingly inevitable, or even probable. The story does not make us feel that the wound of love has gone sufficiently deep. We humbly submit that this is due either to want of naturalness in the plot or to want of dramatic power in the authoress.

The plot of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's 'One Poor Scruple' is less ambitious and more probable. A worldly and clever woman, superficially seductive, is exposed to a mighty temptation, and saved on the line by the right touching of a spring which brings into action the strong Catholic training of her childhood. The sin, to marry an 'innocent divorcee,' was not much, or, indeed, was nothing at all in the eyes of the society wherein it gave her far most pleasure to live, and in exchange she would have had the kingdom of the world. Within her grasp were wealth, honour, power, a position coveted by all her friends, but her desire could not quite succeed in defeating her trained nature. To win the world she had to break with the Catholic religion, and she had not the strength to do so. From the Catholic point of view, indeed, the obstacle was anything but 'one poor scruple.' The whole allegiance to the Church was involved. The most touching part, however, of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's really charming novel, which combines humour with pathos, is the story of Mary Riversdale's vocation. Here was a girl of strong character and simple intellect, an heiress, the daughter of a simple-minded hunting Catholic squire of old race, herself a good rider to hounds, fond of the country life, of horses and dogs, torn from all this happy, natural, and contented existence, from the affection of parents resigned, but wounded to the heart to let her go, from hope

of home and children of her own, to become a Sister of Charity, to be sent perhaps on an unreturning journey to the interior of China, or to toil in the wretchedest quarters of London. The way to this altar of sacrifice is delicately described. No human agent consciously operates on the will of Mary Riversdale. But because she has been born and bred a Catholic the idea of the higher vocation is always near her, or in her, and she is turned into the path as it were by touches of an invisible finger. Slight things, a word heard in a sermon, a verse of a hymn sung by a hopelessly denaturalised literary man posing for five minutes as a simple character, a favourite dog suddenly killed by a train, are for her signs and indications of the will of the great lover. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward shows religion restraining one woman from unlimited compliance with the way of the world and with the dictates of prudential reason, while compelling another woman to surrender all that the world holds dear. In neither case do the ministers of the Church actually forbid or command, but there is the knowledge in the one case that the Church condemns, in the other that the Church approves the action. Persons like Mary Riversdale are inhabitants of heaven here on earth, haunted by the memory of their home, and longing to anticipate their return. The Church, with its immense experience, knows this, and leaves the gate open. It holds the keys to those abodes of 'solemn troops and sweet societies' to which the young, the beautiful, are sometimes called, it seems, from the joys and sorrows of life by an irresistible voice within them. However much it may have drooped from time to time in practice, the Roman Catholic Church has never abjured or condemned or feared the idea of religious heroism. And, for her reward, this Church has always had within her a fountain of redeeming vitality to save her from the consequences of invading worldlinesses. As in some other histories, the valour and devotion of soldiers has saved situations compromised by the errors of generals.

If one reads a group of novels like those to which we have referred, or if one studies the numerous accounts of the thoughts, feelings, and circumstances which have led real persons to join the Roman Catholic Church, it is impossible to avoid considering the question, What is the secret of the power and attraction of this religious society? It is a question far too wide, of course, to allow the writer of a review to do more than make a few suggestions.

The cosmopolitan, many-nationed Church, which has its

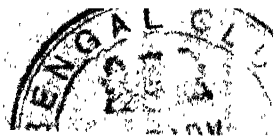
centre at Rome and its circumference everywhere, is regarded by some as the salvation of the world, by others as its disease, by most Englishmen as a great institution of questionable merit. It is certainly a living and not a dead being, because it attracts and repels. It arouses love and hatred with a power possessed by no other international association. It excites every shade of feeling. Of the writers, for instance, mentioned at the head of this article, a chance handful, as it were, of persons, M. Zola and Mr. Richard Bagot are frank and convinced enemies of the Church of Rome, or, at any rate, of its government, hierarchy, tone, and principles; Mrs. Humphry Ward is, we think, more reluctantly brought to a similar condemnation; Mrs. Wilfrid Ward is a friend and adherent, and so is the author of the 'Vicar of St. Luke's;' and so, in a different way, is M. Huysmans; while Lady Mabel Howard in her clever novel skilfully conceals her sympathies or antipathies, or hangs balanced between them. One does not know whether the religious forces which ruin her hero's life meet with her approval or not. It has often been observed that there is a fascination of dislike as well as that of like. The attention is fixed by a hated as well as by a loved person. The Roman Catholic Church, alone among Churches, seems to possess this two-edged fascination in a high degree. Englishmen, by nature and in the absence of theories, look at the Church of England rather as men look at a fine old family house. They regard it with pride, and with often deep affection, and have feelings, keen though discordant, as to the best way of living in it, or as to alterations and restorations. But one does not hear of any Spaniard or Italian or German or Frenchman experiencing either a violent attraction or a strong dislike towards it, nor, for the matter of that, towards the Church ruled by the Holy Synod of Russia, nor that where the Patriarch of Constantinople holds sway. One does, on the other hand, hear from time to time of English Churchmen, or German Lutherans, or even Orthodox Russians being drawn by a singular attraction to join the religious communion which has its head-quarters at Rome. Occasionally a memoir, or a piece of autobiography, or one's private knowledge, supplies some details of the operation of this attractive force. Now and then one has a picture of a person, beginning perhaps with a strong aversion to the Roman Church, even feeling it to be the 'mystery of iniquity' and the centre of all that is anti-Christian, long fighting against the drawing power, yet, in spite of all

training and early bias, notwithstanding the disapproval of friends, torn away in mid life, like Newman and Manning, from position and settled career, to become a citizen of this strange city, in whose history there is so much evil, and in whose practices there is so much superstition. How comes it that this Church exercises a power so disturbing throughout the world, so attracts and repels?

One reason is, no doubt, the distinctness of this Church. It is impossible even to argue that the Roman Catholic Church is the religious side or aspect of any one nation, race, or empire. A man who becomes a Roman priest enters into the service of a distinct, concrete, visible, united, self-governing, world-diffused, spiritual State. It is this distinct State which men love or hate, which attracts and repels, which kindles patriotism in its inhabitants and opposing patriotisms outside its borders. A movement in the English Church has in recent times roused kindred feelings. But why? Is it not because this new sacerdotalism is a return towards the spiritual empire centred at Rome, of which the British race formed an integral part for a thousand years? It is, or seems to be, the veiled reappearance in England of the great Church of the West. Eastern Churches we may regard with friendly or antiquarian interest, but they do not affect our practice or stir our emotions. If the sacerdotal movement in the Anglican Church excites among many Englishmen feelings of alarm and repulsion, it is because they believe this movement to be inspired, consciously or not, by the tradition, theory, and practice of the Church centred at Rome. They think, and think truly, that the part of the Anglican Church represented by the 'English Church Union' is a country, to use a diplomatic phrase, within the Roman sphere of influence. Reconquest by Rome, that is the thing always, consciously or unconsciously, dreaded by a nation far more Protestant, on the whole, than its clergy. Most Englishmen have towards the Roman Catholic Church feelings of a complex kind. They admire it in a way, because it is ancient, consistent, strong, great, a conservative force; they have no objection to its existence in other countries; they feel rather proud that a certain number of old English families should openly belong to it, but they have no desire to see this Church successful in England, and they are extremely adverse to the introduction of a decided sacramental and sacerdotal character into their own Church. If Parliament is unwilling to give to the Church of England the power of

legislation in matters of ceremony and doctrine, it is in part because there is apprehension that this power would be used to convert the English Church, its doctrines, discipline, and rites into a closer likeness of the Roman.

The Church of Rome, then, is a spiritual country inhabited by men of almost every race, held together by a unity of allegiance to a government which possesses a *summum imperium*, legislative, judicial, and administrative. This State claims the spiritual submission of the whole Christian world, and does not conceal its constant endeavour to achieve the conquest. This high claim repels most outsiders, but attracts a minority. The Roman Church presents the nearest present approach in an imperfect world to the idea of those who believe that the Catholic Church should be one in body as well as in spirit, visible, indivisible, self-governing, and coterminous with the human race. For a certain kind of mind the Roman Church has the attraction which a great capital has for the provincial. The provincial is not attracted to London *by* the fogs, and bad air, and noise, and high rents, and many unpleasing people who live there, but *in spite of* all this. So it is quite possible to imagine a man who dislikes much of the practice and can hardly believe in much of the doctrine of the Roman Church, yet is drawn to that spiritual city by its antiquity, and magnitude, and varied interest. That it is a non-national society is precisely its attraction to many minds. Mr. Wilfrid Ward's excellent life of his father, Dr. W. G. Ward, shows the process of a logical and mathematical intellect building up an ideal of a great spiritual State, and soon discovering that only in the Roman Church was there to be found an at all adequate minor premiss to that (perhaps erroneous) major. Dr. Ward would not probably have chosen to speak of the Roman Church, in the words used by Newman on his 'conversion,' as 'the one fold of Christ.' To him this Church rather presented itself as the solid centre of Christendom, as a strong, organised, militant State, waging constant war against opposing powers, the antagonist of the Revolution under its different forms and guises. 'An internecine conflict,' he once wrote, 'is at hand between the army of dogma and the united hosts of indifferentism, heresy, atheism. . . . Looking at things practically, the one solid and inexpugnable fortress of truth is the Catholic Church built on the Rock of Peter.' Ward cared little for the argument from history, which so powerfully affected Newman, and he did not find in pure reason a secure



foundation for the Christian edifice. By the light of reason equally honest thinkers are led to diametrically opposite opinions. Ward was the type of those natures, at once emotional and intellectual, who find it necessary to build a house of reason for the instincts of the heart, and are driven step by step to found it upon a reasoned acceptance of Authority. Of these men some find it sufficient to ascertain, to their own satisfaction, upon any question, the dictates of Authority by a perusal of books, study of the opinions of the learned, comparison of existing customs. Others require that the final decision, however arrived at, should be pronounced by a recognised and binding organ of authority, analogous to a Supreme Court of Appeal. Men of this last stamp, intellectual men of action (or men of intellectual action), naturally gravitate towards Rome, the one spiritual power which makes this claim to be the Supreme Spiritual Court of Christendom, and is recognised to be such by half of the whole Christian world.

The ideal of visible unity, authority, discipline, and desire to approach it, led also into the Roman road the strong-willed and logical-minded Manning. 'If I stay in the 'Church of England,' he wrote a few months before his change, 'I shall end a simple mystic like Leighton. God 'is a spirit, and has no visible kingdom, church, or sacraments. But that is to reject Christendom—its history 'and its witness for God.' Manning had the mind of a practical statesman; to him the Catholic Church was one that decided and ruled. He was no more able to convince himself that the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the Eastern Churches are one Church because they all have episcopacies of apostolic descent, than he could have convinced himself that the British Empire and the United States of America are one State because they have a common origin, or that Sweden and Italy are one State because they both are monarchies. Men like Dr. Pusey and Mr. Gladstone and a great host of English Churchmen attached a super-terrestrial meaning to the word 'church,' or at least detached from the idea, not indeed the desirability, but the necessity of visible and organic unity. The Puritan dissenter uses the word 'church,' when he does use it, in a sense more vague, and, as Anglicans refuse to accept as essential the central Pontificate, so he refuses to accept as essential the historic episcopacy. To most Protestants ~~against Rome~~ the Church is a noble ideal city in the air, a poetic theme, a ravishing subject of contemplation for

religious philosophers. Most men, wisely perhaps, satisfy themselves in this short life by making the best of the particular organic churches to which they belong. They close their minds and dismiss the larger question, or hand it over for solution to posterity.

Newman, in his lectures on 'Romanism and Protestantism,' published in 1837, after long and eloquent description of the Catholic Church, comes suddenly face to face with a great difficulty. It may be urged against him, he says, that—

'You speak of the Church Catholic, of the Church's teaching, and of obedience to the Church. What is meant by the Church Catholic at this day? Where is she? What are her local instruments and organs? How does she speak? How can she be said to utter one and the same doctrine everywhere, when we are at war with all the rest of Christendom, and not at peace at home? In the Primitive Church there was no difficulty, and no mistaking; then all Christians everywhere spoke one and the same doctrine, and, if any novelty arose, it was at once denounced and stifled. The case is the same, indeed, with the Roman Church now; but for Anglicans so to speak, is to use words without meaning, to dream of a state of things long passed away from this Protestant land. The Church is now but a mere abstract word; it stands for a generalised idea, not the name of any one thing really existing, which, if it ever was, yet ceased to be when Christians divided from each other centuries upon centuries ago.'

In one of the novels before us, the 'Vicar of St. Luke's,' the author makes the turn of the tide which carries the hero from the Anglican to the Roman Church begin at the same question. An ardent vicar, who has thrown himself into the van of the 'Anglo-Catholic' Movement, comes into collision with his more prudent bishop. Anglican episcopal authority is to him merely provincial, and he determines to challenge it in the name of the higher authority of the Catholic Church. But his mind has been for a time thrown off the old track by other forces, and to it suddenly presents itself the question, What is this higher authority? 'Authority,' he reflects, 'we have the name; we should be lost without the name. Where is the thing? Where in the final resort do we locate it?'

The unsparing voice within him went on—

'Where and what (it said) is the Church to which you, Victorian Goring, inwardly submit, as you profess to do, your individual reason? Where and what is the Church which teaches you the truth you confidently and with an exclusive claim offer to others as yourself being taught? Define, define. Come, let us put the thing more exactly to the test. You decry private judgement. In what conjuncture of circumstances, at what moment, obedient to what rule, venerating what supremacy, do you ever humbly forego the use of your own?'



Newman could give in 1837 no strong answer to his own statement of objections to the correspondence with realities of certain unnecessary forms of speech. He could only advise patient abiding. Already, 'as he says in his 'Apologia,' in spite of his 'ingrained fears of Rome' and of the decision of his 'reason and conscience against her 'usages,' and of his affection for Oxford and Oriel, he had a 'secret longing love of Rome.' Even then he felt that this Church 'alone, amid all the errors and evils of her practical system, has given free scope to the feelings of awe, 'mystery, tenderness, reverence, devotedness, and other 'feelings which may especially be called Catholic.' Eight years later he made his surrender to Rome, convinced that in matters of faith it was impossible to show why some doctrines should be accepted and others rejected, and that the choice lay between all and nothing. Perhaps, after all, the reasoning of the 'Essay on Development,' powerful as it is, may be but the outer sheath of the real process. Newman, perhaps, worn out by endless questionings and discussions, fled to Rome as to a city of refuge from intellectual doubts. Weariness of toiling through vague and uncertain oceans of thought brings many spirits to Rome. They are like the Trojan women, who looked weeping upon the deep sea:—

'Heu ! tot vada fessis  
Et tantum superesse maris ! vox omnibus una ;  
*Urbem orant ; tædet pelagi perferre laborem.*'

To these storm-tossed and weary souls the Roman Church seems to say, like the Oracle of Apollo, once more to quote the poet so deep with universal meanings:—

'Dardanidæ duri, quæ vos a stirpe parentum  
Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere lato,  
Accipiet reduces ; antiquam exquirite matrem.'

It is an impressive call, and it appeals to, and in some cases almost satisfies, that mysterious home-sickness which is for ever at the bottom of man's heart. Newman may have been a prey to a strong illusion, but no man ever more ardently sought for truth and reality. Nor, when he became a Roman Catholic, although he had admirable opportunities for seeing the drawbacks to that Church, did he perceive anything existing which was more near to his ideal.

To arrive at a final conviction, or choice, after wandering through a multitude of opinions, is, in one sphere of things,

that which marriage, after a series of tentative love affairs, is in another. The heart of man is constantly drawn towards marriage. Too often the vision of peace is a mirage in the wilderness, yet in the direction where it seems to be man will go. Newman's 'conversion' was the marriage of a restless heart. The same course of study led Newman to Rome and kept Pusey an Anglican, because Newman had and Pusey had not strong elective affinity to the Roman Church. Dr. Pusey, who was above all a man of learning and research, akin by his genius to the Caroline divines, calm and solid by nature, with ancestral roots deep in the most English of English soil, found the Church of England, considered as a branch of the Church Catholic, spacious enough for his desires. The passionate spirit of Newman craved for communion with a society more definite and concrete; making a more absolute claim upon intellect, emotions, and acts.

The Roman Catholic Church, an ancient and constantly militant spiritual State, has acquired a tone of conviction impressive even to its enemies. The dogmatic style of the Vatican is unrivalled in its note of calm and sovereign certainty. The art of this Church in its public services and devotions is characterised by the same uniform tone of decisive action. Even the humblest Roman Catholics feel that they are citizens of no mean city. They have the conviction which makes the Eton boy ('too calmly proud for a look of pride') conscious, beyond all necessity of proof, that his school is above or beyond every school. On one side of his school, the boy feels, there are lesser schools; upon the other side, nothing but infinity. M. Zola, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Richard Bagot, in describing great ceremonies at Rome, all note the profound belief of the Pope in his office, the profound belief of the faithful in the Pope. Mr. Bagot, describing the impressions made upon the mind of a woman tending towards Rome, says:—

'Nothing in Catholicism impressed her so much as the strong undoubting faith which its members displayed in their Church, and the calm, tranquil conviction with which they regarded that Church as the sole exponent upon earth of the Divine will and authority. She felt that if she were once persuaded of the truth of the claim of Rome to be the one and only legitimate repository of that authority she would be able to accept all the doctrines of the Roman Church which had formerly appeared to her to be so anti-spiritual and superstitious.'

An Irish gardener, comparing his former mistress with his present, said, 'The old lady was a real lady; she had

'no misgivings about herself.' The Church of Rome has the air of calm self-recognition which marks an ancient aristocracy.

The power claimed by this Church, and derived, it asserts, not from the people but from God, descends into its humblest priest, as the power of the State descends into every policeman. Assertion of power repels bold, masculine, free, cool, and self-confident spirits, unless they wish to share in it, but attracts the humble and diffident—and the passionate.

'Woman, born to be controlled,  
Stoops to the forward and the bold.'

She stoops also to the calmly strong. Mrs. Humphry Ward's fine-strung heroine 'Eleanor,' not at all a Catholic, divined in an old priest the director:—

'She felt towards him as the woman so often feels towards that sexless mystery, the priest. Other men are the potential lovers of herself or other women; she knows herself their match. But in this man set apart she recognises the embodied conscience, the moral judge, who is indifferent to her as a woman, observant of her as a soul. Round this attraction she flutters, and has always fluttered since the beginning of things. It is partly a yearning for guidance and submission; partly also it is a secret pride, that she who, for other men, is mere woman, is, for the priest, spirit and immortal. She prostrates herself; but at the same time she seems to herself to enter through her submission upon a region of spiritual independence, where she is the slave, not of man, but of God.'

Eleanor felt also, 'tortured as she was by jealousy and 'angry will, the sheer longing for human help that must 'always be felt by the lonely and the weak.' The Roman Catholic Church has been called 'a hospital for sick souls,' and certainly it is the torment of spiritual disease which has driven many a nature in this direction, strong natures among them. It is not that all Churches do not profess, and in some degree practise, the art of spiritual medical treatment. But the tendency of the Reformation was to confine it within limits. It was as though a nation, indignant at routine and corruption which had crept into the practice of doctors, were to take steps which had the result of restricting them for the most part to lectures on hygiene, and of preventing examination and special treatment of patients. It is possible that the health of such a nation, looked at as a whole, might not suffer in the end, because every man would become more or less of a doctor for himself and some ideas of medicine would be handed down in

families, but there would always be many individuals in it who would cross the sea to find treatment which they could not obtain freely at home. Some cases of disease require strong treatment; the solitary consciousness of a guilty secret, for instance, may drive some natures to the verge of insanity.

‘My aching heart is breaking;  
My burning brain is reeling;  
My very soul is riven;  
I feel myself forsaken;  
And phantom forms of horror,  
And shapeless dreams of terror,  
And mocking tones of laughter  
About me seem to gather;  
And death, and hell, and darkness  
Are driving me to madness.’

Lines, these, which Lady Georgiana Fullerton long ago wrote in her powerful novel, ‘Ellen Middleton,’ based upon the working of the secret of a crime upon the soul of a woman. M. Huysmans, in his painfully pathological novel, ‘En Route,’ describes the beginning of the slow and difficult cleansing in an austere Catholic monastery of an imagination stained with the almost indelible hauntings left by a profligate life, and the partial rectification of a will that has lost its spring of self-recovery. The spiritual director, when he has made a diagnosis of the case, recommends to the patient this cure, after certain preparatory treatment, just as a doctor might recommend a diet and a course of waters. The cure lies in the anti-carnal atmosphere of the religious house, the immersion of the stained soul in the waters of penitence and asceticism, the example to the man who has drunk too deep of the cup of pleasure of men who are able to refrain from drinking it at all, a mental and sentimental surrounding wholly contrasted with that of the previous life in the world. It is as though a man, poisoned by the corrupt air of a great city, were sent to live for a time in a tent amid high cold Alps, at the foot of the glaciers, and just beneath the eternal snows. Now, the Church of Rome has the authority of a great physician in long-established and continuous practice to make those who wish to be healed take the necessary steps. Men too much relaxed to act upon their own knowledge of what is best for them can so act under the moral force and supervision of an unquestioned Authority. The foundation of the Roman

Church's successful treatment of spiritual disease is its unbroken and unvarying claim to the power of absolution—in other words, of magic healing; but to the actual task it brings the continuous practice of centuries, handed down, like law or medicine, in a strong profession. Mrs. Humphry Ward's melancholy devotee, Helbeck of Bannisdale, founds the whole religion upon the two facts of Sin and the Crucifixion. Accept these two facts, he said, and nothing else is really difficult.

'Miracles, the protection of the saints, the mysteries of the sacraments, the place that Catholics give to Our Lady, the support of an infallible Church—what so easy and natural if these be true? Sin and its Divine victim, penance, regulation of life, death, judgement—Catholic thought moves perpetually from one of these ideas to another. As to many other thoughts and beliefs, it is free to us, as to other men, to take or leave, to think or not to think. The Church, like a tender mother, offers to her children an innumerable variety of holy aids, consolations, encouragements. These may or may not be of faith. The Crucifix is the Catholic Faith. In that the Catholic sees the love that brought a God to die, the sin that infects his own soul. To requite that love, to purge that sin—there lies the whole task of the Catholic life.'

It has been said by another writer that any one who has a deep sense of sin gravitates towards the Catholic Church; yet the sense of sin and the idea of the remedy through the application of the suffering of a Redeemer, so far from being a specially Catholic idea, is, we think, even more strikingly manifested in those Puritan Churches which have rejected so much else of Catholic doctrine and practice. The central height of the religion stands out more boldly and nakedly on these level plains. What is peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church is that, more and more continuously than any other, it has studied and made definite the technical process of healing of sin, not finding from experience of human nature that, as a rule, a conversion from a lower life to a higher one can be at once sudden, true, and lasting. The old priest in M. Huysmans's novel bids the would-be penitent remember that the troubles which tormented him were well known, that there was no blind procedure in the matter, and that the mystic is an absolutely exact science, studied for centuries and enshrined in many text-books. It can foretell in advance 'most of the phenomena which take place in a soul which the Lord destines to perfect life; it follows spiritual operations as precisely as physiology observes the different

'states of the body.' The *via purgativa* must be trodden before the patient can enter upon the *via illuminativa*, and then he is only halfway to the highest possible life.

But many are called and few are chosen. Some are born saints, as St. Paul was born a Roman citizen; others, like St. Augustine, are mostly ardent-natured sinners to begin with, and acquire their heavenly citizenship at a severe cost; the vast majority are neither saints nor great sinners, nor ever stray far in either direction beyond the palings of the ordinary decencies and moralities. To this multitude, which includes the masses who lead a laborious life, who rise early and come wearied home in the evening, who marry young and bring up children—to this toiling multitude the Roman Catholic Church has much to give in the countries where it prevails. The merits of Papal policy or diplomacy, the casuistry and logical excesses of theologians, matter little to the men and women who strengthen their spirit by an early Mass, or find solace after toil at nightfall by kneeling awhile before some altar in a church dimly lit by votive tapers. Some may even think that the labouring poor in England were in some respects losers by the sweeping character of Tudor revolution. They lost one source of consolation and gentle manners. The very number of sects which arose shows that the Church of England, as rebuilt, was not many-roomed enough to serve as a hostelry for widely varying conditions and temperaments. It was too much of an artificial, symmetrical creation, inspired by the academic mind of Cranmer, whose famous answer to the Devonshire insurgents shows how little a learned Cambridge tutor suddenly turned into an archbishop could understand the hearts and needs of the people. But, assuming it to be desirable, would it be possible to restore an *ethos* once lost, the inner spirit of traditions and customs long disused? It is doubtful, and the best of the English and Scottish race have found elsewhere religious compensations, adequate if not complete, for the lost religion of their forefathers.

Every observant traveller in India and China has been struck by many and close analogies to the rites and practices of the Roman and Eastern Churches. Monks, ascetics, hermits, penitents, priests, altars, sacrifices, incense, lights, processions, pilgrimages, rosaries, chants, wayside shrines, acts for the benefit of departed souls—all these are branches of that tree of universal religion which has its roots deep in the heart of man. The Christian religion, vitalised by the

primary ideas of the Incarnation, retributive immortality of the soul, and charity, and nerved by a great ecclesiastical organisation, took over from the ancient world and from the East the inheritance of these universal forms. The sixteenth-century reformers cut away all this natural outgrowth, and left almost bare the stem of the tree. By force of will and reason some races, Arabs and Teutons, have been able to dispense with most of the Nature religion; but it is by an effort, and in all effort there is pain. The return to the natural universal religion is thus for so many people the return to repose. This religion was not made by the will and reason of man, but was born of the needs of his heart, and therefore appeals strongly to his affections. The Church of Rome attracts the ecclesiastical statesman, because it is in the spiritual sphere a great imperial system; it attracts strong men of priestly disposition, because it gives a wide scope to their profession; it even attracts some thinkers, because, given certain assumptions, it presents a consistent and logical intellectual whole; it attracts sick souls, because it claims to offer definite remedies; but it attracts the ordinary man or woman because it has preserved much of that universal religion which is the outward and visible form of desire.

‘Our towns are copied fragments from our breast,  
And all man’s Babylons strive but to impart  
The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.’

In this sense the heart of man is naturally Catholic, because it finds in this religion the embodiment of its own desires. An eighteenth-century critic said rather deeply of Metastasio’s plays that they would always be popular with women, because they depicted things not as they are, nor as they ought to be, but as women would like them to be. Who would not desire to have intercessors in heaven, or to look to maternal tenderness and pity as well as to paternal power and justice, or to aid by acts the happiness of the loved and lost? But to say that these beliefs are false, because natural, is an argument which goes far, and threatens the existence of more beliefs than those which were condemned by the Reformation. It is safer to hold that all beliefs natural to the heart of man, all instinctive desires that this thing or that should be true, even the desire of women that love might be more free, are not without relation to realities, and may be viewed without too severe condemnation by a philosopher conscious of the

limitations of reason. Few can attain to that high region of peace where rare mystics dwell, and most men must drink of the torrent by the way.

A believing Roman Catholic would of course go much beyond this. He would say that the attraction of his Church to minds which came within its sway was due to a divine magnetism inspiring it. So, for instance, the author of the 'Vicar of St. Luke's' says that his 'Anglican 'convert'

'could not fail to be aware that this lofty uniformity, abounding freedom, unearthly flexibility, benign fertility, strange strength, winning beauty, world-wide coherence, and perfect lastingness are due to a single prerogative, the possession and recognition of a deathless voice, which, according to a law strictly definite and mysteriously simple, speaks through the heirs of the Galilean fisherman, chosen personally, named significantly, endowed royally, by his Divine Lord and ours, and the voice asks for faith from men.'

The person who thought this would also think that the equally undoubted repulsion inspired by his Church is due in some cases to ignorance of its real nature, in others to the eternal hatred of the world for a religion which holds up an ideal adverse to its pleasures and desires, its ambitions and patriotisms. He would ascribe the latest attack upon religious associations in France to the same spirit as that which prompted the earliest persecutions of the Christians, and would maintain that hostile writers of the day were long ago anticipated by Celsus and Julian the Apostate. This was the line taken by Newman in his 'Essay on 'Development.'

On the other hand, it appears to most English and other Protestants that the attraction exercised by this Church is by no means of a divine, but of a very human, origin. They believe it to be the result of an art, perfected by centuries of experience and skilfully wielded, the art of hypnotising the minds of weak men and women. It is, they think, the art of a skilled seducer, exercised in another sphere. A like art was perhaps practised by the Judaisers of old, who compassed earth and sea to make one proselyte. It is the art of numbing the senses, throwing the mind into a kind of waking dream, and leading it through powerful suggestion. The practice of converging prayer for the 'conversion' of an individual may be, they think, the scientific concentration of many wills upon one will for a party purpose. To those who take this view, the repulsion inspired by the Roman Church appears to be even more



natural. History and experience, they say, amply justify the fear of the intrusion of priestly power into the affairs of private and civic life. They think that the instinct of national self-preservation rightly makes itself felt in the presence of a non-national, or even anti-national, society, and that history since the Reformation shows that nations which broke with Rome chose the wiser part. The Roman Church, they think, arrests intellectual and economic progress, encourages doubtful virtues, and saps those which are essential to the growth of the life of the human race. That Church requires the unconditional surrender of the individual in all matters of faith and morals, the abnegation of that free will and responsibility which is the great gift entrusted by God to man. Possibly this was less so in earlier ages, but since the Reformation, they apprehend, the Roman Church has adopted the avowed Jesuit principle of absolute surrender of will and intellect. In short, they hold, the issue between Protestantism and Catholicism is that between the freedom of man and the despotism of a profession, and they believe that priests, like soldiers, should be servants, not rulers; and on a wider and more philosophic view they consider that the conflict is one between the principle of free growth and stagnation or decay, between the future and the past. They do not accept the view of some apologists that the Roman Church also moves forward in the true direction, though with prudence and caution. It seems to them rather that this Church developes the tares which the adversary mingled with the wheat in the very earliest days of the Christian religion. And who is this adversary? It is, in their opinion, the Spirit of bondage to men, and rules, and forms, and ceremonies, against whom St. Paul strove with but partial success, since he still holds most of the Christian and all the heathen world under his magic spell.

ART. III.—1. *The Natives of South Africa.* By the SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE RACES COMMITTEE. London: John Murray, 1901.

2. *Report and Proceedings of the Cape Government Commission on Native Laws and Customs*, 1883.

3. *Report and Proceedings of the Transvaal Industrial Commission of Enquiry*, 1897.

4. *The Glen Grey Act*, 1894.

5. *Articles reprinted from 'The Bulawayo Chronicle' during 1901, entitled 'The Labour Problem in Rhodesia.'*

### I.

AT an immense cost, both of lives of men and of money, we are endeavouring to build up in South Africa a great inheritance. The principles involved in the struggle are so large and so closely knit up with the conception of the British Empire, that we do not pause to think who will reap the harvest which is being so laboriously sown. It may be said that we are paying the usual price often paid before in the acquisition of our colonies, the price that must be paid by a growing nation forced by pressure of increasing population to lay strong hands on new territories for its maintenance. But this is not the case; and the facts will show themselves more and more emphatically when the clouds of the present struggle have passed away.

South Africa will never be a field for the superfluous unskilled manual labour of Great Britain. The large and growing population of native origin, which already numbers 4,000,000, is firmly established on the soil, and provides an inexhaustible, though yet undeveloped, source of unskilled labour. There is, therefore, no place for the white immigrant of this class. Not only is he shut out from possible openings by race feeling—no white workman will work as mate with a black—but by stress of sheer competition. The Kafir is his equal, if not his superior, physically; is intelligent and capable of easily acquiring a certain degree of manual dexterity; his standard of life is low in comparison. He can live cheerfully on mealie rations, at say 1s. a day, while the lowest wage paid to a white miner seems to be about 7l. 10s. per month, and on this he would find it hard to live. For these reasons the two races cannot be considered independently of one another. The whites are

entirely dependent on the blacks for the developement of their interests in the country, not only for the means of exploiting its wealth, but even for the ordinary manual services of every-day life. In this position of dependence, from which they cannot escape, motives of self-interest, if not even of self-preservation, impel them to forge links binding the natives to their service until they in their turn shall feel a corresponding dependence upon the whites for the fulfilment of economic requirements hitherto undreamt of. For this purpose new needs must be created among the natives which can only be satisfied by working for the whites. The difficulty is that this process must necessarily be a slow one, as gradual as the social developement of the natives.

The greater the stake of the whites becomes in the country, the more imperative will be their demands upon the blacks. These demands have been for some time in advance of the response to them made by the natives, and are likely yet further to outrun it. Before the war complaints of scarcity of labour came from the Rand, from Rhodesia, and elsewhere; and the determination to reap to the full the advantages of the removal of Boer rule from the Transvaal will make the competition many times keener.

The supply of native labour, in spite of good wages from which the native can save an amount out of all proportion to the savings of a European in a similar situation, is checked by substantial causes. The native is an agriculturist at heart, and mining is a disagreeable type of employment to him; there are difficulties and dangers in his journeys to and from the mines, which are sometimes over a thousand miles from his home; proper shelter and means of transport are often lacking; he is deterred by the want of faith of some of the employers, by the frauds of labour agents, and by bad treatment at some of the mines. But the greatest difficulty lies in his point of view. He wishes to marry, to have land and cattle like his fathers with the rest of his tribesmen, and he regards work at the mines away from home and wage-earning in general as a temporary opportunity for acquiring capital for these purposes. The custom of lobola—i.e. the marriage gift of cattle by the bridegroom to the bride's father—stands in the way of many Kafir marriages. The practice is condemned by some missionaries and others, who mistake its nature and ignore its good features, but it certainly brings the young Kafir early face to face with the need of capital, and sends him perhaps

hundreds of miles to the mines in search of it. In Rhodesia the value of the custom as an incentive to work is so much appreciated that it is proposed to make it essential to the legality of native marriages. Owing to the high wages paid at the mines the native can usually earn sufficient to satisfy his needs in a few months. He thus attains to the realisation of his desire just as he has become sufficiently experienced to be of real value to his employer, who is in this way constantly losing his best hands. The point of view of the white employer is of course diametrically opposed to this. In his eyes the native is an individual to be trained to be of use as a permanent portion of the industrial machinery, which must be kept going, full steam ahead, at the cost and sacrifice of ideals, black or white. But the native, if his meales are ripe for harvest or his lands to sow, cares nothing if the industrial machine is stopped till his return.

The two points of view are not easily reconciled. Either the white must be content with a succession of temporary and intermittent labourers, or the native's tribal and agricultural life must go. In the meanwhile it is evident that much may be done by better organisation of the intermittent labour at present obtainable. Its efficiency could, at any rate, be greatly increased by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. The native reserves are limited, and the pressure of increasing population is in some districts making itself felt. Education and substantial additions to the standard of living are important incentives to work. The desire for a looking-glass will impel the native to set about earning something. In Basutoland, out of an adult male population of perhaps 60,000, passes were issued to as many as 38,000\* in one year (1898-99) to go out of the country to work. But racial feeling is strong against the education of natives, as the first stage on the road to political privileges and in the idea that it may possibly prepare them ultimately for competition with the whites in other than manual employments. Nevertheless, education on practical lines is necessary both to provide a stimulus to the formation of habits of industry and to increase the efficiency of native labour. The missionaries who are engaged in this work are rendering a service to the community which is at present inadequately appreciated. It is to be hoped that

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\* This includes those who may have gone and returned more than once in the year.

in the future their labours will receive more generous support both from the Imperial and Colonial Governments.

We have described the *natural* obstacles to the rapid fulfilment of the white man's purpose. They are deeply rooted in the habits of the South African races, and progress where racial habits are concerned is naturally slow. The white, therefore, presses for Government assistance and *artificial* measures to increase his labour supply. These measures may be divided under three main heads: (1) Importation of foreign labour, (2) Taxation as an incentive to work and stringent laws to enforce contracts of employment, (3) Legislation to hasten the removal of tribal institutions and to enforce individualism.

(1) The importation of foreign labour is defended on two grounds—viz. the unsuitability of native labour, and the scarcity of labour owing to the unwillingness of the natives in some districts to work. For the sugar plantations of Natal, where the Kafir shows himself unfitted for the particular work required, coolies indentured for five years have been imported from India. The result of this immigration has its special importance in the particular localities concerned, and does not immediately affect the rest of the colonies to any serious extent. The importation of Chinese into Rhodesia to supplement temporarily the inadequate supply of natives in the Rhodesian mines is quite a separate question, and is being earnestly debated now in Bulawayo and elsewhere. It is represented by the mine-owners that the Chinaman will only be admitted into the country under the most stringent conditions; that, if he comes, to quote an expression of local opinion, he 'must come as a hewer of wood and drawer of water—as nearly a beast of burden as it is possible to make the human animal into—and when his task is done he must go.'\* But, even so, the proposal seems to be extremely distasteful to the general white community, who dread the advent of this perverse element in the country, and are disposed to be sceptical as to the possibility of preventing the Chinaman from ultimately competing with and supplanting white labour in Rhodesia as elsewhere. In the meanwhile it appears that steps are being taken by the Administration of Southern Rhodesia to engage Arab labourers, and the Aden authorities have been 'authorised to give such facilities to the com-

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\* See 'The Labour Problem in Rhodesia;' letter from Major Heany in 'The Bulawayo Chronicle,' March 1901.

'pany's official as may be proper. They will also see that 'the labourers fully understand the terms of their engagement, and are under no compulsion to accept them.' They will watch the experiment carefully, and stipulations have been made for the enactment by the Administration of Southern Rhodesia of legislation for the protection of the labourers 'which shall satisfy the requirements of His Majesty's Government,' and which shall be in force by the time the labourers arrive.\*

(2) The most powerful incentive to the native to work is acknowledged to be the desire for comforts or accessories which he is unable to acquire without money to pay for them; and it is obvious that taxation has a direct effect upon his spending capacity. Many employers, therefore, advocate further taxation by way of an increase of the hut-tax already levied. Others support the arbitrary imposition of a special tax on all non-workers, such as the labour-tax imposed by the Glen Grey Act. The annual hut-tax is now 14s. a hut in Natal, 10s. in Cape Colony, and 20s. in Basutoland; the labour-tax of the Glen Grey Act is 10s., imposed upon natives who have not been in employment *outside* their districts for three months in the year, unless the magistrates grant exemption on the ground of inability to leave their locations or of work within the locations for the prescribed period. Speaking generally, in the present method of taxation there does not seem to be any serious practical hardship involved. Nor does it give rise to much active opposition or resentment on the part of the natives. Except perhaps in the Transvaal, the taxes in force are probably not seriously out of proportion to the earning capacity of the natives, or an unfair contribution to the expense of administration. Even the much criticised 'labour-tax' of the Glen Grey Act works, so far as it operates at all, without excessive friction. Nevertheless, the tax is already quoted as a precedent, and represents the thin end of the wedge, which there is a strong desire to drive further home. A measure on similar lines is actually being drafted for Southern Rhodesia,† and a hut- or poll-tax of 5*l.* or 6*l.*, with exemptions for natives working for six months or more, has been publicly advocated. Whether the Imperial Government or the other Governments of South Africa would encourage

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\* See report in the 'Times,' August 9, 1901, of answers given by Lord G. Hamilton to questions in the House of Commons.

† B. S. A. C. Report, 1898-1900, p. 12.

such measures may be more than doubtful, but it is clear that the imposition even of moderate taxation for such purposes is the first step on a dangerous path. From the evidence given on behalf of the mine-owners before the Transvaal Industrial Commission in 1897, there is little doubt that pressure will be brought to bear on the Government, with a view to legislation of this kind for the purpose of providing cheap labour for the Rand. That Commission declined to recommend 'any measure that would be equivalent to forced labour,' or 'the imposition of a higher tax upon the Kaffirs.' Forced labour in the sense of direct compulsion is not likely to be seriously advocated, but the demand for labour taxation is almost certain to be revived wherever the demand for cheap labour outruns the supply. To impose taxation, however, for the purpose, not of raising revenue for the benefit of those who pay, but of forcibly increasing the supply and cheapening the cost of manual labour, can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a perversion of the functions of the State. It is only natural that it should tend to cause a feeling of irritation among the natives, and, unless continuously maintained at an oppressive level, it is not likely to be effective. It is surely worthy of consideration whether less questionable methods of promoting the industrial development of the country are not available. The South African Native Races Committee have drawn attention to the obstacles that at present hinder the free flow of native labour to the centres of employment, and until these obstacles have been removed and the Governments of South Africa have given due attention to the task of efficiently organising the labour supply, it is impossible to say how far that supply is inadequate to the industrial needs of the country. There is every reason to believe that a much larger number of natives would be induced to seek employment than do so at present. This conclusion is further supported by statements of responsible officials contained in the recently published Report of the British South Africa Company. Speaking of the Batoka country of North-Western Rhodesia the acting Administrator reports as follows:—

'The men, even at this distance, find their way to Bulawayo and Salisbury for work. I was constantly meeting boys who had just returned from Southern Rhodesia or were going down, but they object to be taken down in a mob by an agent. Being improperly fed on the journey, some of them run away, some die *en route*, and only a certain percentage arrive at Bulawayo, where, so I am informed,

they often wait a month to recruit their health before they are fit for work. Those who desert return to their kraals, and prejudice their brothers and friends against going down. One or two do such harm in this way that it takes months to eradicate it. Those who arrive safely work well, earn good money, buy hoes, etc., then return to their homes, and after a few months of idleness they leave again for the mines. . . . I am of opinion that a far greater number travel south of the Zambesi than is generally imagined, and it only requires an organised bureau to enable the Barotse country to play a great part in the supply of native labour for Southern Rhodesia.' (P. 98.)

Mr. Coryndon, the Administrator and H.M. British Resident of the same country, states that he is 'of opinion that 'with a more intelligent and energetic system of labour 'agency the supply [of labour from that district for the 'Matabeleland mines] might be trebled.' (P. 94.) At the same time, the term of service is usually very short, varying from one to four months, sometimes to six months, and the general feeling is expressed that, were the mines all working full time, the labour supply of the country is not equal to the demand. If the developement of the gold mines continues to outstrip the growth of industry among the natives, we are left face to face with the fundamental question whether the white man is justly entitled to press forward his enterprises without reference to the effect it will have upon the future condition of the natives.

To protect employers the Master and Servant Laws of Cape Colony and Natal and the Transvaal Gold Law provide criminal remedies for breaches of contracts of employment. Even such offences as the refusal or neglect to perform stipulated work, or insolence to a master, are treated as criminal, and under the Transvaal Gold Law they are punishable by flogging. The singularly elaborate and stringent provisions of the Pass Laws on the Transvaal goldfields were framed for a similar purpose—the prevention of desertion from the mines. Employers of native labour, no doubt, have serious difficulties to contend with, and there seems to be a considerable consensus of opinion that they would not be sufficiently protected by purely civil remedies. Natives are often brought from great distances at their employer's expense. If they break their contracts and desert, it is exceedingly difficult to trace them, and even if they could be found it would often be impossible to recover damages from them. In such cases a civil action would probably fail to give the employer any adequate redress. At the same time the infliction of lashes for mere breaches



of contract or other delinquencies involving no grave offence against morality is difficult to justify. Apart from any ethical consideration, it may be questioned whether legislation of this kind is calculated to attain the object in view. The vexatious provisions and drastic penalties of the Transvaal Pass Laws cannot but have had a deterrent effect on natives proposing to seek employment on the Rand. It is satisfactory to note that these enactments have already been modified by the Imperial Government. By recent proclamations all sentences of more than twelve lashes must be confirmed by the High Commissioner, and the penalty of flogging under the Pass Law of 1899 has been abolished except for certain serious offences.

(3) The policy of supplanting tribal institutions by the individualism of European civilisation entails legislation of a very far-reaching kind, and means a social and economic revolution for the natives. It begins with attempts to weaken the power of the chiefs, followed by their removal altogether. When once the chief is removed and replaced by the resident magistrate, the tribe loses its cohesion, and the step to local self-government is rendered necessary. This is followed by the survey of the land occupied by the disintegrated tribe, and the substitution of individual titles in lieu of tribal methods of land occupation. Any one who considers the history of native administration in South Africa during the last fifty years cannot fail to be impressed with the readiness shown by the natives to adapt themselves within certain lines to the requirements of colonial government. At the same time, misunderstandings on both sides have occurred, and where undue haste has been exercised disaster and reaction have been the result. The whole course of these changes is so beset with dangers, and has so great importance for the community at large, that we cannot afford to overlook the smallest points which may assist or retard the absorption of the mass of the native population into the general scheme of South African development.

## II.

The labour question and the problem involved in the break-up of the tribal system meet most conspicuously in the Glen Grey Act. The labour clauses of this Act have founded a definite precedent, which is not likely to be allowed to drop out of sight by those who advocate measures for compelling the native to work. The treatment of those who go out to

work is a sufficiently important matter in itself. But these at present bear a small though increasing proportion to the native population living permanently in the reserves or locations. The majority will for a long time live by the land, and it is the effect upon them of the individualistic legislation now being introduced that is liable to be overlooked. The natives of South Africa are prevented by these outside influences from working out their own civilisation in their own time. The process would in the natural course of events be a slow one, and past experience does not seem to provide us with a method of breaking up tribal institutions which shall be at once rapid and prosperous. The cases arising in India are not exactly analogous. It is true that in India each year brings up some instance of the attempted disintegration of a communal unit, either in the subdivision of village lands or in the secession of individuals from some coparcenary or brotherhood. But in none of these cases does the change take place with so complete a tribal condition for a starting-point as is the case in South Africa. The step which the Kafirs are required to take is to span the whole distance at once, to do in a couple of generations what it has taken other races many centuries to accomplish.

The change in view is not merely a subdivision of land in which a number of natives have jointly had rights of occupation. For the native himself much more than this is involved. Hitherto the native's claim to his land has been partly a right and partly a privilege shared with every member of the tribe, and granted by his chief in return for everything that constitutes him a member of his tribe—that is to say, in return for his personal relation of obedience to his chief, of submission to any demands from him, whether for service in war or for contributions of work or cattle. This relation would continue on whatever land his tribe was settled, and controls his whole behaviour and moral attitude. Hereafter, on the other hand, he is to prepare himself to become an inhabitant of a geographical area, owing his rent, taxes, rates, and so forth, as long as, and only as long as, he chooses to reside in the district. He is left to evolve the moral obligations of his new environment as well as he can. The tribal cohesion and mutual responsibility within which everything was straightforward to him, however onerous, are no longer there to support him.

Where there is a chief it is obvious that the permanent allotment of the land in private lots is a serious shock to his power. The granting of lands to his men, their ejection

if his displeasure is incurred, the feeling that all receive their lands from his fatherly hands, and owe him filial duties in return, must have constituted the most powerful bond between the chief and his people.

With regard to this matter, in the administration of native territories two opposite policies have hitherto been pursued. In some territories—*e.g.* in Basutoland and in German South-West Africa—support is given to the chiefs, and their rule is encouraged and protected. Recently (1896), in the German territory,\* the proposals of some tribes to divide up their lands among their members was rejected by the authorities on the main ground that it would do much to weaken the very power of the chiefs which they were anxious to preserve.

In Cape Colony, on the other hand, partly owing to the course which events have taken and partly in fulfilment of a definite policy, many chiefs have been deposed or altogether removed, and their jurisdiction, where they have remained over their tribes, has been as much as possible transferred to resident magistrates. It is in these districts especially that experiments in individual land tenure are being pressed forward. It is not proposed here to discuss the merits of these policies, but merely to consider their relation to the land tenure in the native districts. For the chief is the symbol of tribal unity, and with his removal disappears the mainstay of tribal cohesion.

Under tribal custom, the position of a landholder is simply that of a member of the tribe. If for any reason his membership of the tribe is terminated, either by his own misdemeanour or by the will of the chief, he ceases at once to have any rights in his land, which reverts to the chief. The chief is guardian of the land of his district to allot it to his tribesmen. He exacts no rent, but the members of the tribe are indefinitely obliged to render him personally whatever services he may require, to go out and plough, sow and reap for him, and to contribute cattle or money whenever either is demanded. If a man wishes to leave his land, he cannot pledge or sell his interest in it. The land reverts to the chief, who may then and there reallocate it to whomever he will.

Furthermore, by land and cattle he is able to support, besides his immediate family, his father's widows, his

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\* Since 1888 chiefs have been prohibited from selling land or giving pledges or concessions without Government sanction.

unmarried or orphan collateral relations. He divides his property prospectively among his heirs during his lifetime, and, though he may cancel any such allotment in case of need, any injustice he may commit may come up before his kinsmen for reconsideration after his death. The poor or infirm members of the tribe are thus provided for.

In those tribes *where land is plentiful* a man will let his wives dig as much of the bush round his kraal as they can cultivate, pasturing his cattle on the remaining commonages. When a plot is exhausted by continuous crops or bad seasons, it is left to rest while some new land is brought under the hoe. In this condition of affairs his sons will very likely marry and build kraals of their own, being free to break land, with the leave of their chief, wherever there is room for them.

In Basutoland, on the other hand, a stage has now been reached where the agricultural land is already fully occupied. The soil is rich and greater economy is practised. If a man asks the chief for more land, when he has an average-sized allowance already, his greedy request will be received with laughter. Here the eldest son takes the land of his father, and the younger sons must either ignominiously live on his charity or go out and work, either at the quarries, &c., within the country, or further afield. It would be possible, no doubt, to get a hut and keep cattle on the common pastures, but in order to make a start it would be necessary to earn some money somewhere. It has been the custom of the chief in Basutoland to allot enough for two small fields (one for mealies, the other for Kafir corn) to each wife his tribesman marries. He would perhaps also give the man a cow. But, as these more prosperous families are likely to have numerous children, this apparent accumulation of land in one family is counteracted and equalised in the next generation by subdivision among heirs—the eldest son of each wife probably inheriting the gardens allotted at his mother's marriage with the cattle set aside for the maintenance of her 'house.'

In tribal communities, therefore, disparity in wealth in land between tribesman and tribesman does not seem to arise. In one case each takes as much land as he likes, the amount being naturally proportioned to the size of his family and his powers of cultivation. In the other case additional land is deliberately so allotted to increasing families, equality being re-established in the next generation. Another element leading to equality is the moral obligation

inherent to the tribesman's position, and great generosity is often voluntarily shown by individuals in giving up pieces of land to neighbours in need. No doubt this generosity is encouraged by the fact that each man holds his land at the pleasure of the chief, and justice would dictate that the chief should treat all his tribesmen to an equal share in the tribal privileges.

Between the tribesman and his own family, as has already been said, the individual is debarred by his kinsmen from doing injustice with his own property, and this complex relation between a tribesman and his property is felt in regard to his cattle as much as to his land. His cattle are severally allotted and publicly known to be so allotted by him to the maintenance of his respective wives and their families. They are also liable not only for fines incurred by himself, but for the misdemeanour of his village and, in case of intertribal wrong-doing, of his tribe. This constitutes a very complete system of mutual responsibility, which is binding on the community until the crime has been traced to one particular individual, who is competent to relieve his neighbours by payment of the fine inflicted. Finally, it is his cattle which enable him to procure a wife, and which are thus the symbol of his status and of his very manhood.\*

It is unnecessary to contrast this picture with modern ideas of the freedom of the individual, with his definite liabilities to the public for rent, rates or taxes, &c., with his walled plot of ground over which he alone has exclusive rights whether the soil is rich or exhausted, and the value of which he can, by sale or mortgage, take with him, should he wish to move away from the district.

But it is for two reasons important to appreciate the vastness of the gulf to be bridged: first, because of the attempts which are being made to hasten the process; secondly, because earlier attempts to pass the whole distance in one stride have proved conspicuous failures.

It is true that in some districts in Cape Colony the native communities themselves are becoming, under the influence of colonial government, ripe for some further step along the road to individualism, and it will be to their own disadvantage if progress on right lines is forbidden them. These are, in particular, those districts where the chief's power has

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\* Native tribal custom is recognised and native law is administered not only in native territories like Basutoland, but also in the reserves and locations in Cape Colony and Natal.

for some little time given way before the control of the magistrate, or where the chief has been removed altogether, and has been replaced by an appointed headman to whom the members of the community are not attached by the same tribal bonds as to their hereditary chief, and under whose rule, therefore, injustices occur and the old complete restraints of tribal usage no longer prevail. For these communities release from the oppression of tribal tenure, now become inconvenient, and the establishment of some form of local self-government are called for; and for the latter the inhabitants are found to be not altogether unprepared by their tribal methods of joint responsibility.

Under the local government clauses of the Glen Grey Act each location is placed under the control of a Location Board of three persons appointed by the Governor from among the resident holders of land in the location, after the consideration of their wishes and recommendations. Further, a District Council may be established, half the members of which are elected by the Location Boards out of their own members, the other half being appointed by the Governor. Resident magistrates and others report very favourably of the effect upon the natives of the local self-government thus granted.\*

But with respect to land tenure, too rapid changes in the past have nearly always met with failure, and have resulted in a set-back. It has been shown over and over again that time is required for the Kafir to acquire the self-reliance needful to the individual landowner.† He has never yet known what it is to have absolutely exclusive rights to and power to dispose of his land; it has hitherto had no realisable capital value for him. The temptation, therefore, to mortgage or sell his land comes upon him irresistibly in many ways before he has got rid of the restless semi-migratory instincts of his tribal ancestors.

It is not needful to multiply instances from the history of other countries of the necessity to proceed by stages. They are evident wherever one examines the history of land tenure. But it is important to realise that legislation limiting the power of the landholder in the disposal of his allotments would be found, if considered by historical examples, to be not in any way contrary to precedent, and

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\* *The Natives of South Africa*, p. 66, and Appendix A, pp. 289-294.

† *Ibid.* pp. 76ff.

that rather the absence of special measures in this direction must be considered as exceptional, and might well be regarded as an inconsiderate neglect of the duties of a paternal Government.

Granting, then, that for the time being some halfway stage must be provided in South Africa for the native landholder, it may be convenient to consider what sort of encouragement and assistance is afforded him by the special legislation on the subject already in force in Cape Colony.

There are, of course, natives who have left their tribes, who have been educated, and who perhaps have obtained the parliamentary franchise in the Colony. Some of these have bought land in freehold, in the same manner as whites, and are able to hold their own in the commercial world. But during the last fifty years a great many attempts have been made and experiments tried in the survey and subdivision of tribal land, and in its allotment to individual owners in freehold or quit-rent tenure. In most districts there have been many such holders who have shown themselves quite unable to stand under the weight of their new independence; and almost invariably, where a free hand has been given, a tendency has been shown to revert to a system (practically a return to tribal ways) under which the land belongs to one individual, who allows the rest to squat or settle on portions of it with rather indefinite rights of cultivation and pasture in return for rent or labour.

Attention is now concentrated on the working of the latest legislation on this subject. In 1894 the Glen Grey Act was passed, and since then has gradually been adopted by several districts in the Transkeian territories of Cape Colony. Under this Act the land may be definitely surveyed, and to each householder there would be secured a building site, with an allotment containing, as a rule, 4 morgen (say 8 acres) of agricultural land. He also obtains grazing rights over the reserved commonages. If the conditions of his title-deed, to which we shall refer again, are duly fulfilled by him, his holding belongs to him and his heirs in perpetuity; but if his heir has already received an allotment under the Act, he must choose between his former holding and the land in question, as no one may hold two lots at once.\* A landholder has no power of sale or mortgage, and

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\* This restriction must be viewed in special reference to the landholder's former responsibilities towards perhaps an exceptionally large or incapable group of kinsmen.

his land is inalienable from his heir male, except with leave from the magistrate for reasons assigned.

But besides this restriction placed upon his power of disposal, which has been very generally approved of, the conditions of his tenure are remarkable. The cost of survey and allotment is charged on the land, and his lot is also subject to a small quit-rent. If he gets into arrear in payment of the annual instalments, the land is liable to complete confiscation. Forfeiture is also incurred by failure for twelve months in beneficial occupation and proper cultivation, or by conviction of the holder of the crime of theft with sentence of imprisonment for not less than twelve months. It is left to the magistrate to determine whether the land has been beneficially occupied and properly cultivated.

Against the payment of a small quit-rent, and against the amount of the other taxes levied on the holder under the Act, not much objection can be raised. Under tribal custom, the services and property of each family, being indefinitely at the call of the chief, it may be understood that the taxation under the new régime is not likely to be felt otherwise than as a proportionate relief. Beneficent despotism having died with the disappearance of the hereditary chief and his councillors, the substitution made by this Act of a representative District Council for the distrusted rule of a headman must be considered good. Any rates which such a Council may levy should be fully compensated for in increased advantages secured by the public expenditure. But the points that challenge criticism are those relating to the possible confiscation of the allotments. Complaints are brought against the tribal system of land occupation in general on the ground that the real improvement of the plots is discouraged by the insecurity of the tribal tenure. And though perhaps the discretion of the magistrate may be considered by the native holder to be a firmer basis of tenure than the pleasure of a chief, yet it may be questioned whether some similar discouragement may not eventually be felt under the new conditions. In any case it is difficult to see how a feeling of true ownership can grow up under these circumstances—an appreciation of the full value of past labour and expenditure on the plot—without which it seems impossible for the native landowner to hold his own against the temptations to sacrifice his position and ‘clear out’ in times of difficulty.

The Glen Grey Act is a notable measure, but it implies



that those who are to prosper under its application must have previously attained a considerable degree of development. Not only must they have become accustomed to the disappearance of their chief's power, with all the dissolution of the larger solidarity which that disappearance implies, but also they must be ready to face the limitations of their resources by the restriction of the size of their holdings within surveyed boundaries, and the effect of that restriction upon the elasticity of their own family groups.

The Act may be welcomed in some cases as a relief from the doubtful influence of a headman, appointed by the Government to replace the chief, in whose rule the community have perhaps little confidence; it may do much to kill the instinct to 'trek' in the face of difficulties which is an inheritance from their tribal past; it may militate against loafers and other encumbrances accompanying the growth of population. Will it, in the teeth of the insecurity of its land-tenure system, foster a feeling of ownership in the lot, a feeling of home in the house, which is the first need of the black inhabitant on the break-up of his tribal traditions?

Moreover, the penalty of confiscation seems somewhat ill proportioned to the crimes or misdemeanours specified in the title-deed under the Act, and would probably be felt by other members of the family, quite as much as, if not more than, by the delinquent himself. This is an injustice it would be well to provide against by a fuller recognition of the rights of a family in the land of its head. The doctrine of education by experience must not be pressed too far. In early classical times the head of a household, though endowed with the complete enjoyment during his life of the estate of his fathers, was guilty of gross impiety if he did not hand it down intact to his heirs. Even later, when the power of sale and mortgage was admitted among the Athenians, State interference was insisted upon to prevent the existing holder from squandering his estate at the expense of future generations. In the event of a landholder being convicted of heinous crime, justifying the extinction of his rights as a citizen, his name was simply erased from his house and the property passed at once to his heirs. The rule of Kentish gavelkind, that the crime which sent the father to the gaol or the gallows sent the son to his place at the family plough, passed into a proverb in Kent—'The fader to the bonde, the son to the londe,' or in another form, 'The father to the bough, the son to the plough.'

Though limitations are not set in the Glen Grey Act to the discretion of the magistrate and Governor in the reallocation of the confiscated lot, there is nothing in the Act giving the kindred of the delinquent a prior claim over other deserving applicants. The course of historical precedents suggests that the confirmation of the family unit as replacing the larger tribal unit would be a safe and advantageous step in the dissolution of tribal solidarity. It would surely do much to strengthen the sense of responsibility of the individual in the management of the property entrusted to him, and would help to stiffen his back against the temptation to short-sighted or reckless dealing.

The real danger ahead seems to be for those tribes who are not far enough advanced for local self-government, and who still cling to their tribal usages and their personal dependence as members of their tribes.

The next few years in Basutoland promise some interesting light on this side of the subject. It is understood that all available agricultural land is fully occupied there, so that the tribesmen are already face to face with their limitations in this respect. It will be a new thing for a tribe to have a large section of its people detached from the land and yet perhaps commanding greater resources and comfort by reason of the wages they are able to earn outside. It is probable that for those members of the tribe who earn money thus outside the territory, and are not dependent on the chief for land—more than just for a building site—who are, in fact, excluded altogether from holding agricultural land, quite new relations will arise with the rest of the community, whereby the power of the chief and the solidarity of the tribe itself may be affected. As has been said, it is the declared policy of the Government in Basutoland to maintain the tribal organisation and to continue unimpaired as far as is practicable the power of the chiefs during good behaviour. On tribal custom rests the sum total of the morality of members of the tribe, and if the tribal bond is removed it is vital that something equally strong and equally sufficing shall take its place.

The quality of the rule of the existing resident commissioners and magistrates promises well that as long as the tribal feeling lasts the natives under them will not lose that respect for justice which seems to grow up among them under tribal rule, or become, if their traditional restraints are not removed, less law-abiding in the future. Undue haste, therefore, in breaking down tribal restrictions is

greatly to be deprecated, and there appears to be need of some universal and far-sighted policy in the various methods of treating the South African natives. In view of the continuous flow of natives from territory to territory in search of work, the native problem in each colony does not seem to be confined within its own boundaries, but affects also the other colonies in South Africa. In the Transvaal, therefore, where the need of native labour is most pressing, and where the supply of labour is drawn from all the neighbouring territories, the problem can hardly be considered a local one. The importance of a strong central guiding hand on the spot seems obvious. It is of good omen for the natives that the first Commissioner of Native Affairs in the new territories is to be one who has had so much experience and success in the control of natives as Sir Godfrey Lagden. It is to be hoped that full opportunity will be given him for the application of his experience to the problems before us. It is not merely a question of how to provide government for the natives residing in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. The great difficulty lies in how to deal with the vast crowds of native labourers of all conditions who will come from other territories to work at the mines. These are for the time being removed from ties of tribe or kindred, and in many cases are quite unable to understand the conditions of the struggle around them. It is in their interest that their home life should not be broken up, that its influence should be maintained, if possible, in spite of their absence. It is in the interest of the whole of South Africa to secure good management for them during the time of their contracts, and to prevent them from carrying degrading influences on their return home across the breadth of the land.

Many will yet voluntarily come for longer or shorter terms with the sole intent of supplementing their tribal life with what the additional capital thus earned will put within their reach. These will have also gained some knowledge of the ways of white and black in the great mining centres. But others, set loose perhaps, not to say driven out, by the Glen Grey Act or by the pressure of over-population, may not feel the call to return home quite so strongly as their tribal neighbours. Cannot some way be found for these, by which they may be saved the long and often troublesome journey to and from their homes, and at the same time the awkward gaps in their intermittent labour be shortened for their employers? Out of the best of these natives it would seem as

if some sort of industrial population must eventually be formed, and experiments are already being tried by some of the outlying mines in creating native quarters or locations a mile or two away from the mines for the residence of native families. These locations are specially watched, and provided with police; schools are established; and natives in these circumstances have been known to work for eight years continuously for one mine. But often only a few members of a family are fit for employment in mines. Population in the Transvaal is exceedingly sparse, and a good deal of labour of a simpler sort and naturally more congenial to the native will be required for the farms. Is it impossible to establish groups of native families in farming districts in such situations that the most enterprising members may have comparatively easy access to the mines, while the weaker members of the family and some of the women can find employment on the land? If this could be combined with a small grant of land to the head of the family in which the rest could have a real interest and definite rights of control or succession, some of the dangers which beset the emancipated Kafir might be avoided. His moral instincts would not be robbed altogether of their traditional foundations, and at the same time a fair chance would be afforded him to cope with the economic revolution which now threatens to sweep him off his feet.

ART. IV.—*Life in Poetry and Law in Taste.* Two series of Lectures delivered in Oxford, 1895–1900. By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, C.B., M.A. Oxon., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1901.

A MAN who upon assumption of an office deprecates comparison with his predecessors is generally one who might well face the ordeal; and it may be doubted whether, in spite of Professor Courthope's modest exordium, a more thoughtful or profitable course of lectures than his own has ever been delivered from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. It would be possible to urge that his canons of judgment are too strict, his limits of acceptance too narrow, his tests of excellence too exclusive; but, in following him, the bounds of his subject must be constantly borne in mind. He has not set out upon a quest of collection; nor is he bent upon enumerating all the forms and degrees of metrical composition that have given, or may fairly hope to give, temporary pleasure to society; but his object—no small or unworthy one—is merely to state the qualities which seem to have brought immortality to the masterpieces of various countries and ages. Minor poetry, as the term is commonly understood, he leaves out of account; and rightly, for

‘mediocribus esse poetas

Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ’

is a dictum as true as it was when Horace penned the lines that laid it down. But in another sense of the words nearly all poetry is minor; for the great masters may be counted upon the fingers, and the work of all other men falls below theirs; indeed, all their own smaller work is minor, for quality may be expressed for this purpose in terms of quantity. ‘Hamlet’ is a greater work than any group of the ‘Sonnets,’ ‘The Commedia’ than the ‘Vita Nuova,’ and so on. But the same qualities that have made the larger products of the same genius immortal are to be found in the smaller pieces wherever they too are of the highest order, and they accordingly live side by side with their more commanding and colossal brethren.

There is another class of poetry which is also outside the Professor's range of view. It is that which is content with a lower motive, but, being such, is or may be of consummate workmanship; ‘the idle singing of an empty day,’ as it was called by one of its most accomplished producers. Eminently

graceful, but which fails, if tested for the noblest. There is, too, such a thing as frailty in poetry, as there is in human beings, which does not prevent it from being charming. The Chloes of life and their adorers may be admitted to be mutually seductive, but they are not of the true type; they may have a thousand pretty qualities, but they lack the highest, and are marred too often by the lowest. So with many an attractive poem: it seduces, but it is not true; it has perhaps a false melancholy, or sickly passion, or pessimistic views of life, or a despairing contemplation of death—a thousand errors, what you will. Its origin was not in the higher levels of the creator's soul, though it may have been dressed in the fairest flowers of his fancy. It tends therefore to debase the reader, or at all events not to gratify the highest that is in him. Still it must be a pleasure to compose such things at whiles, as it is a pleasure at whiles to read them; 'Dulce est desipere in loco;' but they ought not to live, and they will not. But poetry with an element of falseness in it must not be confounded with that which is only light and slight, thrown off with ease by the composer, to be read and enjoyed with equal ease by the reader. Such things have a value in their gracefulness, and fulfil a destiny by no means to be despised. Such are some, but far from all, of the little poems in the Greek Anthologia. They survive too, though after a time their form and flavour become antiquated, and they take their place among the mere curiosities of literature.

Mr. Courthope could not, of course, concern himself with all these things. In fact he would have derogated from the dignity of the chair if he had dealt with anything below the highest ranges of epic, dramatic, and lyric poetry. He accordingly considers them alone, while he sets himself to answer the two main questions which he propounds: first, Is there a law of life in poetry, to which the creator of work which is to live consciously or unconsciously subscribes? and, second, Is there a corresponding law in taste, by which the reader, not unconsciously, but consciously, should form his judgement? Few persons upon reflexion would hesitate to answer both these questions in the affirmative. For, although the possibilities of mistake in the statement of law are obvious, they can be rectified from time to time; whereas the denial of its existence would be an error beyond reprieve. We admit cause and effect in all other phenomena; why not, then, in the success or failure, enduring or transient influence, of poetical creations? It is surely not more difficult

to imagine a law in poems than in sunsets. But to state the law which involves one fate or the other is not to lay down rules by which one may be achieved and the other avoided. There is a danger in overlooking this distinction, for while on the one hand creators must not claim anarchy, on the other critics must not intervene to teach creation. Professor Courthope is quite right to lay stress upon the natural and perpetual conflict between liberty and authority, for in art, as elsewhere, the adjustment of the balance between them is a matter of the utmost nicety. The determination of moderns to be original, the craving of the public for novelty and variety, and the anarchical tendency coincident with these, are inseparable from a democratic age. But they are no answer to the question put upon behalf of authority, 'Are there not tests by which production and taste can alike 'be judged?' But while it is true that there is or are a law or laws by subscription to which poems are immortal, and through infringement of which they wane and die, and laws, again, by which alone mankind can arrive at a correct judgement of the art set before it, it is by means so sure where the enunciating authority should reside, or how it should be established and recognised.

The Professor discusses in turn the claims of academies, coteries, and public opinion to be the seat of such authority, and the conclusion would seem to admit of being put summarily, that academies must be inadequate, even if they were possible, that coteries are manifestly unsafe, and contemporary public opinion is apt to be unsound. The French Academy, to take the most famous specimen of its class, was founded by autocratic nomination at a time which for that purpose may be well called the most powerful period of the French monarchy. The 'Forty' were named, and the subsequent principle and machinery of co-optation adopted, in an epoch when the aspirants to the honour were, at the most, few enough to be easily handled. Even then Cardinal Richelieu saw that the success of the institution must depend upon the narrowness of its scope, and he accordingly announced its object to be the maintenance of the purity of the language of France. It exists now, a time-honoured corporation, and probably escapes serious ridicule or attack mainly because it does so little. Its dictionary has been its chief work; it has corrected a language, but it has not coerced a literature; the rigidity with which it has endeavoured to enforce style and limit the national vocabulary has failed, and the leading-strings which it has striven to keep taut have always been

snapped by any child of genius who felt himself hampered by them. Beyond co-optation, the occasions of which do not, even as it is, escape dispute within its walls or criticism outside them, its action is mainly confined to the 'crowning' every now and then of some work, not as being supreme of its class, but simply by way of compliment to some author of already well-established reputation, who has not upon the occasion selected, or possibly on any other, fallen short of the academic standard of style. Not that we would be thought to undervalue style, or to belittle any process by which it could be saved from perverting or polluting influences. But, we ask, what fountain of honour would in these democratic days be accepted for consecration? Who would be allowed to nominate? An unassisted monarch? And who could save a monarch, if disposed to take counsel, from the influence of a clique? If a charter were to be asked for from without, how many hundred candidates would rise up and claim original membership? And how would the lists be kept out of the fingers of some 'mutual admiration society'? Or, given honesty of intent and freedom from social pressure, who would be competent to name not merely a fit, but the fittest 'forty'? And when named, what would their office be, and what its sanction? As to style, the voice of democracy would probably be loud in behalf of its own right to coin words and phrases according to its needs, without reference to beauty; in other words, to foul and debase the national tongue very much as a manufacturer claims the right to pollute a stream. As to coteries, of course they are far worse. We have only to think of that which called Mr. Congreve 'divine,' and which would have undoubtedly made him poet laureate as against Shakespeare, had the two men been contemporaries. As things now stand, public opinion, to a certain extent led by, and to a greater degree, be it remembered, suspicious of, professional criticism, is the final court of appeal in literature. But public opinion is no more certain of being right in letters than the House of Lords upon points of law. And, after all, the public is but an enlarged coterie, with a weakness special to itself. For as a small coterie is likely to go wrong from affectation, pedantry, and leaning too much upon the past, so public opinion would err from ignorance and the *brusquerie* which ignorance engenders.

But there is another matter that cannot be neglected while we are considering, not so much law in taste as the possible enunciation of it. It is not so much to criticism in



the abstract as to the concrete critic that poet and public alike object. They are ready to admit the existence of the law, but they demur to the title of the lawyer. 'The critics 'are the men who have failed,' quotes Mr. Courthope from Lord Beaconsfield. If this dictum be not exactly true, nobody could well quarrel with one very like it, that 'critics 'are mostly the men who have become conscious that they 'cannot create.' Either form of the aphorism points to the seat of dislike. It is to a priesthood with its claim to wield unentrusted power and to make cathedral utterances that an Englishman objects. But for this feeling more than one dogma might attain acceptance; and so it is with criticism. If a critic were to explain to a poet how he came to design an epic or a tragedy, and how his process of execution had developed, down to the construction of a scene, or a paragraph, or a choric stanza, the writer might presumably say to him, in all good humour, 'Sir, you are most interesting.' But if the same critic were to begin to warn him that here he had transgressed a law, or that this and that ought to have been otherwise conceived or executed, he would probably be stopped with some such expletives as Beethoven is said to have employed to the gentleman who ventured to rebuke him for having used 'consecutive fifths.' But, on the other hand, a critic is quite entitled to recommend his own readers to seek or avoid certain books. With this no writer has a right to quarrel. But then he, again, is within his own right if he says both to critic and public, as Byron did so often in his letters to Murray and others, 'Take me as I am, or not 'at all.' And this more especially if he have deliberately, and not flippantly, worked for a certain result by a certain method. Of course, if he be unconscientious or capricious, he must know it, and he ought not to publish. There are acts which a man may commit with impunity till he obtrudes them upon the public sight. When he does that he must expect public castigation.

Aristotle himself began to show weakness when he proposed limitations to the tragic poet. To do so was to trench upon the Creator's own province. There is scarcely an extant tragedy, ancient or modern, which does not violate some one of the canons or overstep some one or more of the boundaries prescribed by Aristotle. In 'Prometheus' a perfect character is brought from prosperity to adversity. The monarch's fate in 'Agamemnon' leaves the false wife and traitorous friend triumphant. In 'Hippolytus,' a youth of spotless and ideal purity is slain upon a false

accusation of the very foulest of all domestic crimes. Even 'Œdipus Rex' does not fulfil the condition of the only subject which Aristotle considered admissible—namely, that of a moderately good and just man, to whom misfortunes come through error or frailty. For Œdipus was the sport of fate from the day on which he was exposed upon Mount Cithæron until that on which he married Jocasta. Of course for the infinite variety of modern works the code of Aristotle could not be expected to find room. They and their topics 'overbear the continents' of Greek life, and deal with situations into which human motive and conduct had not then ramified. But the great philosopher's failure shows the absolute necessity which criticism lies under of distinguishing between the enunciation of the factors of success and failure on the one hand, and the imposition of hard and fast rules for composition on the other.

Not the less, however, is anarchy of taste deplorable both among poets and their readers. For the former it involves treason to their art and peril to their own immortality; to the latter it brings a self-inflicted intellectual ostracism, banishing them from the realms of true beauty. 'De gustibus non est disputandum' may be a half-comic vulgarity, but it is underlain by a sad seriousness. If it mean in the public mouth, 'I shall bestow my liking as I choose,' the best answer is still, 'Your duty is to bestow it as you ought.' But there is a retort, less direct, but hardly less condemnatory. 'By all means do so, but do not claim for its object equality with the best things. If you choose to play the part of the dunghill cock in the fable, play it; you are entitled to crow with him, "Your pearl may be all very well, but I prefer a barleycorn." But both he and you would deserve a decisive tap over the wattle were you to propose to reverse objectively the relative values of the two articles.'

Both for conception and treatment the poet must to a great extent be a law to himself. Even the great masters of art cannot be to their successors the sole fountain of authority. Their own sudden and sporadic appearance is proof positive the other way. In each case theirs was an obviously new departure. Who taught them this, and what was their sanction for what was new in them? The Greek tragedians may have owed much to Homer, and something to their predecessors in the lyric and satiric dramas; but their own genius, both in invention and taste, made them largely their own lawgivers. And what did Shakespeare

know of Homer, Virgil, Æschylus, and Sophocles? What even of Dante, or Petrarch, or Tasso? His own immediate predecessors had, indeed, taught him largely what to avoid, but not very much else. It is not unnatural that to the critic antecedent masters should seem to be the only authorities. He has to judge, and comparison goes for much in judgement. Besides, it is the duty of the critic to be timid. But even for him, and especially in dealing with new artistic departures, his own genius for taste—and there is such a thing—ought to do as much as genius in creation does for the poet.

The Professor devotes some little space to the discussion as to whether metre—verse in fact—is essential to poetry. We hope that he will forgive us if we suggest that the question is somewhat over-academic and out of date. It was not inapt in the days of Aristotle, when prose was still a new and half-tried medium for imaginative composition. It is true that poetry only means creation, and that you can create both in prose and verse; but long use has now limited the word 'poetry' to composition in verse, and it would be pedantry not to accept the consecration. We may admit that many of the best qualities of the poet are to be found in many writers of imaginative prose. Let us take Burke as an instance, with his essay 'On the Sublime and Beautiful.' But such writers have elected not to be poets, and there is an end of it. Shelley's eloquent words upon the subject, quoted by the Professor, have only the air of a generous paradox. Speaking generally, poetry should appeal to man through his imagination, prose through his reason. But because occasionally writers of one or the other, and rightly, overstep the bounds of their respective domains, let us not refuse to concede that the latter exist; rather let us admit and forgive the trespass, when the trespassers are worth it. Wordsworth, Milton, and Browning cross the boundary too often, and stay too long; we pardon them. Plato, Lyly, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Humphry Davy, Burke, and the great novelists make corresponding excursions; them too, if the need were, we should pardon. We do not pardon many others, whom it would not be generous to name, because they are not worth it. Among the works which one is specially tempted to describe as prose poems are George Sand's rustic novels, such as 'La Petite Fadette,' 'Le Meunier d'Angibaut,' and 'François le Champi,' and Lamartine's 'Raphael,' but we will not yield to the temptation. Tourgeneff's 'Senilia' are really rough notes for

poems; but that is just why they are not poems. The quotation which Mr. Courthope gives from Walt Whitman is neither prose nor verse, and would pass muster as an indelicate attempt to describe the ravings of a Browning in a madhouse. It is not irrelevant at this point to add one to the Professor's reasons why prose came to supplant poetry. The preservation and distribution of written thought made memory less essential, and so poetry, which had been the chief handmaid to memory, less essential too. Thus men came to save themselves, by writing prose, the extra labour involved in writing verse.

And now, what is the law to which the poetical masterpieces of the world, or the makers of them, seem to have subscribed? Professor Courthope states it several times through the course of his lectures, but nowhere more clearly than when discussing Milton and the claims of 'Paradise Lost.' He says there:—

'Taking, then, the fundamental reasoning upon which Aristotle's philosophical ideas of poetry are based, every great poem ought to fulfil three conditions: (1) It must be an imitation of the universal in nature; (2) The conception of the universal in it must possess an individual character; and (3) The opposite qualities which go to make up this individual character must be combined in complete harmony of expression.'

With this declaration of the elements which are to be found invariably in the greatest poems no thoughtful and loving reader of them, and—could they be brought from the Castello in Limbo to be arraigned for the purpose—probably no creators of such work, would be found to quarrel. And this although, perhaps, while writing not one of them, except Dante, ever thought for a moment about immortality or the way to achieve it. Inspiration, along with that instinct for self-discipline which is usually allied with the highest genius, ensures the best work of the poet. As to rules of composition, he has probably known either of none, or of very few indeed. But if we are to have a terminology of qualities, this phrase, which names the test element in poetry the 'universal,' suffices. It means the power of appreciating, seizing, and reproducing what is not only universally present, but would be recognised universally as being representative of the particular department of nature to be dealt with; the reproduction to be made in a manner special alike to the artist's own genius and to the society among which he lives and works. There must, further, be the harmonious combination of the various, and

very often conflicting, factors of which the whole picture to be presented has to be composed. Before the question arises whether a man's poetry will live or die, he must be assumed to be dowered with a stock of artistic qualifications, in spite of the possession of which he may come to be set aside and forgotten. He must start with the gift of versification; he must be such a master of metre that his blank verse, like Shakespeare's, will fit epic, drama, and lyric equally well. Like Tennyson's, it must be able to ring the funeral knell of Arthur, as in the original fragment, and to carry the message of 'O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,' so lightly as not to shake a sleeping maiden's window-pane. As to more purely lyric measures, his power of treatment over them must enable him to make the liveliest, and apparently most comic, subserve the purpose of an epic march or a tragic lament. In short, he must have all the weapons and harness of his art. Then, if he be to live, we must find in him, over and above all these things, the crowning gift which alone involves greatness—the power of seizing those particular phases of every emotion, those qualities in every situation, which make the subject which he has chosen, and the art by which he has illustrated it, appeal to his own generation and to posterity—to mankind, in fact, 'semper, ubique, omnibus.' If he have this gift, he takes his seat in that rank of the immortals to which the extent of his endowment entitles him. Let us test this theory by a few applications of it. In Homer we find that his principal characters, Achilles, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Thersites, Hector, Glaucus, Sarpedon, act and speak under circumstances which might arise in, and in a manner that would appeal to, any age. Even now elders are apt to bore younger men with sermons upon the superiority of past times and personages, and the famous retort of the son of Capaneus, 'We boast to be better than our fathers,' is as handy now as it was when it was first made. The conviction of a lost cause is as present now to the heroes of it as ever it was to Hector when he sighed, 'The day shall come when sacred Troy shall fall, and Priam and the stout-speared Priam's people.' Shakespeare's contempt for a mob is still keenly felt by many, who would express it, if they could, as he does in the first scene of 'Julius Cæsar,' or in the later account which he makes Casca in the same play give his brother-conspirators of the proceedings at the Lupercal. Of like class is his immortal appreciation of the lean and hungry—that is, of the envious

and splenetic man : 'Such men as he be never at heart's ease whiles they behold a greater than themselves.' Many a vexed and weary statesman could still fit that cap to a hundred heads.

The 'Æneid' battles with a difficulty inseparable from its origin. It is derivative, and that not merely in form, in that it is epic, but in substance also. 'Write me an epic for Rome such as Homer wrote for Greece,' said Augustus to Virgil. If all poetry be imitation, this makes the 'Æneid' an imitation of an imitation. And so in a great measure it was. Yet Virgil's genius endowed it with a concurrent originality. Take the sixth book, which is the culmination of its beauty, for it is superior in motive to the fourth book, and its equal in treatment. Its weakness is that you feel that Æneas would never have gone down to hell if Ulysses had not made the excursion before him. Its strength is that its glorious vision of Rome and the Romans that were to be is all Virgil's own. To the Romans, and even to the mediæval Italians, such as Dante, this panorama gave it the element of universality. So it does even to us, to whom the Roman Empire is yet one of the great ancestral facts of our European world. Still, the imperialism of Rome is not a religion to us, as it was to the Augustan society; nor is it a passion or a topic to which the term 'universal' may be applied, as it may to love, hate, pride, the fear of death, the melancholy of twilight, ambition, content, speculations on time and eternity, jealousy, fatuous trust, or the responsibility of the suicide. For these and their due exhibition we must look elsewhere, and, happily, not in vain to Virgil himself.

What, then, does this universality mean, and whence comes it? It means that quality, both of subject and treatment, in what men write which makes their writings appeal to large audiences in all times; and it comes of the genius and self-discipline which enable the writer to express that quality.

As the elements of longevity vary in intensity in the works of different poets of the same epoch, and again in the individual works of the same man, so there is a like variation of such elements in the poetry generally of the same people at different stages of its developement. This variation depends upon two causes. First, that the highest and most potent impulse of art is religion, and religion is most powerful in the earlier ages of a nation. Secondly, that in such early times imagination is strong and conception fresh, while per-

formance is likely to be crude and imperfect; style is of later growth, and as it progresses its tendency is to supplant imagination, to interfere with the abnegation of self in the universal treatment of life and nature, and to substitute its own technical predominance, with a coincident exhibition of the individual character of the poet himself. There can be no doubt of the strong religious element in Homer. It permeates the 'Iliad,' and even the later 'Odyssey.' The fall of Troy and the home-coming of Ulysses are all along attributed to divine intent. Again, the growth of Greek tragedy was undoubtedly coincident with that of the sway of religion at Athens during the period succeeding the great deliverance of the Persian War. Nor can there be any doubt that the decay of tragedy was coincident, again, with that philosophical and cynical neglect of the gods of which Alcibiades was so fashionable an exponent. The same process is observable in the devotional painting of Italy, which rose, grew, and culminated alongside of Catholicism, but declined rapidly when the foundations of the olden orthodoxy were once sapped. Probably most people would agree that the two conflicting characteristics of imaginative conception and technical excellence never reached so perfect an equilibrium as in Sophocles, and that in Euripides, who was of a less grand, though perhaps more graceful, order than his two predecessors, the predominance of the second and lower element had begun its work. Still, to take one instance alone, he rises to the full height of universality in his 'Hippolytus,' where he deals with the unending problem of misdirected love, and that at once with a purity of purpose and a plenitude of passion which silence question. The lying accusation made by Phædra upon the eve of an otherwise noble death is the one blot upon the drama. It was worthy of a woman who, like Potiphar's wife, would have sinned if she could, but utterly below one who committed suicide rather than succumb.

As to decadence in poetry, a subject to which, not unnaturally, Professor Courthope devotes much consideration, it may be that we are too willing to associate it with tendencies acting upon poets from without. It is commonly taken for granted that there have been certain ages in which it was impossible that a great poet could be born, or, if born, that he should write up to the level of his powers. At first sight there would seem to be room for the surmise that genius may spring up singly or in groups of men at haphazard, that it may grow like fruit in clusters, and that

you must not expect to find a bunch upon every bough. But then, again, it is not easy to refuse to admit that certain conditions of social and political life have a tendency to excite, even if they cannot evoke, genius, and others to discourage and cramp it, even if it were spontaneously to appear. It is clear that Æschylus and Sophocles did find the religion of Greece an active force in Attic society, and teeming with unworked themes as material for their art. They were also stirred by the fervid political enthusiasm around them. So Dante roused himself 'nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita' to find unoccupied and to take up the grand post of the Apostleship of Catholicism; and so Milton found and assumed that of English Protestantism. And here one is tempted, somewhat digressively, to suggest that the 'grand style' is never achieved in any art without the spur of religious feeling. Without it we should surely have never had the splendour of the finest passages in the 'Prometheus,' the unsurpassed and possibly unapproachable 'kommos' which closes the 'Œdipus Coloneus,' the inscription over the gate of hell in the 'Inferno,' or the dialogue between Adam and Eve in the fourth book of 'Paradise Lost.' The same cause of the 'grand style' is also illustrated in the Greek temples, the Gothic cathedrals, and even in the best churches of the Byzantine Order. It is equally present in the sculptures of the Phidian period, although destruction and mutilation force us to take this almost upon trust. The work of the best Italian devotional painters, from Giotto and the Gaddi to Perugino and Raphael, happily survives to form another great and confirmatory series. The temptation to assert this belief is heightened by the difficulty of finding in Shakespeare anything which exactly fulfils what we mean by the 'grand style.' The religion of Shakespeare is generally in the background. His lot was cast in the interval lying between the decay of Catholicism and the fervour of the Puritanism which inspired Milton. There is no doubt that he was religious, as all the greatest men are. But his creed was in abeyance, and his is before all things a moral and mundane philosophy. He represented his epoch, which was, though pious withal, essentially busied with the secular side of man's nature—war, commerce, ambition, statecraft, consolidation of dynasties, patriotism, national rights. These were the subjects which he was called forth to treat, and we know how he assimilated them. We call him 'divine,' but only in the sense that his 'ingenium' was 'præhumanum,'



had come to him 'divinitus.' The majesty of the destinies of Rome was a religion to Virgil, and his 'Georgics' and 'Æneid' are kept at the high level of his national faith. But Shakespeare had no one overmastering cult to raise his style to a pitch of habitual solemnity. Perhaps in him religion, tradition, patriotism, and every other source and factor of literary aspiration, were so happily and equably compounded that they gave to him, and to us, something better and more longlived even than the 'grand style.'

But to return to the matter from which we have digressed. It is most difficult to make up one's mind as to the connexion between the conditions of social life and individual genius. If it be true that society influences the form in which genius robes itself, does it therefore follow that decay or abeyance of national spirit and civic impulse determine its measure? One can easily see that the simplicity of the Homeric epic matched that of early Greek life; that the lyric passion and lightness of Alcæus, Sappho, and Anacreon were adapted to or evoked by the limited civic area and social levity of life in the Ionian Islands and on the Asiatic seaboard. We further see that the tragedians seized on the rudimentary dramatic form, and expanded and perfected it, so as to make it 'a mirror for all the changes of moral and religious feeling that transformed the Athenian mind between the battle of Marathon and the Sicilian Expedition.' So one can understand how Shakespeare, and in a very minor degree Marlowe and Webster, enlarged again the skirts of drama, and accommodated in them all the various motives and memories with which English minds teemed in the days of Elizabeth. But it is not quite so easy to attribute to anything but accident the birth of an Æschylus or a Shakespeare just when he was wanted, just when the life of his country was about to be intense enough to afford material for him to work upon. Æschylus was born thirty-five years before Marathon, at a time when there was nothing particularly complex or stirring in Attic life. So Shakespeare was born in 1564, before the stress of the Elizabethan times had set in. He was twenty-four years old at the date of the repulse of the Armada; and oddly enough, if our memory be not at fault, he never alludes to it, even as he does, incidentally and under a veil of allegory, to the plots of the Catholic nobles in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' His humble parentage and quiet inland birthplace alike point to fortuity in his appearance, and stamp his production as pre-eminently a freak of nature.

How much did such a man owe to his environment? As to form, much. But as to intensity, what? Could he and Æschylus have been born in the fifth century A.D.? What would they have achieved if they had been? One is tempted to think that the appearances of such men should be traced to some recondite physiological law, and not to social conditions, and that their genius is the uncommunicated lightning of their own mind. Still, it is certain that history affords no known instance of great genius born out of due time. Great literary epochs have been coincident with great civic upheavals. On the other hand, the statical condition of Greece, during the Macedonian period and later, produced no poetic creations of any magnitude or serious worth to the world. So scanty are the fragments of Menander that what he may have been we can only guess from the echoes of Terence, the 'dimidiate' Menander' of Julius Cæsar, and the praises of Quintilian and the grammarian Aristophanes. During the long and languorous decay of Roman society there is a correspondingly gradual decadence of poetry from Virgil to Claudian and below him. Probably the truth is that in wealthy and quiescent epochs a repressive and widespread dilettantism holds sway, and that cultivated gracefulness is encouraged to supersede the burlier literary growths proper to more stirring and turbulent days. It may be that, just as in the vegetable world shoots arrested lose the dignity of branches and become but mere bloom buds, so men of genius who do not catch the contagion of a great time of civil movement are dwarfed into a low literary content analogous to the life around them.

French poetry, perhaps, contains less universality than any other school. Molière is a satirist, at times a *farceur*—a great one, doubtless—but the forms that he made ridiculous were themselves highly special. The *Précieuses* had no ancestresses, and, thank Heaven! have left no issue. The like may be said of the effete types of the male *noblesse*, from whom he loved to draw his specimens. Still, in M. Jourdain, George Dandin, Tartufe, he has produced inevitable forms, indelible and widely human, whereby he is bound to live. This, although we look in vain in him for the many-sidedness, the magnificent exuberance, the masterly rollick, the large and kindly wisdom and tenderness of our own matchless playwright. We should agree with Professor Courthope, if we interpret him aright, in ascribing the sectional character of much of French poetry, in the

days of the Provençals and the Trouvères, to the accidents of French politics. Even since those days it has usually taken side with some one faction or another; it has seldom sought to embody national character as a whole, and it lacks the element of universal application. Its interest is almost purely literary, and is such as rather to bespeak the attention of the critic than the sympathy of mankind. Even Victor Hugo's '*Légende des Siècles*,' perhaps its most ambitious challenge, can hardly be called an addition to the masterpieces of the world.

But of German poetry it is true to say that it flashes its light not only over the prevailing qualities of German character, but over humanity at large. The Germans have hitherto been a race, a people, rather than a nation. The Holy Roman Empire was never a religion to its population. It was an exotic idea, translated to them as the result of military achievement by their rulers. It is doubtful how far it ever really touched the German heart. If it had struck deeply, we should surely have had while it flourished something analogous to what arose, as we have seen, in England under Elizabeth, in Rome under Augustus, at Athens after the repulse of the Persians, and during the growth of Athenian ascendancy. But it was not so; the Empire rather left the German mind free to pursue that very bent which perhaps prevented the imperial idea from taking root—namely, the half-lazy contemplation, the patient thought, the affectionate and effusive domesticity, which turned to poetry as the comforter of weary hours, accepting legend and love-story, natural and supernatural, alike; and even to this simple and sedative mental relaxation preferring the less definite and more dreamy self-indulgence which elaborate music supplies. There can be no question as to the superiority of Goethe to the rest of his countrymen, nor any as to his claim to a place among the great universal poets of the world. He must have heard

‘Onorate l’ altissimo poeta’

as soon as he showed himself in the shades. ‘Faust’ is enough. Even to those who can only read it in translations universality gleams from it, like light from a star. Its subject is the clash of great passions and principles. Love, innocence, piety, frailty, guilt, repentance, justice, atonement, redemption, are all shown on the most magnificent scale, with absolute fidelity, and yet with abundant reserve. The whole is illustrated by the most varied scenes of

ancillary life and character, always subordinated to the developement of the main conception. So varied are its metres, so graceful its lyrics, and so essentially does music steep its composition, that to those who are sufficiently familiar with the great language which it has consecrated to its uses it must exhibit an almost unrivalled combination of lyric and dramatic elements. So overtowering is it that even a foreigner who had to confess but slight familiarity with Schiller, Uhland, and Heine, might still venture to assert, with well-assured positiveness, that it rears itself alone among the literary highlands of Germany, as Byron would phrase it, like a chief,

‘ Whose castled crags  
Look o’er the lower valleys ; ’

or perhaps we might say, by way of conceding greatness to the other names just mentioned, it

‘ Beholds the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs  
In dizziness of distance.’

Nowhere does Professor Courthope command fuller assent than where, in his lecture upon ‘ The Idea of Law in English Poetry,’ he lays it down that, while conforming to the grand principle of imitating the universal in nature, a poet is quite right to imitate it according to the law imposed upon him by the character and history of his own people. In the first instance he appeals to his own countrymen ; his mission to foreign society is secondary. If he appeals more than any one else to his own people, he becomes the greatest, say, of English poets. It is from the added sway that he eventually obtains over foreigners that his claim is derived to be classed among cosmopolitan masters. The latter title is of course the higher, and it is clearly a tribute to the universality in his work. But his first destiny is to represent his own people to themselves, to approve himself universal to them. If he succeed, and if they have a corresponding universality to his own, the larger immortality is assured to him. For there is a universal element in nations as in individuals. The Greek and Italian poets have become immortal, not only through their own but through their country’s genius. Doubtless Greece and Italy were favoured by that priority which enabled them to lay a first hold upon the general stock of ‘ communia.’ Moreover, the multiplicity of modern languages has tended to keep the poetry of each nation somewhat municipal, and to retard the cosmopolitan influence of poets. Greek was the one

language of literary Europe till its domain came to be shared by Latin; and for more than a thousand years after he wrote Virgil could be read untranslated from the shores of the German Ocean to the Asiatic seaboard. Still, Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, have become European in spite of the confusion of tongues, and we hear that there are symptoms that Tennyson is beginning to follow in their wake. The same cannot be said of any French poet other than Molière, and probably he, and Corneille, and Racine, owe much of such foreign recognition as they have obtained to their interpretation by the great school of actors who have been their evangelists in the capital for which they originally wrote.

In his last four lectures the Professor leaves the general subject, and devotes himself to a consideration of the work of five of our own great poets—Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Byron, and Tennyson. The keynote to the immortality of the ‘Canterbury Tales’ is well struck in the last few paragraphs of the lecture on Chaucer. Though the group of pilgrims is now five hundred years old, they are all alive and human; save for their clothes, and that they are a company riding post, it would not be strange to meet them to-day. In fact they are a group of ‘Universals,’ of evergreen types, whose sayings and doings fulfil the substance of Aristotle’s ‘dictum’ as to the difference between history and poetry. History notes what did occur upon one occasion; poetry, what might occur upon any. In discussing Milton the Professor alludes to the difficulty which an unnamed prelate told him that he had experienced in persuading the young men and women of his acquaintance to read ‘Paradise Lost.’ Fortunately, we need not fear that the bishop’s difficulty points to any organic decay in the vitality of Milton. But to our thinking the explanation of the reluctance, which is itself interesting, is at once simple and twofold. It illustrates, first, a widespread disinclination in this generation to have anything to do with times other than its own. This has been expressed to the present writer by persons whose opinions were otherwise respectable. A close and valued friend of his once confessed to him that he could hardly away even with Shakespeare, while his adoration for Wordsworth and Tennyson was absolute. After much exhortation the good man repented somewhat before he died. But, to illustrate this feeling from music, how large is the tribe of concert-goers to whom Mozart ‘no longer says anything,’ to whom Beethoven is already somewhat antiquated, and who

openly say that they regard the tendency towards the older forms of melody as a snare! Is there not a similar craze for 'modernité' in painting? And need we wonder that the same narrow feeling extends to poetry, which is, after all, the least popular of the arts? It is a form of self-satisfaction. The epoch is heartily pleased with itself, and, self-contained and self-supplying, yawns over what is offered to it by its predecessors. The second head of explanation is more special to Milton; it is that 'Paradise Lost' is still among the suspected category of 'good' or 'Sunday' books. 'Prometheus' is equally religious, but it is of a religion that is supposed to have passed away. Even Dante's Catholicism is remote enough to be 'put up with.' Of course, this is no apology; it is only an explanation of the working of poverty of wits and vanity of spirit. That 'Paradise Lost,' like its three great congeners, the 'Iliad,' the 'Æneid,' and the 'Commedia,' fulfils the conditions of the highest poetry on a grand scale is undoubted. It is an imitation of the universal in nature, it possesses an individual character, and the various elements that inform it are harmoniously combined and expressed. Mr. Courthope places it on an equal height with the 'Commedia,' and above the other two. Ought we not to demur to this classification of merit? He pleads that both of the Christian epics deal with the relation between God and man, whereas the Greek poet's theme is only the wrath of Achilles, and the Roman's only the supremacy of Rome. It would be easy to show that the religion of Homer and Virgil interpenetrates their respective work. But surely the main insistence should be that each poet in his turn and time took the best medium to his hand for the imitation of the universal in nature, and wielded it with consummate power. It has been justly said that morality is relative, and that you must not test the prominent individuals of any age by laws of life that have been slowly evolved since they ceased to live. Is this not true in the field of intellect? Mr. Courthope seems to think so when he himself makes the apology of Dante for having adopted the scholastic philosophy, the Ptolemaic astronomy, and the joint rule of pope and emperor, as parts of the divine order of this planet and of the universe. Why not justify Homer and Virgil in the same fashion? So great does he think the need of apology in the case of the 'Commedia' that he says (page 338): 'When Dante with his clear vision 'looked abroad upon the world, he must have seen how ill 'the existing facts of society fitted in with his theory of

'universal authority.' Not to mention the scholastic philosophy and the Ptolemaic system, which Dante was not in a position to challenge! The Professor goes on to say that 'in the three hundred and fifty years that intervened between the writing of "The Divine Comedy" and the publication of "Paradise Lost" the entire conception of nature and society had altered.' True, the basis of authority had been undermined; the Reformation had shattered spiritual unity and scholastic logic; Copernicus and Galileo had dethroned Ptolemy; America had risen from out the deep, a vast and hooded form, fraught with new messages, but whose visage had not yet been disclosed; and, lastly, the democracy of metaphysics had begun. After such an agglomeration of change, with all such advantage as those results of time afforded it, 'Paradise Lost' was written. Of course, the outlook upon nature possible to it was larger, higher, grander, than in the case of any of its earlier kindred. So did the possibilities open to the 'Iliad,' 'Æneid,' and 'Commedia' successively expand. And yet Mr. Courthope considers the 'Commedia' the equal of 'Paradise Lost.' We agree with him, but we urge that a similar plea for equality, taking account of the advantage of starting-point, must hold good for the 'Iliad' and 'Æneid' too. We suppose, of course, that the writer of each of the four poems made an equally full use of the materials that existed for him; and this they all four surely did. Let us take an analogy from external nature. Mount Pilatus is between 6,000 feet and 7,000 feet high, but its base rests on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, which is 1,500 feet above the sea. Ben Nevis is only between 4,000 feet and 5,000 feet high, but it rises from the sea-level. Who, then, shall say that relative height alone makes one a finer mountain than the other?

It is more difficult at first sight to vindicate for Byron a title to universality than for any other great poet. He seems of all others the apostle of self-consciousness. But it must be remembered that though the first inspiration of subject comes from without, we must all of us work upon it from materials existing within us. This might even be said, with the fullest reverence, of the Creator of the universe. Infinity in range and nature is the characteristic of His creation, because infinity is the only measure of Himself. A thought which would tend towards a creed for which pantheism, in a new sense of the word, would be no misnomer. But may it not be said of Byron that he does

select his subjects from without, but because they each reflect something within him? It is in this way that Lara, Manfred, Conrad, Don Juan, have come to be called modes of himself. So far he is individual rather than universal. But, happily for himself and the world, he treated these modes in universal fashion. Take, for instance, his half-affected loneliness and self-loathing, and his yet more affected detestation of his kind. He knew how to make these the vehicle for magnificent tirades against the undoubted universal disorder, foulness, tumult, conflict, pride, meanness, self-degradation, of man in society, too often in contrast with the orderly beauty and untainted grandeur of external nature. We hear him exclaiming :—

‘How beautiful is all this visible world,  
How glorious in its action and itself!  
But we who name ourselves its sovereigns, we  
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make  
A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty will,  
Till our mortality predominates  
And men are—what they name not to themselves  
And trust not to each other.’

This may be Byron, but it is also Man. And we may set against it the fact that he could recognise and depict, from the universal standpoint, and with a universally recognisable perfection all his own, the sweetness of the simple, unstained, strenuous, and unambitious life. We may listen with him and to him again :—

‘Hark, the note,  
The natural music of the mountain reed—  
For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;  
My soul would drink those echoes!’

And on the same topic, and in a like strain, in answer to the question, appropriately enough, made in its place—

‘What is it  
That dost thou see or think thou look’st upon?’

he can answer, or make his ‘Mode’ answer :—

‘Myself and thee, a peasant of the Alps,  
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;  
Thy self-respect grafted on innocent thoughts,



Thy days of health and nights of sleep; thy toils  
 By danger dignified yet guiltless; hopes  
 Of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave,  
 With cross and garland over its green turf,  
 And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph.'

Is there not universality in such an outburst, albeit it is imbedded, or springs from, a hotbed of self-portrayal? It is half of Gray's 'Elegy' in nine lines! Again, how universal is the thought which we have italicised below:—

'Deem'st thou existence doth depend on time?  
 It doth; but *actions are our epochs.*'

How many thousands of spirits, really choice, have felt with him the temptation to seek solitude because they have esteemed themselves already to be alone—solitude not merely in but with external nature; to become, as he himself puts it, 'a part of that around them'! In such a mood, and to such a mood, he cries:—

'My spirit walked not with the souls of men,  
 Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;  
 The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
 The aim of their existence was not mine.

My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe  
 The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,  
 Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing  
 Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
 Into the torrent, and to roll along  
 On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave  
 Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.  
 These were my pastimes, and to be alone.'

These last may not express human nature in the healthiest mood, but it is common human nature all the same.

It would not be applicable to the purpose of this article to do more than touch a few of the points at which Byron has treated in universal fashion, and with individual character, external nature and the mind and heart of man. But has any poet, we may ask, portrayed the agony and despair of love after long loss in manner more supreme than in Manfred's appeal to the spirit of Astarte? Or can dignity, simplicity, charity, and earnestness go beyond his portraiture of the Abbot of St. Maurice? Once more, are not the following lines the very last words to be written of self-condemnation?—

'There is no power in holy men,  
 Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form  
 Of penitence, . . . . .

Nor, greater than all these,  
 The innate tortures of that deep despair,  
 Which is remorse without the fear of hell,  
 But, all in all sufficient to itself,  
 Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise  
 From out th' unbounded spirit the quick sense  
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge  
 Upon itself; there is no future pang  
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemned  
 He deals on his own soul.'

And, if we may allow ourselves one last quotation, how could the dread of self-debasement, which has kept many a fine nature out of action, be more universally put than here?—

'I could not tame my nature down; for he  
 Must serve, who fain would sway; and soothe and sue,  
 And watch all time, and pry into all place,  
 And be a living lie, who would become  
 A mighty thing amongst the mean.'

Has he not, too, saluted for us all the sun as possibly nobody else ever has or will? And the night, too, and 'her 'starry shade of dim and solitary loveliness,' in that passage where he uses the Coliseum to hymn not only night and moonlight, but change, ruin, and the beautifying fingers of Time, and the worship of the dreamer in the present for the stupendous, sovereign influence of the past?

These passages and instances have all been advisedly taken from one drama, first, because 'Manfred' is that one among Byron's chief efforts which is supposed to be more full of himself and his theatrical affectation than any other; secondly, perhaps we have done this with a touch of malice, because, so far as we remember, our Professor has only mentioned it to say that its plot is absurd. Of course this is true; the supernatural story, undated as it is, and conceived in the nineteenth century, may be called absurd; but its treatment is surely its redemption. We ourselves should be tempted to say that the lack of universality, from which Byron does undoubtedly suffer, and suffer much, and which is the consequence of the unquestionable strain of perversity in him, appears principally in his lyrics. These—such, for instance, beautiful as it is, as that beginning

'When we two parted in silence and tears,'

and dozens of others of like quality—refer only to incidents in an immoral career, altogether peculiar to the actors in them, and are, happily, not at all of universal appeal.

We part reluctantly with a volume which deals with perhaps the most interesting of all literary speculations, and which we have treated perforce somewhat in episodic fashion. The book and its subject appeal to readers of poetry and to poets alike. To the former its message is, 'Covet earnestly the best things, and, in order that your appetite may be according to knowledge, accept, to start with, the verdict of time. The ages cannot have conspired to keep alive the memory and to heap the renown of unworthiness, or to fill the niches in the Temple of Fame with other than their fittest occupants. Longevity itself is after all its own best title-deed. Take counsel, too, but not slavishly, with those whose earnest desire to come forward and advise is no poor certificate of their qualification for the office.' To poets themselves what more could it say than this: 'Preserve your freedom, your individuality, but remember the difference between liberty and license; indulge the impulse of your souls, but not perversely, or at the expense of your immortality, if indeed you care that your work should live? To ensure this, so far as your mental stamina and stature, your genius in fact, can reach and endure, you must cherish and adopt the maxim which a philosophic historian puts into the mouth of an emperor: "Atqui legibus soluti, legibus vivimus."'

ART. V.—1. *The Golden Bough*. By J. G. FRAZER. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

2. *Magic and Religion*. By ANDREW LANG. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1901.

THE science of religion, if there be such a science, seems to have started the twentieth century somewhat unfortunately. Other sciences pursue their allotted path, and daily add accessions to the sum of human knowledge, without so much as caring to inquire whether there be such a thing as metaphysics. Whether Nature really is uniform, whether the same cause ever happens twice, in what sense space and time can be said to exist, and whether matter really is, are questions which metaphysicians may be pleased to discuss, but which for science and for common sense admit of no discussion. No science undertakes to demonstrate the existence of matter, and no theory of metaphysics will undertake to correct the deductions of astronomy or the inductions of chemistry. The physical sciences have withdrawn themselves from metaphysics, and by their withdrawal have been enabled to occupy a position which cannot be invaded by metaphysics. Until the uniformity of Nature and the universality of causation are impeached, the physical sciences reasonably consider themselves safe; but whether belief in those laws has anything upon which to ground itself is a metaphysical question, with which science justifiably declines to concern itself.

A similar attitude will doubtless be eventually taken up by the nascent science of religion with regard to the metaphysical problems which underlie it; but as yet it has not learnt to assume the distinctively scientific attitude. There is a temptation, still too strong to be universally resisted, to use some of the facts established by the science of religion for the purpose of confirming or disproving the truth of religion itself. That involves exactly the same fallacy as using some experiment in physical science to demonstrate the reality of matter or the truth of the law of causation. Or, to use an example which will serve to illustrate both sides of the case, a botanist who should appeal to his system of classification as proof of the real existence of plants, would be using exactly the same fallacy as one who should point to some exploded system of classification as proof that the plants classified by it never existed. The business of

the science of religion is to classify religions, above all to classify them genetically, and to establish the laws of their developement and evolution. But it has no more concern with the truth of religion than physical science has with the reality of physical objects. The practical man of science conducts his investigations and experiments quite undisturbed by any reflexion that a metaphysician may doubt whether matter exists, or whether what has happened in the past is any guarantee of what will happen in the future. With such questions the man of science has nothing to do; and with similar metaphysical questions as to the truth of religion the historian of religion is similarly unconcerned. Whether there be any or no truth in religious beliefs, they have had their history and their evolution, and that evolution has to be traced and recorded by the historian of religion.

The division of labour, which places the work of tracing the evolution of religion in the hands of one set of workers and the task of evaluating religious truth in the care of another class, not only has obvious practical advantages, but must eventually be recognised as absolutely necessary. The materials for a history of religion are accumulating in such large quantities, that any satisfactory treatment of them will be only possible for the man who devotes his life to the one task of eliciting that history. He will be fully engaged with the work of discovering and demonstrating the actual filiation of religious beliefs, without attempting to determine what, if any, validity they possess. Eventually, the science of religion will exorcise metaphysics from its domain as effectually as other sciences have already done, and will be as little concerned with the question whether there is any truth in religion as a history of science need be with the question whether science is ultimately true; true or false it has a history, and the history is worth recording.

But we can scarcely be said to have yet reached this consummation. Both fears and hopes are entertained of the consequences which the science of religion may entail for religious belief; and both are based upon the fallacy that the validity of the belief will in some way be affected by the theory which is entertained of its origin. This fallacy has played its part also in moral philosophy, but is, it may be hoped, exploded there; whatever may be the way in which our morality has been evolved, and whatever it may have been evolved from, its binding force upon us, here and now, is unaffected. If there have been stages in its

developement, at every stage its demands have been absolute ; and if its demands are now absolute, it may yet have stages of future developement. The fallacy is equally applicable to the history of science ; it is so obvious that it would be wonderful if no one had fallen into it. Science has had its evolution, has been developed from the humblest origins, from guesses and conceptions for which there was no sufficient evidence, or which now are quite abandoned. In the face of such an unbroken continuity between the surmises of the savage and the modern speculations of science, what is more natural than to infer that there is really no more truth in the one than in the other ? Doubtless the beliefs and morality of the savage are as binding upon him as ours upon us. But that fact cannot prove that ours are right and his are wrong, any more than that his are right and ours are wrong. If then we apply the theory of evolution and the continuity of developement to religion, we must inevitably find ourselves confronted by the same fallacy ; the religion of the savage is at least as imperative upon him as that of civilised man is on him who believes it ; and exactly the same difficulties lie in the way of proving the superiority of the more developed religion as in proving the superiority of the more evolved science or morality.

If we accept, as practically we must, the view that everything has been evolved, we cannot tell from that one single premiss whether an evolved belief is true or false. We may admit that morality, science, and religion have been evolved, without committing ourselves to any view as to their truth or want of truth. A man might even undertake the business of tracing their evolution who had no conception whatever whether they were true or not, and who simply ascertained that certain forms did as a matter of fact evolve out of other forms. When at last he had got all their forms, in their proper order of historic developement, before him, he might proceed to inquire what, if any, truth there was in these beliefs. But, obviously, this inquiry would be of a totally different kind from the former ; it is one thing to ascertain what beliefs have actually been held in succession, and a different thing to inquire whether those beliefs have any truth in them or not. An agnostic, in the proper sense of the word, might well be employed in endeavouring to determine the order in which beliefs were developed from one another ; the fact that he did not know whether the beliefs had any foundation or not might not militate against the successful discharge of his task. But

the moment inquiry turns from the very important business of determining the order and nature of beliefs which, whether true or not, have been held, to the equally or more important task of inquiring what, if any, truth there may be in those beliefs, it is obvious that an agnostic—that is to say, one who does not profess to be able to say whether there is, or is not, any truth in the facts—must decline the inquiry. The only person who can undertake it is one who professes to have some knowledge of the truth, or some touchstone whereby to test the value of the various beliefs which have been or are held by men. Fortunately each one of us has his own private touchstone, and must and will use it; every one puts his own value on science, morality, and religion. But it is very much to be desired that we should not go about brandishing our touchstones at inopportune moments, and that we should not after the fashion of primitive man convert them into arrow-heads. They may safely, and indeed with advantage, be laid aside so long as we are engaged in tracing the evolution, say, of religion.

Mr. Frazer, however, in the second edition of his 'Golden Bough,' has intimated pretty plainly that in his opinion the science of religion has, or will have, before he has done with it, something decisive to say on the metaphysics of the question. His position is that the religious period in the history of mankind was preceded, and will be followed, by a period from which religion is entirely absent. Christianity, as a religion, not as a moral system, is but one modulation of a theme which has run through various religions in various keys, and which Mr. Frazer reduces to its simplest notes. Before the melody began there was silence; when it has ceased there will be silence; while it is playing there are certain vibrations going on, of which acoustics can render a scientific account; but any further meaning for the soul, of which science can give no account, is, of course, valueless and unmeaning for every scientific, that is every rational, person. Mr. Andrew Lang, severely abstaining as always, from metaphysics in his 'Magic and Religion,' raises the question of fact, and seeks to show that religion was actually existent in the period which Mr. Frazer regards as non-religious, and that the theme of Christianity cannot be reduced to Mr. Frazer's few and simple notes.

Obviously, the question of fact must be settled first, before we can proceed to draw from it any metaphysical inferences; and the business of the science of religion is precisely to

settle such questions. But the average man is more interested, unfortunately, in the inferences which can be drawn, than in the difficult and delicate work of getting the facts right. That it is possible to get the facts right and to draw justifiable inferences from them he takes for granted. What he does not see is that in making this assumption he has settled the metaphysical question; he has assumed that all things are fundamentally and ultimately intelligible, however long the process of getting them right may be, and however many corrections we must make before we get them right. He has taken it for granted that the world is run on rational principles, and that its course is the visible expression of an invisible intelligence. Unless this assumption is granted, the whole of science goes by the board; until it is granted science cannot begin; and only so long as it is granted can science continue.

It is, therefore, impossible that science, how far soever it may be carried, should prove the assumption on which it is based. It is also equally impossible that science should eventually prove its initial assumption of the intelligibility of the universe to be false; problems which for the time being do not admit of a satisfactory solution may prove that for the time being they are beyond our means of intelligence; they do not show that they are, nor are they believed to be, unintelligible. The scientific ideal of the ultimate intelligibility of all things may, like all ideals, be beyond our reach, but of its reality no man of science has any doubt. That, with the progress of science, much of our science may have to be reconstructed, may be freely admitted; but the admission casts no doubt on the original assumption of the rationality of the construction of the universe. It simply claims that our attempts to render it intelligible to us progressively improve. Even if, to carry out these improvements, we have to pull down whole blocks of scientific buildings, and eventually are led to replace the whole of the old structures by new, we shall be acting throughout on the original assumption that there is an intelligence in things which it is in our power in some degree to comprehend.

Mr. Frazer, however, looks forward to a period in which, as religion has superseded magic, and religion has been exploded by science, so science 'may hereafter be itself superseded by some more perfect hypothesis.' Now, the hypothesis on which science is built is that the universe is rational and intelligible; and the hypothesis will be perfect when everything in the universe is shown to come under it.



It is imperfect so long as there are facts not yet brought under it. But it is difficult, indeed impossible, to imagine its being superseded. The only alternative to it is some hypothesis on which the universe is neither rational nor intelligible. The only conclusion, therefore, to which it seems possible on Mr. Frazer's principles to come, is that as 'science has superseded its predecessors,' *i.e.* religion, so science will be superseded by the more perfect hypothesis that the universe is not intelligible. Indeed, it is only on the strength of that more perfect hypothesis that we can understand that 'the earth and the sun themselves are only 'parts of that unsubstantial world which thought has conjured up out of the void, and that the phantoms which 'the subtle enchantress has evoked to-day, she may ban 'to-morrow.' On these principles, science, having exploded religion, as Mr. Frazer says, 'like so much that is common 'eyes seems solid, may melt into air, into thin air.'

In the history of metaphysics scepticism as to the ultimate intelligibility of the universe is a recurring phenomenon. By any one who holds it consistently it must be regarded as fatal to any scientific view of the universe and to any science of religion. If, nevertheless, it is held by a student of science, it can only be because he fails to see the discrepancy between his science and his metaphysics; his science is built on the very postulate which his metaphysics refuses to concede. Doubtless, it appears to him that his science leads to the very conclusion that his metaphysic requires, *viz.* that thought is a subtle enchantress, and that science will melt into thin air. But his science can only do so by renouncing its fundamental postulate of the rationality and intelligibility of the universe. If that renunciation were made at the beginning, there would be no science. If it is made at the end, science collapses; and thus in neither case is there any support for the metaphysical theory to be gained from science.

Mr. Frazer's position, however, is that the science of religion will prove that religion 'rests on the sands of superstition 'rather than on the rock of Nature.' Without for a moment undertaking to pronounce on the quality of the foundations on which religion is built, we must point out, in the interests of the science itself, that the science is not concerned with the nature of the foundation. That religious beliefs of various kinds are, and have been, held, and that their evolution can be traced, is all that the science of religion requires us to concede. Whether they are built

on sands or on rock is a question with which science declines to concern itself; whatever their substructure, certain structures have been built upon it, and with them and their succession alone does science undertake to deal. The moment we desert the beliefs men have held in order to inquire into the question whether religion is really true, we abandon science for metaphysics, or pull back the science of religion into the slough from which we ought to help her to emerge. It is essential to have scientific freedom to deal with the evolution of religion; and that freedom can be had on the simple understanding that science has no more to do with discussing the truth of religion than with discussing the reality of matter, or the validity of the laws of thought.

Abandoning then such discussions as these, with which the science of religion has not to do, important though they be, we find ourselves concerned with the evolution of religious beliefs. Mr. Frazer holds that there was a period in the evolution of man when such beliefs were absolutely wanting. They were as entirely absent from the mind and consciousness of man, as man himself was wanting from the earth in its earliest geologic stages, or as morality and moral systems are from the lowest living creatures. In itself this seems to be a perfectly legitimate speculation; it has no more bearing on the totally different question of the value of religion, than any theory of the origin and evolution of knowledge or morality has on the questions of the value of knowledge or the binding force of morals. However humble the origin of science or of morality may have been, their value for us in their present state, here and now, cannot be decided by that consideration; it belongs to another inquiry. Whether there was ever a period in which religion or morals or science was absent, even to the very rudiments, from the consciousness of man, is a question of fact. Whether the facts which will decide the question can ever be recovered, remains to be seen. Mr. Frazer is of opinion that, as regards religion, the facts proving its absence are recoverable and recovered. Mr. Lang, on the other hand, maintains that so far back as we have knowledge of man—and beyond that point he is not concerned to go—we find him in possession of religion and believing in a high God or gods.

In the issue thus raised, Mr. Frazer, from the nature of the case, occupies a position easily assailed and hard to defend; he has taken upon himself to maintain a universal

negative, and to demonstrate in the earliest period of human evolution the total absence of even the most rudimentary elements of religion. But Mr. Lang's position too is not without its difficulties; his point of view is one which had once been common, but which has been given up tacitly or avowedly by most students of the science of religion. They have generally taken it for granted that monotheism must be a late stage in the evolution of religious belief, and that it was preceded, even in the case of the Hebrews, by polytheism and other more rudimentary forms. They will, therefore, consistently with their premisses, be inclined to regard Mr. Lang as erring in one direction and Mr. Frazer as erring in the other: Mr. Frazer may be wrong in asserting the original absence of the very germs of religion, Mr. Lang may be wrong in asserting the original presence of a high God.

Mr. Frazer proceeds in the establishment of his universal negative partly by a *a priori* argument, partly by an appeal to facts. Beginning with the former, we have no difficulty in admitting that there are two fallacies which have played, and do still play, a large part in determining the actions of men: one is the belief that like produces like, the other that control over one of two associated things involves control over the other. These fallacious beliefs flourish amongst low races and amongst low members of higher races of men. We have only to assume, what is highly probable, that these fallacies were universal and dominant amongst primitive men, and in that assumption we have Mr. Frazer's *a priori* argument to show that the original state of man was a non-religious state. The argument, however, scarcely seems sufficient to demonstrate the conclusion. The fallacies in question are widespread at the present day; and in the vast majority of cases the people who fall victims to them have some sort of undoubted religion. Primitive man also may have held both the fallacies and some form of religious belief. If these fallacious beliefs were by their very nature such as could not be held simultaneously with any form of religion, Mr. Frazer's *a priori* argument would have been conclusive. But there is obviously nothing in them of such nature: most people who hold them also hold some form of religion; and so may primitive man have done from the first. Mr. Frazer, of course, does not argue that belief in these fallacies is incompatible with belief in religion. What he suggests is that these fallacies are easier to fall into than is the fallacy that rivers and trees, stars and sun are alive,

or are worked by living things inside them. They may be easier, but the other also is very easy. The savage who saw a locomotive move promptly said there must be a man inside.

Mr. Frazer's *a priori* argument cannot be held to be decisive. We must turn, therefore, to his appeal to facts. This appeal resolves itself into a citation of the aborigines of Australia, who are summoned to show that they do believe in magic and that religion they have none. To prove a universal negative, and show that no primitive men had any, even rudimentary, form of religious belief, it is obviously desirable not to rely on a particular example. It would be easy for an opponent to argue that this is only one instance, and is not enough to prove the whole case. Or it might be maintained that behind the Australian aborigines of the present day lies a long and unrecorded history; their totemism, in its purely social and non-religious aspect, has certainly gone through many and probably slow changes. They may once have had religious beliefs, of which scarcely an etiolation now survives. But Mr. Lang adopts none of these courses. Mr. Frazer has quoted the Australian aborigines as having no religion. Mr. Lang undertakes to prove that they have religion. But, inasmuch as Mr. Lang, to prove his case, draws upon authorities whose works are well known to Mr. Frazer, though the passages on which Mr. Lang relies are not cited by Mr. Frazer, the question is at once raised why Mr. Frazer pays no attention to those passages. The presumption is that they are quoted by Mr. Lang because they testify to the existence of religion in his sense of the word, and that they are neglected by Mr. Frazer because they have no reference to religion as he understands it. This presumption seems to be confirmed by the fact that the word is differently used and differently understood by the two writers. Mr. Frazer formally defines his sense of the word: 'A propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man, which are believed to direct and control the course of nature.' Thus, if this definition be correct, the object which man strives to attain by means of religion is exactly the same as that at which he was aiming in Mr. Frazer's supposed pre-religious period. In that pre-religious period man's sole object, according to Mr. Frazer, was to direct and control the course of nature, and he believed that he could, and to some extent actually did, control it by acting on the principles that like is produced by like, and that control over one of two associated things gives control

over the other. Then, according to Mr. Frazer, when these two fallacious principles were found by experience to be failures, man set about finding some other and more successful means for directing and controlling the course of nature. He resorted, for some reason or other not stated by Mr. Frazer, to the idea that the course of nature was controlled by some power or powers superior to man; and he set about the task of getting those powers to work the way he wanted them. He endeavoured to propitiate and conciliate them, and his endeavours constitute religion; and thus the object of man in his religious period is exactly the same as it was in his pre-religious period—viz. to direct and control the course of nature for his own ends. The sole difference between the two periods is in the means adopted: in the first period the means was the fallacy that like produces like; in the second period the hypothesis that nature is controlled by powers superior to man.

Thus, on Mr. Frazer's definition of religion, the object of religion is the purely practical purpose of controlling nature. If then the Australian aborigines practise ceremonies or entertain beliefs which avowedly have no connexion with any such practical purpose, we can understand that the evidence for such ceremonies and beliefs would be registered by Mr. Frazer under some other head than that of religion. Mr. Lang however inclines to a wider definition of the word: he would not deny 'the name of religion to the speculative belief in a power superior to man, and to the moral belief that he lends a supernormal sanction to conduct, and to the emotional belief that he loves his children.' We may now perhaps understand why Mr. Frazer, defining religion in one way, says there is no religion amongst the Australian aborigines, whilst Mr. Lang, understanding the word in another sense, maintains that there is. Amongst the Australian aborigines there is practically no attempt to manipulate the course of nature to their own ends by propitiating superior powers: there is therefore no religion as Mr. Frazer understands the word. On the other hand, there is, on the testimony of Mr. Howitt, who has been initiated by the Murrings and the Kurnai, a belief in a great Father of the tribe, who was once on the earth, and now lives in the sky, a beneficent father and kindly though severe head-man of the whole tribe. There is therefore religion in Mr. Lang's sense of the word.

There is of course the possibility that the beliefs on which Mr. Lang relies are not part of the original and

native equipment of the Australian aborigines, but have been borrowed by them from other and more advanced peoples. This view has been advanced by Mr. E. B. Tylor. It is carefully examined by Mr. Lang, and at the present stage of the controversy the evidence seems to be in favour of Mr. Lang, and against the borrowing theory. The dates, so far as they can be fixed, indicate the presence of the beliefs before they could be borrowed. Prayer, which is an invariable concomitant of the higher religions, and would be inevitably taken over with them, is characteristically wanting amongst the aborigines. Above all, the beliefs are confined to the men, who have been duly initiated, and are unknown to the women and children; whereas, if the beliefs had been communicated by Europeans, they would have been communicated to women as freely as to men.

The definitions of religion are so numerous, we might almost say so innumerable, that it is vain to expect that either the definition given by Mr. Frazer, or the one suggested by Mr. Lang, will command universal or even general consent. The most that can be expected is that a majority of students will incline to one in preference to the other. But it is clear that Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion will only act so long as his definition of religion is accepted. That definition is that religion does not embrace the speculative, moral, and emotional elements enumerated by Mr. Lang, but has the purely practical object of enabling man to control nature to his own ends by propitiating or conciliating the superior powers which regulate it. We must therefore accept Mr. Frazer's definition to begin with, if we are to follow him in his sketch of the evolution of religion.

He begins with incarnate gods, that is to say, with men in whom a god has either temporarily or, it may be, permanently taken up his abode. Mr. Frazer does not make it quite clear how the idea originated that a god might become incarnate in a man. He has, in his second edition, if not changed his views on the subject of magic and religion, at any rate, in his own words, come 'to see clearly now what 'before was hazy;' and there are passages still standing (e.g. i. 129, 130) which we think belong rather to the hazy than to the clear vision. They made it fairly plain how in the first edition a man-god might originate; but in the second they make his origin to be one which it is difficult to reconcile with Mr. Frazer's now clearer views. Suffice it, however, that it is essential to Mr. Frazer's present theory

to start from the fact that gods are supposed by the savage to take up occasionally their abode in man. So long as they do so, the savage has no difficulty in propitiating or conciliating them, and so controlling nature to his private ends. The danger is that when the man dies in whom the god is resident, the god will depart and escape from the hands of the savage. Mr. Frazer therefore surmises that the savage anticipated this danger, and provided against the loss by taking care to have another human being ready into whom the god might migrate when the first ceased to be tenable by a god. The savage had only to do this regularly, every year, to provide a fresh receptacle for the god, and the god would never escape from the savage; the savage would always be able, through the god, to regulate nature as he liked. If the savage behaved in this way, then Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion can begin to work, and he is in a position to suggest an explanation of the Christian religion.

It is, however, to be noted that Mr. Frazer himself calls attention to the fact that for the present one link in the chain of his argument is purely conjectural, and that he freely admits he cannot substantiate it, at present, by facts. No instance is known or can be produced in which a savage endeavours to make the god, resident in one human body, migrate into another. 'Of this transmission I have no direct proof; and so far a link in the chain of evidence is wanting.' So long as the link is missing, Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion cannot, of course, be regarded as proved. But it may be regarded as probable, nevertheless, if the rest of the chain can be produced. If the divine king or incarnate god, the man in whose body the god is temporarily resident, is put to death by his worshippers, then we are bound to ask ourselves what is the motive and object of such a strange proceeding; and we are not likely to hit upon a better conjecture than Mr. Frazer's, that the object is to shift the god out of that body. We may in that case, as Mr. Frazer says, fairly suppose that 'when the divine king or priest is put to death his spirit is believed to pass into his successor.' But it is precisely here that Mr. Lang meets Mr. Frazer, examines in detail all the instances he gives, and comes, justifiably in our opinion, to the conclusion: 'So recalcitrant is the evidence, that of all Mr. Frazer's kings who are here said to be gods, or to incarnate gods, not one is here said to be put to death by his worshippers. And of all his kings who are here said

'to be put to death, not one is here said to incarnate a god' (p. 100).

At present, therefore, we must clearly wait for more evidence in support of Mr. Frazer's theory, before we can accept it. We want evidence to show that men who are worshipped as gods are killed by their worshippers, and that they are killed for the purpose of driving the god out of one human body into another. In the meantime, as Mr. Lang says, 'we know scores of cases of god-possessed men, but none are killed because they are god-possessed.' In the absence, however, of any direct evidence to show that gods were transferred from one human body to another by their worshippers, in order that their worshippers might keep the god, and therefore the world which he regulated, under their own control, it is possible that there may be indirect evidence, in the shape of 'survivals,' to support Mr. Frazer's position. Such indirect evidence he does indeed produce. It has, of course, the inherent weakness of that kind of evidence: what is regarded by one student as a survival from one kind of custom may be regarded by another as the survival from a wholly different custom. And it has the special weakness that the original custom itself of transferring a god from one body to another has not yet been proved.

The first survival which we will take is alleged to be contained in the proceedings at a Persian festival named the *Sacæa*. At this festival the custom was for the slaves in all households to take the place of their masters and be waited on by them. In the royal household at the end of the feast the slave is said to have been executed. This execution seems to be sufficiently explained by the fact that the slave chosen to act in the royal household was a criminal, and was bound to be executed, festival or no festival. In other households the slave is not represented to have been put to death. Mr. Frazer, however, detects in the slave executed the survival he is in search of, and conjectures that originally in Babylon the king was executed every year, as Mr. Frazer's theory requires; that then the king may have substituted his son for himself, when the annual time of execution came round; and that finally a condemned slave was executed instead of the king's son. This chain of reasoning is highly hypothetical, and scarcely seems, even if we admit it, to serve Mr. Frazer's purpose. The essence of Mr. Frazer's theory is that the god in the divine king would escape from the control of his worshippers, if the



divine king died unexpectedly; whereas if another human tenement is provided, and the divine king is executed in time, the god is transferred and preserved to his worshippers. But if the divine king is not slain, even though his son or his slave be executed, the god remains in the old king, and is not transferred. The execution of son or slave is useless for the purpose: it effects no transference. Possibly, however, Mr. Frazer does not feel this to be a real difficulty in his way: the original object of executing the divine king may in course of time have come to be forgotten. In that case the custom, if it survived, would have become a genuine 'survival:' it would continue to be maintained religiously, though no one had an idea what its original object was; and so it would be easy for a substitute to be provided and accepted. This is quite a plausible line, but it scarcely seems to be the one to be adopted or intended by Mr. Frazer, because later in his argument it becomes essential, when he is dealing with Christianity, to maintain that the meaning and object of the custom had never been forgotten, but was always the transference of a god from the body of one human being to that of another.

In any case we are left with the initial difficulty of the theory, on which Mr. Lang insists. Mr. Frazer requires us to believe that in Babylon, which seems to have been in a civilised condition at least six thousand years ago, the king was killed every year. The royal family would soon be exhausted if they were sacrificed annually; and how many men would volunteer for the post? 'No individual king,' as Mr. Lang says, 'would ever accept the crown.' Strong evidence would be required to demonstrate the existence of such a practice; and Mr. Frazer produces none. His position simply is that if we assume this custom to have existed at Babylon, and if we further assume that son or slave came to be executed in place of the king, then the execution of a slave after the *Sacæa* may be regarded as a survival of that original custom. On the whole, we cannot help feeling that it is easier to make no assumption and consider that the *Sacæan* slave was executed, because he was, as we are told by the only authority who mentions the execution, 'one of the prisoners condemned to death.'

In the form, however, which Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion finally adopts, his explanation of the *Sacæa* becomes indispensable; it explains the Jewish feast of Purim; and Purim explains the origin of Christianity as a religion. There are, however, indications that this line

of filiation was only adopted by Mr. Frazer after some hesitation; and Mr. Lang emphasises the fact that this hesitation manifests itself in some self-contradiction. Mr. Frazer puts the origin of Purim at one time before, at another during, and again after the Captivity. If it originated during or after the Captivity of the Jews, it may have been simply the *Sacæa* borrowed from Babylon. If it is prior to the Captivity, it cannot have been. Mr. Frazer finally adopts the former view and its consequences. One of those consequences is that we are left in the dark, as far as Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion is concerned, as to the nature of the religious history of the Jews before they were brought in captivity to Babylon. Perhaps we are to assume that, before they were brought to Babylon, they were in the pre-religious stage of evolution; and that there they learnt what, on Mr. Frazer's theory, is the central feature of religion—viz. the annual transference of a god from one human body to another. The only alternative to this assumption seems to be, on Mr. Frazer's theory of religion, that the Jews when brought to Babylon were already in possession of this central mystery. But if they had been, for generations and centuries before the Captivity, in the habit of annually sacrificing their kings or their king's eldest and other sons, they would have nothing to learn from the *Sacæa* when they became acquainted with it, and nothing to borrow from it.

But Mr. Frazer prefers to assume that the Jews had everything to learn, and that they did borrow the *Sacæa*, and called it Purim. What, if any, religion they had before the Captivity, therefore, remains undetermined by Mr. Frazer's theory. The religion they had after the Captivity is revealed by Mr. Frazer's reconstruction of the Feast of Purim and his reinterpretation of the book of Esther. The work of reconstruction starts from the Persian feast of the *Sacæa*, or rather from one of Mr. Frazer's interpretations of the meaning of the feast. We have already said that the central feature of religion, on Mr. Frazer's theory, is the transference of a god from one human body to another, which transference is effected by killing the first human being. We have also said that the transference cannot be effected if the first human being is not killed, but is supposed to get a substitute killed in his place. But Mr. Frazer, in showing how the *Sacæa* originated, did not seem to feel this as a difficulty. That it is a difficulty, however, becomes apparent when Mr. Frazer proceeds to evolve

Purim out of *Sacæa*. For that evolution the first thing that has to be postulated is that at the *Sacæa* there were two human beings, one in whom the god was resident, and one into whom he was induced to migrate when the first was killed. There is, of course, no evidence to show that two slaves were employed in any such way at the *Sacæa*. Nor does Mr. Frazer's former view contemplate or provide for their employment. But Mr. Frazer must assume their employment if he is to explain Purim. He has also to assume, what our authorities on the *Sacæa* do not state or intimate, that each of these slaves had a female consort. It is only by thus exceeding the evidence, on the one hand, by the introduction of three supposititious characters, and, on the other hand, by assuming that transference of a god from one human body to another at the *Sacæa*, which he had previously appeared to reject, that Mr. Frazer can begin to reinterpret the book of Esther, reconstruct the Feast of Purim, and explain the religion of Christianity. It would seem that Mr. Frazer's work at this period is somewhat hypothetical and not entirely free from internal inconsistencies.

The book of Esther gives an account of the origin of Purim. It was a festival to commemorate the escape of Mordecai, by the assistance of Esther and the hanging of Haman. In the book of Esther these characters, together with Vashti, the wife of Xerxes, do not figure as gods and goddesses. But on Mr. Frazer's theory they were all originally divine figures, and in the book of Esther we have but a piece of folklore (dating, according to Mr. Frazer, from the fourth or third century B.C.), in which they are represented as human, simply because the folk had ceased to conceive them as divine. Originally, however, they were divine. Mordecai was the Babylonian god Marduk; Haman was Hummun, an Elamite god; Esther was the goddess Ishtar; and Vashti was probably an Elamite goddess. The way for Mr. Frazer's theory is now fairly clear. The central rite of religion is the transference of a god from one human body to another, in order that the god may always remain in the hands of his worshippers and be amenable to their wishes. If the human body in which he was resident died unexpectedly, the god would disappear; consequently a young and healthy body was chosen for his residence, and at the end of every year he was transferred from that residence to another human body. The god was resident in the human body named Haman; that body was killed at

the end of a year; and the god was transferred to the other body, called Mordecai. One function of the god was to promote the growth of vegetation and the increase of the flocks; for the performance of that function he was united to a consort; and by the operation of that sympathetic magic which, on Mr. Frazer's own theory, had to be discredited and cast aside for gods to be invented at all, the union of the god and his consort, the King and Queen of the May, secured the fertility of domestic plants and animals.

Of all this there is, of course, no trace in the book of Esther. As early as the date of its composition the folk had lapsed into utter oblivion of the fact that any of the characters were divine, that there was any sympathetic magic in the proceedings, and that there was any transference of a god from one body to another. Neither is any such transference or sympathetic magic alleged by Mr. Frazer to be recorded in connexion with the worship of Marduk or Hummun, or with the festival of the *Sacæa*. The suggestion simply is that if we suppose it to have constituted the central feature of their worship, and to be at the bottom of the story recorded in the book of Esther, then we have a direct line of filiation between Babylonian, Persian, and Jewish rites and beliefs. There is, as Mr. Frazer has warned us from the beginning, no instance known to anthropology, from any quarter of the globe, or from any age of man, in which a god is believed to be transferred from one human body to another. But if we suppose that belief to have been active and operative throughout historic time, we have the clue, in Mr. Frazer's opinion, to the evolution of religion.

We have, therefore, to follow that clue, under Mr. Frazer's guidance, until it explains Christianity as a religion. Mr. Frazer's explanation of that religion simply is that the Crucifixion was effected in order to transfer a god from the body of Christ to the body of Barabbas. Mr. Lang contests that explanation at every step. He calls attention to the fact that every year at Purim there must have been, on Mr. Frazer's hypothesis, a Haman slain; and that the one single instance, exclusive of the Crucifixion, which Mr. Frazer produces of such slaughter, is not alleged, but is conjecturally supposed by Mr. Frazer, to have happened at Purim, and to have represented the death of Haman. He demonstrates that the feasts of *Sacæa*, *Zakmuk*, *Tammuz*, and Purim, which Mr. Frazer regards as but different names

for the same festival, took place at different dates of the year, and that none of them coincides with Easter. And he concludes by emphasising what he considers to be a fundamental and fatal inconsistency of Mr. Frazer's argument: it is that, whereas in the Sacæan festival at Babylon the killing of the god had come, according to Mr. Frazer, to be confounded with the execution of a criminal, in the Jewish Purim, which was borrowed from the Sacæa, the godhead of the criminal was so universally recognised by the Jews and throughout Asia Minor that the recognition 'shed 'round the cross on Calvary a halo of divinity.'

That this inconsistency is inherent in Mr. Frazer's argument seems manifest. His interpretation of the original meaning of the book of Esther is only possible on the assumption that the divinity of Haman, Mordecai, Vashti, and Esther had come to be entirely unknown to the Jews at the time when the book was composed, and in after ages when it was accepted as giving the real explanation of the feast of Purim. Yet at the same time we are required by Mr. Frazer's theory to believe the Jews firmly held that Haman and Mordecai were gods. If they did hold them to be gods, the book of Esther could never have been written. If they did not, Mr. Frazer's theory of the Christian religion breaks down; Haman and Mordecai had no divinity to transmit to Christ and Barabbas.

As we have already said, Mr. Frazer warns us that his theory of the evolution of religion rests on an hypothesis. He has been led by a study of the facts to surmise that the central feature of religion is the transference of a god, resident in one human body, to another more vigorous body, in order that he may remain permanently accessible and amenable to the wishes of his worshippers. Mr. Frazer is unable at present to produce any example in which such transference is desired or supposed to take place. But the facts seem to him to point steadily to the hypothesis that such transference was always the central feature of religion, though no clear or unmistakeable example of such supposed transference is known to us. The facts on which he relies are the Babylonian feast of Zakmuk, the Persian Sacæa, the Jewish Purim, and the Crucifixion; and the question is whether the facts recorded in connexion with them do point so unmistakeably to Mr. Frazer's hypothesis as to make it, if not a necessary, at any rate the most plausible explanation, and a serviceable working hypothesis. The facts actually recorded do not seem to us at present to point

definitely in that direction. It is not recorded that any person was killed, for any purpose whatever, either at the feast of Zakmuk or at the festival of Purim; and if a human sacrifice took place annually at Purim or any other Jewish feast for centuries, we should have some evidence on the point. The slave executed after the Sacæa was a condemned criminal, and there is nothing to show that his execution was part of the Sacæa. It is not recorded that Barabbas was regarded as a risen god. In fine, the facts which are recorded seem to be those which do not support Mr. Frazer's hypothesis; and the facts which point steadily in favour of the hypothesis are precisely those which are missing from the evidence. When evidence shall have been brought to show that a person was annually killed as part of the proceedings of Zakmuk, Sacæa, and Purim, it will then be time to consider whether Mr. Frazer's theory or some rival explanation is the more probable. But until that evidence is produced it seems premature to proceed further.

There remains the question whether Mr. Frazer's definition of religion is affected by the fact that his conjecture remains a pure conjecture to the end. We cannot see that it is in the least affected. His definition is that religion is 'a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man, which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life.' His conjecture is that when a god is supposed to be resident in one human body men seek to transfer him annually to another, lest by the unexpected death of his temporary body he should escape. Even though the conjecture be unproved, as Mr. Frazer admits, and improbable, Mr. Frazer's definition is not impeached. Powers superior to man may be propitiated or conciliated, even if man never attempts to transfer them from one human body to another. Indeed, it may be suggested that, as such transference is neither a process of propitiation nor a process of conciliation, it is not a part of religion as defined by Mr. Frazer. It seems rather analogous to the transmission of energy, and to belong to that circle of ideas which is characteristic, according to Mr. Frazer, of the non-religious periods of man's evolution: superhuman energy, when divine, can be stored and transferred like electricity, at man's will, no propitiation or conciliation of the divine, or of the electric, current being necessary. Thus Mr. Frazer's conjecture, if proved, might be difficult to harmonise with his definition of religion. But, proved or unproved, it

leaves untouched and unmentioned large fields in the area of religion marked out by Mr. Frazer's definition—*e.g.* all the gods who are not supposed to have migrated from one body to another or to have taken human form at all. 'Should I live,' says Mr. Frazer, 'to complete the works for which I have collected and am collecting materials, I dare to think that they [critics] will clear me of any suspicion of treating the early history of religion from a single narrow point of view.' In the 'Golden Bough' he has but been working on one single problem, that of

'The priest who slew the slayer  
And shall himself be slain.'

Whether his solution of that one particular problem in the science of religion be or be not finally accepted, the 'Golden Bough' will remain, until Mr. Frazer himself surpasses it, in this department of knowledge the greatest work produced in this generation. The 'Golden Bough' is, in Mr. Lang's words, 'an extraordinary mass of erudition.'

- ART. VI.—1. *Borodin and Liszt.* By ALFRED HABETS. Translated with a Preface by ROSA NEWMARCH. London: W. Reeves.
2. *Tschaikowsky: his Life and Works, with Extracts from his Writings, and the Diary of his Tour Abroad in 1888.* By ROSA NEWMARCH. London: Grant Richards. 1900.
3. *Histoire de la Musique en Russie.* By CÉSAR CUI. Paris.
4. *Histoire de la Musique en Russie.* By ALBERT SOUBIES. Paris: 1898.

THAT during the last five or six years there has been an extraordinary 'boom' of Russian music in London, especially at the Queen's Hall, cannot be contested. To account for this sudden move with any certainty seems quite impossible. It may have come about in the natural course of events, as prompted by the fashion set by France and Belgium. In France M. M. P. Bélaïeff, a rich Russian musical enthusiast, instituted Russian concerts at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and in 1885 opened a music-publishing business in Leipzig for the benefit of his musical compatriots. In Belgium, especially at Antwerp, Brussels, and Liège, the Countess Mercy-Argenteau made successful propaganda for Russian music. On the other hand, it is possible that M. Bélaïeff, as a music-publisher, may have brought his influence to bear in extending a knowledge of Russian music in England; and perhaps the fact of Mr. H. G. Wood, the conductor of the Queen's Hall orchestra, having married a Russian lady, a very competent vocalist, and full of enthusiasm for her musical compatriots, may have had something to do with this unexpected move. For many years previously the admission of Russian works into our concert-programmes had been few and far between. On looking through the programmes of the Philharmonic Society's concerts from 1813 to the present date, and those of the Crystal Palace, founded in 1855, which, taken together, seem to furnish a thermometer of musical doings in England during the respective periods of their overlapping existence, we have the following results. At the Philharmonic Society the first appearance of a Russian composer was that of Anton Rubinstein in 1857; Tschaikowsky followed in 1888, Borodin in 1896, Glazounoff in 1897, and Rachmanioff in 1898. Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky figured repeatedly, Borodin twice, and each of the others above named but once.



At the Crystal Palace Glinka's overture to 'Life for the Czar,' a 'Capriccio brillant' for orchestra, and 'La Jota Aragonaise,' were brought forward by Mr. Manns in 1860, and the overture to 'Russlan and Ludmilla' and 'Kamarinskaja' in 1874. In 1876 Tschaikowsky's concerto in B flat minor for pianoforte (Mr. E. Dannreuther) and orchestra and overture to 'Romeo and Juliet' were heard for the first time in England. Soon after this the then board of directors of the Crystal Palace politely sent a request to Mr. Manns that in future he should not inflict such jaw-breaking foreign names as those of Tschaikowsky and Scharwenka upon the audience of the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts. But for this a boom of Russian music might have come off at a much earlier date than it has done. However, this ruling of the Crystal Palace directors was not without its good effect, for Mr. Manns took his revenge by treating us to a right royal dose of Berlioz, for which, under other circumstances, we might have had a long time to wait. On the rule laid down by the directors of the Crystal Palace being abrogated, as in process of time it was bound to be, Mr. Manns has of late years taken up the running in making us acquainted with modern Russian music. And it should not be overlooked that, to a large extent, Dr. Richter has done the same, both in London and in the provinces.

In speaking of Russian music, of whatever date, it is impossible to omit all mention of Glinka (1804-1857), who, as the founder of the modern national School, has been regarded as the 'Patriarch-Prophet of Music in Russia.' Michael Iwanowitsch Glinka was born at Novopaskoi, near Smolénsk, Russia, and died at Berlin. Though his musical studies, which began at St. Petersburg, and were subsequently prosecuted in Italy, France, Germany, and Spain, might have led to his becoming a cosmopolitan in musical art, he has justly been estimated as the earliest and most representative of national Russian composers. By his critics he has been variously spoken of as the Mozart and the Berlioz of Russia, both of which appellations, paradoxical as at first it may appear, have by no means been inappropriately applied to him. On the one hand, he has been compared to Mozart on account of the freshness of his melodic inspiration; and, on the other, to Berlioz because he went far beyond any of his predecessors or contemporaries in enlarging the bounds of his country's music. While sojourning in Berlin in 1834, the late Pro-

fessor Dehn recognised in his compositions a wonderful originality, arising from the spirit of his country's folk-songs and dances, with which he was fully imbued, and encouraged him to make it his aim to found a Russian national School of Music. The result of this advice, among other minor attempts, was the composition of the two operas—'Life for the Czar' and 'Russlan and Ludmilla'—by which he is best known.

Dargomijsky (1813–1869), a contemporary of Glinka's, had much in common with this master, and was the composer of several operas, which met with success in their day. His 'Cosatchoque' (Cossack Dance) was heard at the Queen's Hall on January 9, 1897.

Anton Rubinstein (1830–1894), though a Russian by birth, has by most of his critics been most properly regarded as a cosmopolitan pianist and composer. As a pianist, his technique was hardly second to that of Liszt's; but, as he always seemed to play on the spur of the moment, he could not be taken as a reliable guide. We have had experience of his being encored in a piece, when on playing it a second time he gave quite a different reading of it. What a contrast to the practice of Von Bülow, who, unless indisposed, always exactly adhered to the reading which he had previously made up his mind was the correct one! On these grounds Bülow was by far the better guide. As a composer Rubinstein possessed extraordinary facility, and was most prolific, trying his hand in almost every class of composition. But he seems to have made it a general rule that when he had once written a thing down nothing would induce him to alter and improve it. An exception, however, should be made to this remark, in deference to the fact that in the case of his 'Ocean' symphony he finally extended it, not to its advantage, to seven movements. Though in the main we agree with César Cui's estimate of him as a composer, it is astonishing to find that critical musician and composer speaking of Rubinstein's talent as having some affinity to that of Brahms and Raff, though it is more varied, thanks to the employment of Oriental and national Russian themes. With Raff, in matter of practice, there may have been some affinity, but with Brahms surely none, except so far as Brahms possessed the same facility as Rubinstein. But it was not a fatal one, for he spared no time in revising his compositions and making them as perfect as was in his power. Rubinstein, on the other hand, figuratively speaking, often sent *his* to the printer while the ink was still

wet. In thus interpreting M. Cui's remarks we may be doing him an injustice, for it is perhaps possible that he was merely speaking of Brahms, Rubinstein, and Raff as ultra-conservative musicians, whose first desire was to support the most classical writers—*e.g.* Bach, Beethoven, and others. It is interesting, therefore, to quote what Rubinstein has said on this point. In his interesting little book, 'Music and its Masters: a Conversation' (published in English by Augener & Co.), he sums up his musical creed by saying:—

'I regard Palestrina as the beginning of music *as an art*, and reckon from him as the first epoch of our art, which I call the *organ and vocal epoch*; and as the greatest representatives of this epoch and its point of culmination I recognise Bach and Händel. The second epoch, which I call the *instrumental epoch* (*i.e.* the developement of the pianoforte and orchestra), I reckon from Philip Em. Bach, with Haydn and Mozart until Beethoven inclusive, recognising the last as the greatest representative and point of culmination of this epoch. The third epoch, the lyric romantic, I reckon from Schubert, with Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin, whom I recognise as its last representative.'

Great as his admiration was for Glinka and Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein does not seem to have had much regard for his younger musical compatriots, whom he regarded as amateurs rather than as professional musicians, and with good reason, for, at his time, unless a man had private means, it was next to impossible for him to live by music alone in Russia. Thus most of the composers, of whom we have to speak, had a double calling. To some extent this was an advantage, for surely the man who has had other occupations during the day comes fresher to his musical work in the evening or in holiday-time than the man who for his daily bread has been giving music-lessons every day, and all day long, as but too often happens with us.

What Rubinstein's countrymen have most to thank him for is the fact that it was at his instigation that the Conservatoire of Music in St. Petersburg was founded in 1862. He was its first director, doing good work, and remaining in office until 1867. On moral grounds, as a preventive of gambling and drunkenness, he also did good service by memorialising the Russian Government and advocating the institution of theatres and opera-houses in various provincial cities for the benefit of the common people. He also, with good results, set forth the advantage of establishing conservatoires or music-schools in every town, and insisting upon the teaching of the elements of music in every school.

Verily, thanks to his initiation, it may be said that Russia, which before his time was somewhat behindhand, by the institution of an Imperial Musical Society, has become a musical nation. Perhaps his most original idea was that of transforming oratorio into sacred music-drama, as is apparent from a letter which appeared in the 'Signale' of June, 1882, reprinted from a work entitled 'Vor den 'Coulissen,' edited by Joseph Lewinsky. He wrote therein:—

'So, thinking of the stage, I wrote my "Paradise Lost," then remodelled it for the concert-hall as an oratorio, and finally, instigated by the idea which I have never given up, I gave it the dramatic form of sacred opera. The same thing was done with "The Tower of Babel," and as I do not even now give up the hope that my plan will, earlier or later, be taken up, I am writing in this way my "Cain and Abel," "Sulamith," "Moses," and "Christus;" whether the day of representation comes or not—no matter.'

What a bitter disappointment it must have been to him to find himself forestalled by Wagner in his 'Parsifal'!

M. Cui appraises Rubinstein in his early days as a direct successor of Mendelssohn, and complains that though he introduced genuine Russian themes into his compositions he treated them in a thoroughly German manner. He regarded him as an indefatigable composer, but not an epoch-making one, and therefore puts him down in the second class. Among some of his works which he applauds he includes the orchestral fantasia, 'Don Quixote,' for its vitality and spirit, but is evidently ignorant of the fact, of which we have personal knowledge, that he intended it as a skit upon what he called the 'donkeyism' of music—meaning thereby the programme-music of Berlioz, Liszt, and others. That Rubinstein at a later date changed his attitude towards programme-music is apparent from his ultra-realistic pianoforte illustration of Bürger's ballade 'Léonore.' Rubinstein, a most prolific composer, was the author of six symphonies, five pianoforte concertos, thirteen operas—including the oratorios, or music-dramas as he preferred to call them, specified above—several cantatas, over a hundred songs, and a vast quantity of chamber music, pianoforte pieces, &c. It was his most cherished desire to be recognised as a great dramatic composer; though often appreciated and fêted, he died disappointed, and unhopeful for the future of musical composition. Wagner, his successful rival in dramatic composition, he did not appreciate. According to his idea, musical creation, as far as the pianoforte was concerned, died with Chopin; and he thought the outlook but gloomy

for its resurrection. A fair number of his works have been brought to a hearing in England. Four of his symphonic works, three of his overtures, several of his concertos, many examples of his ballet music, and his oratorio 'The Tower of Babel,' not to mention a long array of pianoforte pieces, have been brought forward at the Crystal Palace, if not also elsewhere. It seems unnecessary to specify or further dilate upon the above-named works, but the guess may be hazarded that it is by his pianoforte concertos, owing to their adaptability to the requirements of pianists, and by his songs, some of which are of extreme beauty, that his memory will be kept green. His literary and critical ability, though somewhat onesided, seems to have been of a high order, as indicated by his 'Erinnerungen' ('Reminiscences'), 1839-1889, and his 'Music and its Masters.' To those who desire to know more about his personality and musical opinions, both these little books may confidently be recommended.

In 1856 two young men, who were passionately enamoured of musical art, found themselves at St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, and the musical and intellectual headquarters of that country. The one was M. A. Balakireff, and the other César Cui, and here they took up their abode, and some time afterwards were joined by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgski (1839-1881), and A. P. Borodin (1834-1887). They soon instituted an artistic society for discussing the position of music in Russia and its possible future, for which they laid down rules, and thus became the founders of what is known as the 'New Russian School.' They turned their attention more to operatic than to symphonic works; and for the former—with the view of emancipating their country from the thralldom of Italian opera, which at that time they regarded as too much in vogue, and for which they hoped to substitute a style of opera more worthy of their country—they suggested the following rules:—(1) Dramatic music must always possess an intrinsic value as absolute music, even when taken apart from the text. (2) The vocal music should be in perfect accordance with the meaning of the text. (3) The scenes of which an opera is composed must be entirely dependent upon the relations between the characters, as well as upon the general action of the piece. These principles, according to M. Cui, are closely allied to those of Wagner; but the methods of attaining the same ends differ essentially in the two schools. While Wagner (he says) generally concen-

trates the whole musical interest in the orchestra, entrusting to it the representative themes of certain characters, the Russians generally reserve the most important musical phrases for the singers, whom they make the real interpreters of the composer's intentions. Thus it will be seen that the new Russian school claims its descent from Glinka and Dargomijsky rather than from Wagner. As for instrumental music, having studied the works of Berlioz and Schumann, they seem to have looked forward to progress being attained through the example set by these great masters.

Here it seems to be the place to remark that previous to the time of M. Cui and his associates what passed as specifically Russian music was based for the most part upon Russian folk-songs, which in turn seem to have been evolved by Nature's musicians from the style of the music of the national Greek Church, which in early times seems to have been the only model they can have had to work upon. The musical ritual of the Orthodox Russian Church, with which we happen to know that the late Dean Stanley, by no means musically inclined, was immensely struck on visiting Russia, is characterised by its frequent use of the so-called Greek tones or Church modes, and this same peculiarity pervades many of the old folk-songs, and therefore points to their common origin. We do not remember ever to have seen this point discussed, and therefore offer the above remarks as suggestive rather than as authoritative. But we think that when, as often happens, a musical work is spoken of as 'thoroughly Russian' or 'too Russian' for acceptance in England, the intention conveyed is that it is too closely based upon folk-songs or Church music. Here it may be remarked that especially in Moscow Church music has been cultivated in an extraordinarily high degree. It has recently been brought to light by Herr N. Findeisen, in the 'Zeitschrift der internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft' for May, 1900, that there exist hundreds of Church works by Russian composers, in three to forty-eight parts, which have not been published. Of the so-called Church cantatas in twelve parts, no less than four hundred and seventy-seven have come to hand. That from the middle of the seventeenth century Russia (as he states) had productive composers and a school of counterpoint of its own has hitherto been unknown to the rest of the world. Our above suggestion that many of the older Russian folk-songs owe their being to the Church will probably be combated on the ground that

necessarily the folk existed long before the Christian Church, and that therefore it is an open question whether the folk were indebted to the Church or the Church to the folk. It seems, therefore, impossible to determine what should have led a primitive folk to the adoption of scales, except so far as the pentatonic is concerned, so opposed to the dictates of Nature, and of irregular rhythm, having often indiscriminately three, five, or seven beats in a bar. The whole matter seems to be a mystery, which we should be glad to see cleared up. In further regard to the old folk-songs, it should perhaps be pointed out that, as they belong to different periods, some may owe their origin to the Church; others may be said to have made themselves and to have been handed down by oral tradition. In process of time they were heard by modern musicians, who wrote them down and furnished an accompaniment. A notable example of this occurs in Tschaikowsky's string quartett in D, in which he has introduced a movement based upon a folk-song which he heard sung by a plasterer who was working on his premises just under his window. Several extant collections of Russian folk-songs were concocted in this way.

To return to Balakireff, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Moussorgski, and Borodin, the famous 'five' who have been recognised as the founders of the 'New Russian School,' and in further explanation of our remark that at their date, unless they had private means, musicians in Russia could not live by music alone, it should be added that Balakireff, who studied at the University of Kasan, was self-taught as a musician; that General Cui (to give him his full title) was a professor of fortification at the St. Petersburg Engineering Academy; that Rimsky-Korsakoff was a naval officer; Moussorgski an officer in the famous regiment of Préobrajensky; whilst Borodin was a chemist, and has appropriately been spoken of as the 'most chemical of musicians and the most musical of chemists.'

A word or two is due to the doings of this famous five. Balakireff, born in 1836 at Nishnij Novgorod, made a successful *début* as a pianist in St. Petersburg in 1855, where, in 1862, he founded the 'Free School of Music,' which Rubinstein regarded as having been started as a rival of and in opposition to the Imperial Conservatoire. Here he did good work, and after conducting opera in Prague during 1886, in 1887-90 conducted the concerts of the Imperial Music Society at St. Petersburg, where he introduced com-

positions by Berlioz and Liszt to the Russian public. His principal works include a symphonic poem, 'Tamara,' heard at the Queen's Hall under Lamoureux on April 18, 1896; music to 'King Lear;' three overtures on Russian, Czechish, and Spanish themes, of which the first-named was brought forward at the Queen's Hall on September 26, 1899; an Oriental fantasia, 'Islamie,' one of the few of his compatriot's works which Rubinstein included in his 'Historical Recitals.' Besides minor works, he published a fine collection of Russian folk-songs.

Cui, who has posed more as an acrid musical critic and an inveterate opponent of Wagner, against whom he never lost an opportunity of warning his countrymen—a Russian Hanslich, in fact—than as a composer, and whose expressed opinions should not therefore be too implicitly relied upon, is nevertheless the author of six operas—viz. 'William Ratcliff,' produced at St. Petersburg in 1869, 'The Prisoner in the Caucasus' (1873), 'Angelo' (1876), 'The Mandarin's Son' (1878), 'Le Flibustier' (Paris, 1894), and lastly 'The Saracen' (1899), none of which as yet seem to have proved themselves to be of a lasting character. A 'Suite Miniature' (September 1, 1897), a cantabile for cello (April 30, 1899), and his 'Premier Scherzo' (September 29, 1899) have been heard at the Queen's Hall. If we mistake not, except for a few songs, these are all of his works which as yet have found their way to England.

N. A. Rimsky-Korsakoff was born in 1844 at Tichvine, in the Russian Government of Novgorod. His musical talent, which was not hereditary, manifested itself at an early age. At six or seven he began to learn to play the pianoforte, and at nine composed an overture &c. He was destined, however, to serve in the Russian Navy as an officer of marines before he took seriously to music as a profession. In 1856 he entered the Naval College at St. Petersburg, where he soon started a small vocal class among his fellow-cadets, who used to meet together for the practice of the choruses from Glinka's 'Life for the Czar' &c., under his direction. While pursuing his naval studies he was also instructed in music by Ulich and Kaneely, and lost no opportunity of being present at the best musical and operatic performances which St. Petersburg supplied. It was during this period that he sketched part of his first symphony, which he now set to work to orchestrate, sending the manuscript from time to time to his friend Balakireff for his advice and correction. In 1866 he returned to St. Peters-



burg, having been promoted to the rank of second-lieutenant. He now re-scored the entire work, and it was brought to a first hearing at a concert of the Free School for Music, which some years previously Balakireff and Cui had founded at St. Petersburg. In 1871, while still serving in the Russian navy, he was appointed Professor of Composition at the Conservatoire of Music in St. Petersburg. On retiring from the navy in 1873, he was made Inspector of Naval Bands. 'It is splendid practice, such as I never dreamed of,' he wrote to M. Stassoff shortly after his appointment; 'I orchestrate a great deal for the bands, and hear my music performed.' As Balakireff's successor, he for a short time filled the post of Principal of the Free School of Music. In 1883 he was appointed assistant conductor to Balakireff, and when in 1886 Balakireff started the patriotic enterprise known as 'The Russian Concerts,' it was to Korsakoff that he entrusted the conductorship.

Among the most important of his published works may be enumerated three operas—viz. 'The Maid of Pskov' (1873), 'A Night in May' (1880), and 'The Snow Maiden' (1882). His instrumental works include 'Sadko,' a legend for orchestra (1866), 'Antar,' a symphony (Op. 15), both of which have been heard in Germany; a symphoniette (Op. 31); a third symphony (Op. 32); a fantasia on Russian themes, for violin and orchestra (Op. 33); a Capriccio Espagnol for orchestra (Op. 34); a symphonic poem, 'Scheherazade' and a 'Fantaisie Russe' for violin and orchestra. Most of these have been heard at the Crystal Palace, the Queen's Hall, and Richter concerts, and it would be easy to extend the list. To the above should be added a number of original songs and two collections of 140 Russian folk-songs, taken down from oral tradition, as welcome contributions to musical literature.

In an interesting and instructive preface to her translation of M. Habets's 'Borodin and Liszt' Mrs. Newmarch writes: 'Moussorgski is the ultra-realist of Russian music. His compositions, which are sometimes repellent but always full of his dominating personality, are of all the works of this school the most antipathetic to Western taste.' No wonder, then, that as yet his works do not seem to have reached these shores! Mrs. Newmarch goes on to say:—

'His greatest work, the opera "Boris Godounoff," exemplifies at once his merits and defects; a vigorous declamatory style, great descriptive powers, a lack of poetry and lyrical charm. There is no overture or instrumental introduction of any kind to "Boris

Godounoff," and a large portion of the text of this singular work is written in prose. Cui describes it as being neither opera nor music-drama, but an historical chronicle set to music. Through all his works runs the same vein of sombre realism. But his realistic atmosphere, though oppressive, is never sordid. He has grasped the passion as well as the humour of the Russian people, and depicts them with an art and truth of expression that cannot be too highly praised.'

A. P. Borodin (1834-1887) was born at St. Petersburg. On his father's side he was descended from the Princes Imeretinsky, the last kings of Imeretia, the most beautiful of the ancient kingdoms of the Caucasus, and thus inherited the Oriental type characteristic of these fine races. From the age of twelve Borodin began to study science, in company with young Schtchigleff, a little prodigy, who afterwards devoted himself successfully to teaching music. During the interval between two lessons in chemistry the pair occupied themselves in playing the symphonies of Haydn, Beethoven, and especially Mendelssohn, as pianoforte duets. His first composition was a concerto for flute and pianoforte, written in 1847 at the age of thirteen. While studying chemistry at the Academy of Medicine, under Professor Zinine, music was not neglected. At this time he was a great admirer of German music, and, to use his own expression, was 'impregnated with Mendelssohnism,' but the influence of nationality was gradually growing upon him. In 1856 he was appointed surgeon to one of the hospitals of the territorial army, but his hospital work did not interfere with his music. It was at this date that the national influence began to preponderate over the German, a psychological evolution which in a great measure was due to his meeting with Moussorgski. Henceforth Balakireff became Borodin's real and only master, as he had been of Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgski, teaching them the technique, the æsthetics, the instrumentation, and, above all, the true spirit of a musical work. Under the influence of Balakireff the last traces of Mendelssohnism were driven from his mind, and at Balakireff's suggestion he set to work with ardour to compose his symphony in E flat. Thus his musical career may be said to date from 1862.

In 1858 Borodin had taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and in the following year was sent abroad to complete his scientific studies. He remained away three years, spending the greater part of this time in Erlenmeyer's laboratory at Heidelberg. During one of the excursions he made from that place he made the acquaintance of Mlle.

C. S. Protopopowa, an excellent musician, who initiated him into the styles of Chopin and Schumann, and eventually became his wife. During this period he made but one essay in musical composition—viz. a sextet in D for strings. It was performed in Heidelberg in 1860, but was not heard of again. 'This was still quite Mendelssohnian; I composed 'it to please the Germans,' he wrote to his friend, Schtchigleff.

On returning to Russia in 1862 he was appointed assistant lecturer in chemistry at the Academy of Medicine. He was an ardent advocate of the admission of women to the higher education, and helped to found the School of Medicine for Women at St. Petersburg, where from 1872 he taught chemistry, and warmly interested himself in this institution until his death.

On resuming our account of Borodin's musical career and the composition of his first symphony, which was begun in 1862 but not finished till 1867, it should be remarked that during this period his genius was completely transformed under the influence of Balakireff and the concerts of the Free School of Music. As M. Stassoff has remarked, Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgski were better prepared than Borodin to reflect the national influence; like Glinka, they had spent their youth in villages in the heart of Russia, while Borodin, except for his travels in Germany, had hardly ever left the capital. Still, the national character makes itself clearly felt, especially in the trio of the Scherzo and in the adagio of this symphony, which was first heard, under Balakireff's direction, at a concert of the Russian Musical Society on January 4, 1869, when its success was assured. The success of this first symphony had a decisive influence upon Borodin's artistic career. The critics, however, were unfavourable, and even M. Seroff wrote in the 'Golos': 'The symphony by somebody of the name of *Borodin* pleased very few hearers, and only the friends of 'the composer applauded and recalled him with enthusiasm.' On the other hand, Liszt, whose judgement will not be challenged, at a later date (1880) wrote to Borodin: 'I am 'very remiss in not having told you, what you know better 'than I do, that the instrumentation of your renowned 'symphony in E flat is written by a master hand, and 'accords perfectly with the composition. It was a keen 'enjoyment to me to hear it at the rehearsals and at the 'concert at Baden-Baden. The best connoisseurs, as well 'as a very numerous public, applauded you heartily.' After

this work, which would be sufficient of itself to class Borodin among the greatest musicians of our time, he occupied himself especially with vocal compositions, which need not be here summarised. 'Prince Igor' may be accounted as the most important of his dramatic works, though he did not live to complete it. It was finished by his friends, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff, and is said to contain beauties of the first order.

While still teaching at the Academy of Medicine, to the duties of which he was thoroughly devoted, and which he never seems to have neglected, Borodin set to work upon a second symphony (in B minor). No wonder that, begun in 1871, it should not have been completed until 1877, when, after having been repeatedly performed in Belgium and Germany, it was warmly received at home. M. Stassoff, in his article 'Vingt-cinq Années de l'Art Russe,' which appeared in the 'Messager de l'Europe' in 1888, writes:—

'Like Glinka, Borodin is an epic poet; he is not less national than Glinka, but the Oriental element plays the same part in him as in Glinka, Dargomijsky, Balakireff, Moussorgski, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. He is reckoned among the composers of programme-music. Like Glinka he can say: "My unfettered imagination needs a text as a positive idea." Of Borodin's two symphonies the second is the more perfect, and owes its power not only to the matured talent of its author, but still more to the national character with which its very subject invests it. The old heroic Russian form predominates, as in "Prince Igor." I may add that Borodin himself has often told me that in the Adagio he intended to recall the songs of the old Slavonic *bagans* (troubadours); in the first movement the assembling of the old Russian princes; and in the finale the banquets of the heroes, to the tones of the *guzla* and bamboo flute, amid the enthusiasm of the people.'

To this M. Habets adds: 'The studies to which Borodin had devoted himself for "Prince Igor" were not lost in the working out of his second symphony. At this time his mind was haunted by the picture of feudal Russia, and this picture is wonderfully reproduced in the symphony.'

Another important and successful work of Borodin's is his symphonic sketch, 'Dans les Steppes de l'Asie Centrale.' He says himself of it, in a letter to his old friend Gavrouschkiewitch, at whose house he began his artistic career: 'It has gone the round of Europe, from Christiania to Monaco, and, in spite of its patriotic programme (the success of Russian arms in Asia), this work has been encored almost everywhere, and often repeated by desire, as at the Strauss concerts in Vienna and the Lamoureux

'concerts in Paris.' To this it may be added that it was heard on November 17, 1896, at Queen's Hall, where his 'Danse Polovtsienne,' from 'Prince Igor,' was heard on April 3, 1897, and his symphony in B minor (No. 2) on January 29, 1898. He began a third symphony (in A minor), but did not live to finish it.

This seems to be the place to speak of two most interesting and extraordinarily clever works—viz. that entitled 'Paraphrases' and a String Quartet, dedicated to Bélaïeff, and based upon the musical notes contained in his name, B flat, La, and F. Of the first named, M. Habets states that Borodin collaborated with his friends Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, and Cui in a work, apparently humorous, but really of a serious nature, entitled 'Paraphrases,' consisting of twenty-four variations, and fourteen little pieces, for piano, on a favourite theme, *obbligato*, 'dedicated to little pianists 'who can play the air with one finger of each hand.' This theme, consisting of four bars, must be played by the first performer on the upper octaves of the piano, while the second player performs the paraphrases, for which more than a mere tyro is needed. For this work Borodin wrote three pieces, by no means the least interesting, entitled 'Polka,' 'Marche Funèbre,' and 'Requiem;' this last, in which a liturgical chant is developed as a fugue upon the popular and persistent air, is especially striking.

In one of his latest letters of 1886, Borodin relates the origin of this work. He writes :—

'I take the liberty of sending you, for your little girls, my—or rather *our*—"Paraphrases," twenty-four variations and fourteen little pieces for piano on the favourite theme of the "Coteletten" polka, which is so popular with the little ones in Russia. The origin of this work is very funny. One day Gania (one of my adopted daughters) asked me to play a duet with her. "Well, but you do not know how to play, my child." "Yes, indeed, I can play this," and she started off with the above-named polka. I had to yield to the child's request, and so I improvised the polka which you will find in the collection. The four keys—C major, G major, F minor, and A minor—of the four parts of the polka, in which the unchanging theme of the "Coteletten" polka makes a kind of *canto fermo* or counterpoint, caused much laughter among my friends, afterwards joint authors of the "Paraphrases." First one and then another wanted to try his hand at a piece in this style. . . . Finally we were requested to publish this work. Rahter became the proprietor and publisher.'

This work fell into Liszt's hands. He was so delighted with it that he wrote an extra variation for the second edition, which was complemented by a set of *Bigarrures*

(medley) contributed by N. Stcherbatcheff (1858), who, though he has issued some sixty works, principally for pianoforte, does not as yet seem to have found his way to England.

We commend a reading of this remarkable work to students of Russian music as a rough and ready way of drawing distinctions between the idiosyncrasies of the above-mentioned composers, who jointly were its authors. If Borodin had not himself told us that while *he* began with the classics, Korsakoff began with Glinka, Liszt, and Berlioz, and subsequently moved into an unknown sphere, we think that we should have made the discovery for ourselves. Borodin and Liadoff seem to be the most genial of the concoctors of this strange piece, Korsakoff the most advanced and versatile, while Cui and Stcherbatcheff, in spite of their unquestionable cleverness, are prominent for their scholastic dryness.

The String Quartet, mentioned above, though it may be more properly regarded as an artistic trick than as an inspiration, is well worthy of attention, on account of the close way in which the notes B flat, La, and F, run throughout each of its four movements, which were severally contributed by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, Borodin, and Glazounoff.

A word or two seems due to Liadoff and Glazounoff, of whom we have not yet spoken except by name.

A. Liadoff, born at St. Petersburg in 1855, studied at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire under Johansen and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and in 1875 was appointed there as professor of harmony and theory, and also to a similar post in the Imperial Chapel. Since 1894 he has conducted the concerts of the St. Petersburg Musical Society. His works, chiefly for pianoforte, are technically difficult, but of an elegant and distinguished originality. His 'Valse Badinage' was brought forward at the Queen's Hall on August 26, 1899.

Alexandre Glazounoff, born at St. Petersburg in 1865, is still too young to have found a place either in Grove's or Riemann's musical dictionaries. It is but fair to state that Theo. Baker's 'Biographical Dictionary of Musicians,' published in New York, by G. Schirmer, in 1900—the most up-to-date work of the kind that has come to hand—contains a short notice of him, and a long, but by no means exhaustive, list of his compositions. We prefer, however, to quote from a programme-book of the Richter concerts, at which his sixth symphony has been twice performed:—

'Unlike most of his musical compatriots, who, in order to keep soul and body together, have had to combine some other profession with that of music, Glazounoff had the good fortune to be born of wealthy parents, and thus, on leaving school, was enabled to devote himself entirely to music and musical composition.' From A. Soubies's book we learn that he studied under his countryman, Rimsky-Korsakoff. He seems to have been a sort of musical prodigy, for at seventeen, when his equals in age were still groping about as apprentices, he had already composed his first symphony (dedicated to his master), which, on its production at St. Petersburg, and subsequently in Germany, was most favourably received. This was followed by five others, the last of which, dated 1896, has been repeatedly heard here. M. Soubies gives a list of his compositions, which might easily be extended. Among the most important of them, after the symphonies, are the symphonic poems or pictures: 'La Mer,' 'Le Carnaval,' 'La Forêt,' 'Le Printemps,' 'Des Ténèbres à la Lumière,' 'La Rapsodie Orientale,' 'Le Kremlin,' and 'Stenka Razine,' two overtures on Greek themes, several marches, and a fantasia for orchestra. In the domain of chamber-music he has written a string quintet, three quartets, five novelettes, several solos for violin, viola, and violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, besides vocal pieces, &c. 'To-day,' says M. Soubies, 'son bagage est énorme,' and closes this list with the following remarks:—

'It is impossible to speak in detail of this long list of works, which are pervaded by a vigorous individuality. The time is not yet come to pronounce a final judgement upon them. They do not yet belong to history. It is the same with music as with painting, in which history may be said only to begin for the artist when his works have passed from the Luxembourg to the Louvre. As some may think, M. Glazounoff might appear to be too confident in his extreme facility. His strong technique tempts him to indulge in excessive complication and far-fetched devices. His style is sometimes exuberant (*touffu*). But, independently of his remarkable ability, he has ideas, feeling, warmth, taste, sense of colour, and the power to imbue himself with a national style, while at the same time he bends gracefully to the requirements of his subjects, which are of the most varied kinds. Apart from the theatre he may be said to have been successful in every branch of musical art. His is a personality which holds its own among the foremost, the most distinguished, and the most brilliant composers of our time.'

In addition to his two symphonies (Nos. 5 and 6), his 'Scènes du Ballet,' his 'Carnaval' overture, his fantasia

for orchestra (Op. 53), and his ballet suite '*Russes d'Amour*,' have been heard at the Queen's Hall between September 1896 and November 1900.

A. S. Arensky—whose fine trio, if not also his equally commendable quintett (both for pianoforte and strings), has been made familiar at the '*Popular*' Concerts, which were founded in 1859 by Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, and from the management of which we learn that, after doing good service for so many years, he has now retired—was born at Novgorod in 1862, and after studying at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire (1879–82) under Johansen and Rimsky-Korsakoff, was appointed a professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, of which he became Principal on the death of Nicholas Rubinstein, who, according to the testimony of his more famous brother Anton, was a better pianist than himself—an opinion which has not been generally shared. But there are some still living who will not have forgotten that on his repeatedly appearing many years ago at the late John Ella's Musical Union he was regarded as a very acceptable pianist. In addition to Arensky's chamber-music works mentioned above, his first symphony and his '*Silhouettes*' from his second suite were brought forward at the Queen's Hall in 1897.

M. P. Asantchevski (1838–81)—whose name has been recalled to us by the very favourable mention accorded to him in the '*Brother Musicians: Reminiscences of Edward and Walter Bache*,' by their sister Constance Bache, recently published by Methuen & Co., a book which ought to appeal widely to British musicians—studied under Hauptmann and Richter at the Leipzig Conservatoire (1861–2). He lived in Paris (1866–70), where he bought the library of Anders, and, adding to it his own, presented them to the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, which thus possesses one of the finest musical libraries in the world. Succeeding Zarembo, he was Director of the Conservatoire from 1870 to 1876. Later on he devoted himself to composition. For many years past we have been familiar with some of his pianoforte works, especially some remarkable duets, and cannot help thinking that attention might well be bestowed upon his orchestral works.

A word or two seems due to a few other Russian composers who have been on their trial at the Queen's Hall. The '*Esquisses Caucasiennes*,' by H. Ivanoff, of whom no certain information has come to hand, were heard there on September 7, 1899.



E. Naprávník, whose 'Romance and Fandango' were heard there on September 3, 1897, was born at Königgrätz in 1839. He was educated at the Prague Organ School during 1853-4, and, after acting as a teacher there, was appointed in 1861 Kapellmeister to Prince Yussupoff at St. Petersburg, and in 1869 conductor of the Russian Opera. From 1870 to 1882 he was Balakireff's successor as conductor of the Symphony Concerts of the Musical Society. He is a distinguished pianist, conductor, and composer of several operas, &c.

S. V. Rachmanioff—whose 'Trio Élégiaque' was heard for the first time in London on February 22, 1898, at a concert given by Herr Walenn, and whose pianoforte concerto (Op. 1) was performed by Miss Evelyn Stuart at the Queen's Hall on October 4, 1900—was born at Novgorod in 1873, and studied under Siloti and Arensky at the Moscow Conservatoire, where he won the great gold medal in 1891. He has composed an opera ('Aleko'), a pianoforte concerto, a trio élégiaque, and other works.

Rimsky-Korsakoff was represented at the Queen's Hall by his overture 'La Nuit en Mai' on August 23, 1895; by his 'Capriccio Espagnol' on September 24, 1896; by his symphonic poem 'Scheherazade' (Op. 35) on December 5, 1896; by his dance suite from 'Mlada' on November 12, 1898; by his 'Antar' symphony, No. 2, on September 19, 1900; and by his Fantaisie Russe for violin (Ysaye) and orchestra on May 31, 1900. Of these, the dances from 'Mlada' had been previously heard, for the first time in England, on October 10, 1896, at the Crystal Palace, where also his 'Capriccio Espagnol' has figured.

Of works by A. Rubinstein (of whom we have spoken at length above) heard at the Queen's Hall may be enumerated the ballet-music from his opera 'Feramors' (September 12, 1896), his pianoforte concerto in D minor (October 12, 1898), and his pianoforte concerto in E flat (November 19, 1900).

A 'Danse Cosaque' by A. N. Seroff was brought forward at the Queen's Hall on September 15, 1897. This composer, who was born at St. Petersburg in 1820, and died there in 1871, was a lawyer by profession, and in 1850 held a government appointment in the Crimea, but soon turned wholly to music, beginning as a critic of advanced views and an adherent of Wagner. On making his *début* as a dramatic composer in 1863 with his opera 'Judith' the Czar granted him a pension. His opera 'Rogneda' (1865)

had equal good footing, and he set to work on two other dramatic works, both of which, in his zeal to complete 'Wrazyia' ('The Power of the Enemy'), he left unfinished. He was not more fortunate with this, as death overtook him while it was still incomplete. It was eventually scored by Solovieff, and on its production in 1871 became extremely popular. Following the example of Wagner, Seroff was his own librettist. He wrote music to Schiller's 'Glocke,' an 'Ave Maria' (composed in 1868 for Adelina Patti), and a 'Stabat Mater.' He lectured on music at the Universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow. As a national composer he has been said to rank next to Glinka in Russian estimation.

To complete the tale of Russian works brought forward of late years at the Queen's Hall involves the compilation of a long list of works by Tschaiowsky. Of his six symphonies, Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6 and 'Manfred' have been heard, some of them repeatedly. Among his orchestral suites we should specify Nos. 1, 2, 3, 'Casse Noisette,' and 'Mozartiana.' The list of overtures includes 'L'Orage,' 'The Year 1812,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Triumphale,' and 'Voyévode.' Among fantasias or symphonic poems we have to enumerate 'Francesca da Rimini,' 'Fatum,' 'Tempest,' 'Hamlet,' 'Caprices d'Oxane.' Two of his concertos for pianoforte and orchestra—viz. those in B flat minor and G major, and that in D for violin and orchestra, have also been heard. To these we have to add (for orchestra) the 'Capriccio Italien' (based upon Italian folk-songs which he learnt in Florence), the ballet 'Dornröschen,' the 'Marsch Slave,' a 'Fest Marsch,' and the 'Rococo' variations for violoncello and orchestra.

By way of extending, if not completing, the list of Russian works recently brought forward in England, it should be added that within the last few years Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite 'Scheherazade' (Op. 35), his suite from the opera 'Snégourootchka' ('The Snow Maiden'), Tschaiowsky's symphonies, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 (the latter repeatedly), his pianoforte concerto in B flat minor, his overture to 'Voyévode,' and that to 'Hamlet,' his suite 'Casse Noisette,' his suite No. 3 in G, have been heard at the Richter concerts in London, if not also in the provinces.

At the Crystal Palace Rimsky-Korsakoff's characteristic dances from 'Mlada,' his 'Capriccio Espagnol,' four of Tschaiowsky's six symphonies, both of his pianoforte concertos, and other works, including his suite du ballet, 'La Belle au Bois Dormant' (Op. 66A), have been produced.

Were we to turn our attention to chamber-music, the list might be widely enlarged. At the head of his chamber-music easily stand his three string quartetts and his trio in A minor (for pianoforte and strings), dedicated 'to the memory of a great artist'—viz. N. Rubinstein. The second movement of this consists of a theme and variations, in which are embodied Tschaikowsky's memories of N. Rubinstein and his musical characteristics at various periods of his life. 'It would be possible,' says M. Kashkin, 'to label each of these variations with an appropriate title.' That apart from pianoforte pieces, songs, &c., it is complete as it stands, we do not undertake to say.

It will be seen from the above that far more attention has been bestowed upon Tschaikowsky than upon any of his compatriots, and, we think, with good reason, for surely he towers above them all as *facile princeps*. So much more has been written in English about him than about any of his countrymen, that it seems unnecessary here to do more than sketch the outline of his artistic life. Those who are curious about him cannot do better than consult Mrs. Newmarch's book, already referred to. Besides a pretty complete sketch of his life, extracts from his 'Collected Writings' (for besides being a composer Tschaikowsky also worked as a musical critic) in elucidation of his musical tastes and sympathies, criticisms and descriptions of many of his works, it contains a translation of the diary of his tour abroad in 1888, now published for the first time in English. Readers of German may be recommended to consult Iwan Knorr's 'Peter Tschaikowsky,' contained in the series of 'Berühmte Musiker' (Berlin, 1900). Though he goes over much the same ground as Mrs. Newmarch has done, he adds some valuable criticisms and explanations of many of Tschaikowsky's works.

Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky (1840-93) was born at Votinsk, in the government of Viatka. His father, a mining engineer, later on moved to St. Petersburg, where he was appointed Director of the Technological Institute. The boy was educated at the School of Jurisprudence, and later on obtained a post in the Ministry of Justice. Thus, like most Russian composers, Tschaikowsky commenced his musical career as an amateur. But that he was a born musician is evidenced by the fact that while still a small child he evinced that he was endowed with that somewhat rare gift of a sense of absolute pitch, for if a note was struck on the pianoforte by another person he had no difficulty in saying

accurately what it was. He is said to have composed melodies in his head long before he knew how to write them down. A remarkable story is told of his readiness in composing by mental application only and without the aid of an instrument. On falling ill from overwork, his doctor sent him away for a change of air, and strictly enjoined him not to touch a piano or write a note of music. He obeyed this injunction in the letter, but not in the spirit. He took no music paper with him, but when he came back he had a new string quartet (that in E flat minor) thoroughly matured in his brain, and had only to write it down! As an instance of his amazing facility, it has been related that, on being commissioned by the editor of a St. Petersburg magazine to write twelve short pieces, to appear monthly, under the general title of 'The Seasons,' he, being afraid of forgetting this little commission, told his servant—who was devoted to him—to remind him when the date came round for sending off a piece. The man never forgot, and every month he used to say to his master, 'Peter Ilich, this is your day for sending to Petersburg.' Tschaikowsky would go to his desk, dash off the composition, and despatch it by the next post. No doubt it had already been matured in his brain. So much for his extraordinary facility, but with his greater works he spared no pains to make them as perfect as possible. While still engaged in his duties at the Ministry of Justice, Tschaikowsky joined the classes held in connexion with the Musical Society, and subsequently, without throwing over his official duties, entered the Conservatoire. Here he came under the observation of Anton Rubinstein, who at once recognised his great musical ability, and advised him to devote himself to music, and to music alone. Thus it came about that, on a Conservatoire being opened at Moscow in 1865, he was appointed to a professorship there. Here he remained until 1877, fulfilling his duties as professor, and spending all his spare time in composition. Suddenly he married, and as suddenly separated from his wife. This adventure so preyed upon his mind that for a time he was on the verge of insanity, and owed, perhaps, life and reason to the devoted care of his brother Modeste, who, as soon as he was able to travel, took him to Clarens, on the Lake of Geneva. This did much to restore his health, and after a visit to Venice he returned to his duties at the Moscow Conservatoire in the autumn of 1878. During all this time he had been hard at work on some of the most important of his compositions.

In 1880 N. Rubinstein suggested to Tchaikowsky that he should compose a *pièce d'occasion* for the consecration of the Temple of Christ in Moscow. Besides the Church Festival Rubinstein wished to organise a musical one, which should embody the events of the year 1812. Hence the composition of the work, which treats of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The composer considered it quite mediocre, having only a patriotic significance, which made it unsuitable for any but Russian concert rooms. It seems strange therefore that, next to the 'Pathetic' symphony, it should have, in London and elsewhere, become one of the most popular of this composer's works. That it should have been preferred here to his 'Francesca da Rimini'—one of the most beautiful examples of programme music ever written—seems strange indeed.

Up to about this time Tchaikowsky had been in an impoverished condition, and had been obliged to eke out a living by musical journalism. He was released from such anxiety by the generosity of an art-loving lady, whom he seems never to have met in the flesh, who towards the close of 1877 granted him an annuity of 6,000 roubles, so as to enable him to devote himself henceforth to composition alone. His gratitude to this generous benefactor finds its expression in the dedication of his fourth symphony 'To my best friend.'

Life in Moscow had become distasteful to him, and henceforth he mostly resided at his country house near Klin, the solitude of which suited his disposition, and was favourable to composition. Hence he made occasional excursions for the purpose of conducting his new works in Russia and elsewhere. In 1888, 1889, and 1893 he visited England at the invitation of the Philharmonic Society, at whose concerts he conducted several of his works, and on the occasion of his last visit was 'doctored' by the University of Cambridge. Returning to Klin, he went, after a rest, to Hamburg for the first performance there of his opera 'Iolanthe.' On his return home he completed his sixth and last symphony (Pathétique). Writing to a friend he says: 'I was travelling the whole of the summer, and only had time to instrumentate the symphony which I had sketched during the previous winter. I shall bring it to a performance in Petersburg on October 16, and in Moscow on December 4. It seems to me that I have succeeded; at least, I have seldom worked at a composition with so much love and devotion!' It was duly performed at St. Petersburg on

the date mentioned, and was but coolly received. When, three weeks later, it was repeated by the Imperial Musical Society, the occasion was an 'In Memoriam' concert, given in honour of the composer, who in this short interval had fallen a victim to death by cholera.

This sixth and last symphony of the renowned Russian composer was first heard in England at a concert of the Philharmonic Society on February 28, 1894, and was repeated on March 14 following. Then, and wherever it has since been heard, it at once made its mark as an extraordinarily meritorious and remarkable work. Indeed, it might be spoken of as furnishing an unparalleled instance of a symphony attaining so wide a popularity within so short a period. From its qualifying title—'Pathétique'—it may fairly be inferred that it has an underlying 'programme,' and certainly it is to be regretted that its composer has not more explicitly stated what that is.

No better characterisation of Tchaikowsky as a composer has been given in a few words than that advanced by Mr. E. Dannreuther in the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' edited by the late Sir George Grove. He writes therein:—

'Tchaikowsky makes frequent use of the rhythm and tunes of Russian people's songs and dances, occasionally also of certain quaint harmonic sequences peculiar to Russian church music. His compositions, more or less, bear the impress of the Slavonic temperament—fiery exaltation on a basis of languid melancholy. He is fond of huge and fantastic outlines, of bold modulation and strongly marked rhythms, of subtle melodic turns and exuberant figuration, and he delights in gorgeous effects of orchestration. His music everywhere makes the impression of genuine spontaneous originality.'

Tchaikowsky was a prolific writer and the author of no less than 104 published musical works. No wonder then that we are compelled to restrict ourselves to saying a few words about some of the most important of his works which have been brought to a hearing in England.

The symphonies claim our first attention. In regard to the performance of these, Bournemouth, strange to relate, has been more fortunate than London, for at that singularly musical and favourite seaside resort all six of them, in addition to 'Manfred,' which virtually counts as a symphony, though not so entitled, have been produced during the last two years under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, jun.

We learn from Herr Iwan Knorr's book about Tchaikowsky that his first symphony 'Winter Dreams' (Op. 13, G minor) was composed soon after his appointment to a

professorship at the Moscow Conservatoire in 1866. He writes:—

'Though the title of this work points to a poetical programme as its basis, the composer only furnished its first two movements with specific titles—viz., "Dreamings on a Winter Journey" and "Rugged Country: Cloudland." It follows the customary sonata-form. If its instrumentation does not stamp its author as a full-blown colourist, as that of his later orchestral works so amazingly has done, it betrays no signs of the uncertain hand of a beginner. Nevertheless, a certain excess of youthful ardour in the way of far-fetched modulations pervades the first movement, which, though of a melancholy and dreamy character, is the most successful of all. . . . The second movement comprises some beautiful folk-song-like motives, but from want of contrast in them is somewhat monotonous. The national element is the least apparent in the Scherzo, which belongs to a much earlier date. In his earlier orchestral works Tschaikowsky sometimes oversteps the boundary which separates power from roughness, so the Finale of this symphony in its general effect is but too often overladen with brass wind-instruments.'

Commenting upon his second symphony the same author writes:—

'The second symphony (Op. 17, C minor) may most appropriately be characterised as the "Russian." An *andante sostenuto* serves as an introduction to the first *allegro*. After a short *tutti* the horn enters with an elegiac theme, which seems to have emanated from national folk-songs.

'In the way and manner in which Tschaikowsky unceasingly illumines this theme, at one time entrusting it to the plaintive voice of the bassoon, at another to a droning orchestral *tutti*, when it is treated in canon with the boldest modulations, until at last it dies away in gentle horn-tones, it is made clear to us how valiantly the artist since his first symphony has proceeded on his way towards the attainment of pre-eminence. The terse and sharply defined quick movement, apart from its masterly form, teems with original ideas, especially as regards the song-subject, which is genuine Tschaikowsky. A remarkably effective *andantino marziale* takes the place of the usual slow movement. It consists of a fantastic march, commencing with scarcely audible drum-taps, and at the end, as if in the furthest distance, dying away into silence. It forms one of the few fragments which Tschaikowsky rescued from his early opera "Undine," the score of which he destroyed. The Scherzo is of far more importance than that of his first symphony. Brimful of life and humour, it richly abounds in harmonic and rhythmical surprises. Its highly original Trio strongly savours of genuine folk-tunes. In spite of its apparent poverty of thematic material, the Finale is remarkable for the hurried swing which bears it along. Its principal theme, which consists of four bars of a well-known folk-song, has only a single and short-breathed melody for its antithesis.

'This Finale belongs to those of Tschaikowsky's movements which are calculated to call forth violent opposition. A certain obstinate primitive growth (*Urwüchsigkeit*), whose unbridled outbreaks of force are sometimes disturbing, pervades it. Nevertheless, one cannot but wonder at the skill with which Tschaikowsky, by means of surprising modulation and bold harmonisation, by artistic counterparts and dazzling orchestration, always succeeds in obtaining new effects.'

We now come to some of Tschaikowsky's works of which we have had personal experience. On the occasion of his third symphony (Op. 29, D major) being heard for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace on March 4, 1899, it was announced as 'The Polish,' a title which, Mrs. Newmarch remarks, it has 'in some mysterious way 'acquired.' We are glad to be in a position to solve the mystery. It is simply this: In the course of conversation with the composer Mr. Manns asked him whether, in consequence of the Polish rhythms which pervade it, one would not be justified in entitling it the 'Polish.' To this Tschaikowski readily acquiesced. Hence the adoption of the title given to it at the Crystal Palace. It is laid out in five movements, which include—(1) an Introduction: *Tempo di marcia funebre*, and *Allegro brillante*; (2) Alla Tedesca: *Allegro moderato e semplice* (consisting of a slow German waltz); (3) *Andante elegiaco*; (4) Scherzo: *Allegro vivo*; and (5) Finale: *Allegro con fuoco* (Tempo di Polacca). Concerning it the Russian musical critic V. V. Berezovsky writes:

'Tschaikowsky's symphony No. 3, in D, belongs to the year 1875, and is contemporary with the well-known Concerto in B flat minor for pianoforte and orchestra, and the Sérénade Mélancolique for violin and orchestra. It is distinguished from his first two symphonies by the completely Western character of its music, which partly reflects the spirit of Schumann and partly the brilliance of the French school.'

Besides objecting to its title 'Polish,' Mrs. Newmarch demurs to the statement put forward in the Crystal Palace programme book of the day that 'to those who like to attach 'a poetical meaning to all the music they hear, it may therefore be suggested that this symphony treats of Poland 'mourning in her oppression and rejoicing in her regeneration,' on the ground that there is not enough that is genuinely Polish in the musical material of the work to justify this assumption or the title which it has received. On the ground that one of its movements is headed 'Alla 'Tedesca,' she argues that it might just as well be called



‘The German.’ We leave it to others to decide upon these points.

The fourth symphony (Op. 36, F minor) belongs to the year 1877. It has thus been characterised by Mrs. Newmarch, who writes:—

‘The fourth symphony is remarkable for a display of humour somewhat rare in Tschaikowsky’s music. Of all the Russian composers, he seems the most deficient in this quality. He has not the keen appreciation of national humour which belongs to Glinka. Still less can he make himself one with the peasantry in their noisy revelry, or in their “levity of despair,” as Moussorgsky does. Tschaikowsky’s humour, as we see it in the “Casse Noisette” suite and other works of a lighter calibre, is always elegant and restrained; elsewhere it is very fitful and generally overcast by the prevailing shadow of his melancholy. But in this symphony it flows more freely, which seems strange when we remember that he was working at it during a time of great mental depression. Humour, of a gentle description, peeps out from the *Andante*, and becomes more marked and lively in character in the *Scherzo*, one of the most captivating movements Tschaikowsky ever wrote. This movement (*Allegro—pizzicato ostinato*) is a rare, if not unique, instance of a long symphonic movement in which the strings play *pizzicato* throughout. The Finale (*Allegro con fuoco*) includes varied presentations of the Russian folk-song, “In the fields there stood a birch-tree.”’

The first movement of the fifth symphony (Op. 64, E minor) is prefaced by a short Introduction (*Andante*) based upon a theme which, it should be observed, crops up again in each of the subsequent movements, and thus constitutes, as it were, a certain bond of union between them. With a half-close on the dominant the Introduction leads directly to the quick movement (*Allegro con anima*). Its leading subject, which has somewhat of the character of a Russian national dance, calls to mind the ‘Grossvater-Tanz’ which both Beethoven and Schumann have made use of. The second movement (*Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza*) opens with eight prelude bars of a solemn chorale-like character, leading directly to the first principal subject, consisting of a suave melody given out by a solo horn, against an accompaniment of sustained chords by the strings. Dovetailed with this a solo oboe superimposes an equally suave melody upon the continuance of that of the horn. A duet-like character is thus imparted to it. The third movement (*Allegro moderato*) takes the form of a waltz, and is so entitled. Purists, forgetful that the greatest masters have admitted the most delightful dance-measures into their symphonic works, as their minuets sufficiently

testify, and unmindful of the fact that Berlioz has introduced one of the most graceful waltzes in existence in his 'Symphonie Fantastique,' will probably object that a waltz is out of place in a symphony. However that may be, this waltz of Tschaikowsky's, by reason of its graceful and refined character, bids fair for a place by the side of that of Berlioz. The Finale opens (*Andante maestoso*) with an extended treatment of the introductory theme of the first movement, now transposed to the major key. An alternative theme is interpolated in its course. With a change of signature to that of E minor, and of *tempo* to *allegro vivace*, the quick movement is proceeded with. The developement of its leading subject at length gives way to two alternative themes, the extension of which leads to the second subject proper. This completes the tale of the subject-matter, the further developement and recapitulation of which follow in due order, and in a very interesting and effective manner. For the peroration the signature is changed for that of E major, and in this way the symphony closes triumphantly with a *Coda* based upon the opening theme of the first *Allegro*.

Of so familiar a work as the sixth symphony ('*Pathétique*') it seems needless to say a word more than we have already said above. To speak in detail of the overtures, concertos, suites, &c., which have been brought forward in England would carry us far beyond our limits. Suffice it to add that all have been more or less warmly received, and that many may be regarded as established favourites.

In attempting to popularise Russian music in England, we cannot help thinking that too much, rather than too little, has been brought forward. English concert-audiences, as a rule, are slow in recognising the worth of works which they hear for the first time. A concert-giver's best policy would therefore seem to be to accord several repetitions of those works, of the worth of which he has previously convinced himself, rather than to be continually trying experiments with new ones. The question naturally arises: Has Russian music come to stay? With Tschaikowsky it certainly has; but with the others who can say? Time alone can determine.

ART. VII.—1. *La Macédoine. La Question Macédonienne dans l'Antiquité, au Moyen Age et dans la Politique Actuelle.* Par le Dr. CLEANTHES NICOLAÏDES. Berlin : J. Raede, 1899.

2. *Turkey in Europe.* By 'ODYSSEUS.' London : Ed. Arnold, 1900.

'**L**A MACÉDOINE' is a work containing a great deal of useful information about the past and present condition of Macedonia. But the usefulness of the book is somewhat marred by its polemical tone. In spite of the author's reiterated protests to the contrary, the reader feels in every page that the book is at once an answer to and an attack against theories and claims put forward in other books. M. Cleanthes Nicolaïdes writes as a patriotic Greek, and his work, as an able exposition of the views of patriotic Greeks on Macedonia, is of great interest; but it should not be forgotten that there are equally interesting treatises on the subject by patriotic Bulgarians, Servians, and Roumanians, all of whom write ably and convincingly—each from their own particular point of view.

Far superior in every respect is the work which stands second on our list at the head of this article. 'Turkey in Europe' bears the stamp of a mind not only thoroughly familiar with its subject, but conscientiously impartial in the treatment of it. We have seldom read a book on Turkey indicating so minute an acquaintance with the country and all phases of its life, private as well as political, accompanied by so wide a sympathy with all classes of its inhabitants. This is especially true of those parts of the work in which the author deals with the actual condition of Turkey. His keen observation and many-sided experience enable him to present a picture both striking and suggestive, and illumined by flashes of humour which, though often unexpected, are never felt to be forced. Our praise of the purely historical chapters, however, must be somewhat qualified. In his sketch of the former relations of the Christian races among themselves the author, it seems to us, allows himself occasionally to be influenced by the statements of prejudiced or interested writers, and such are the majority of those who have treated of the subject. His estimate of the Greek Church, for instance, is, in our opinion, unduly severe and utterly at variance with the feelings of reverence and gratitude entertained towards it by its own members—feelings

which would hardly have existed had the Church been, as the author maintains, a willing tool of oppression in the hands of the Sultans. It is the fashion among the various anti-Greek propagandas to decry the attitude of the Greek Church under the Turkish dominion, but we should scarcely have expected a writer of the sagacity and usual fairness of 'Odysseus' to be misled by the one-sided statements of obvious opponents. Again, as a rare instance of omission might be mentioned the author's silence on the curious and interesting sect of the Dolmes, or Jewish converts to Mohammedanism, of whom there are several thousands in Adrianople, Salonica, and other parts of the Ottoman Empire. However, these minor defects do not detract from the value of the work as a whole, and those who are best qualified to pronounce an opinion will, we feel certain, be the readiest to acknowledge its great merits. The chapters bearing on Albania and Macedonia are particularly valuable, owing to the importance of those provinces and the comparative scarcity of trustworthy information concerning them.

Macedonia and Albania are the two great centres of unrest in the European portion of the Sultan's dominions, and whenever the Eastern drama is opened again it is pretty safe to prophesy that the first scene will be enacted in one or other of those provinces. That such an event is not very distant is a matter upon which few people acquainted with the Near East have any doubts. Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his speech before the Foreign Committee of the Hungarian Delegation on May 22, emphasised the gravity of the situation, and his utterances were everywhere considered as a proof that the state of things in the Balkan Peninsula is more critical than is generally supposed. This view is corroborated by the testimony of many competent witnesses, such as the Vienna correspondent of the 'Times,' whose recent letters lay stress on the dangers arising from the disorganisation prevalent in the Macedonian and Albanian vilayets.

Of the two provinces Macedonia seems to us to afford the more serious cause of apprehension. Maladministration has there reached its high-watermark. The economic exhaustion of the country is only equalled by the moral degradation of its inhabitants. Rebellion or utter ruin is the only alternative left to a population groaning under a yoke of almost unparalleled severity. That recourse has not yet been had to rebellion is chiefly due to the fact that

Macedonia is a house divided against itself. Heartily as the Christian races hate their common oppressor, they would rather be ruined by him than agree on a common plan of action. This intensity of racial antipathy and antagonism and the number of the rival races are precisely the features which lend such a peculiar interest to the study of Macedonia, as compared with Albania, and render it a source of grave peril to the peace of Eastern Europe.

It is the object of the present article to set forth the situation briefly, both in its administrative and in its political aspects, as it impresses observers who have recently had the opportunity of studying the Macedonian problem on the spot. We shall begin by describing the evils arising from misgovernment, and then proceed to discuss the relative position of the subject races towards each other and towards their masters.

First and foremost among the causes which have reduced the people of Macedonia to their present state of slow starvation must rank taxation. Official information on this root of all evil is naturally unobtainable; but it is possible on the spot to gather important details on the subject from the taxpayers themselves; and the conclusion forced upon us, after carefully sifting and comparing the evidence, is that the Macedonian farmer, under the most favourable conditions, cannot expect to enjoy more than one-third of the fruits of his labour. The rest goes to the payment of taxes.\* These taxes, heavy though they are, as seen on

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\* How great is this burden can be dimly realised from the following table, which does not pretend to be an exhaustive list by any means :—

For exemption from military service (*Bidel askerieh*) : 37½ piastres, paid by each male.

For repair of roads (*Yol parassi*) : 16 piastres per head.

On personal industry (*Tedjeret*) : 5 per cent. on income.

On real property : Buildings (*Imlak*), 4 per thousand on value. Land, 2 piastres per stremma (= 1,600 sq. metres).

If the buildings on the land are let out, the proprietor pays double the above.

Tithe : This tax varies from 10 to 15 per cent., according to kind, the average being 12½ per cent., and reaches its height of iniquity in the case of vines; first, a duty of 12½ per cent. is levied on the grapes, then 15 per cent. on the wine pressed therefrom, and, lastly, an additional impost of 15 per cent. has to be paid for the arrack distilled from the skins of the same grapes. So it really amounts to 42½ per cent.

Further, an export duty of 8 per cent. is levied on all kinds transferred from one district to another.

paper, are further aggravated by the thousand and one methods of extortion so well known to the Turkish tax-gatherer and tithe-farmer.

The military tax, which is but another name for the obsolete capitation tax (*Kharadj*), theoretically applies only to those Christian males who are able to bear arms. The age limit is from fifteen to seventy. But, as though this were not enough, every Christian male is made to pay the tax from the moment of his birth to that of his death, and even after. The way in which the impost is levied is very characteristic: the number of houses of a certain village is multiplied by 5, the total thus obtained is divided by 2, and one-half is taken as representing the male population. This number is again multiplied by  $37\frac{1}{2}$ , and the result arrived at in this delightfully primitive fashion represents in piastres the lump sum which the village must pay annually in order to obtain exemption from a service into which no Christian is allowed to enter. The same method, or want of method, applies to the assessment of all taxes alike.

The road-tax is a substitute for the *corvée* of olden times. It is regularly collected, but never devoted to its avowed object. Roads, in the civilised sense of the term, are unknown in Macedonia. Goat tracks and river beds are the usual equivalents. Indeed, road and river often are convertible terms, as the road of to-day is often the river of to-morrow, and *vice versa*. Bridges are only suffered to exist in the shape of picturesque ruins. Floods are the inseparable companions of spring, and not unfrequently they sweep away whole villages, which have to be rebuilt every year.

The tax on industry was established with the view of

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All the above taxes were increased by an addition of 6 per cent. since 1900.

Of minor duties on produce need only be mentioned the weighing fee of  $\frac{1}{2}$  piastre per load of 100 okes.

On live stock (*Djileb parassi*): ranging between 2 and 6 piastres per head of cattle.

Education tax: 2 per cent. on income.

To these must be added the ecclesiastical taxes, or bishop's rates (*Despotikoi phoroi*), the principal of them being a duty of 15 piastres per 'married couple.'

The piastre is equal to a little over 2*d.*, and the Turkish pound (*lira*) to about 18*s.*, but their real value, in view of the extreme scarcity of either coin, is considerably greater than that of the English equivalents.

furnishing a fund for the erection of public works. In point of fact it is generally appropriated by the local officials as compensation for the arrears due to them by the Treasury. It is assessed by an arbitrary estimate of the individual's income, and varies according to the humour of the collector. The same remark holds true with regard to the valuation of real property. A little transaction coming under our personal observation threw considerable light on the ways and means by which those who can afford it may be let off. An individual, for whose veracity we can vouch, had just built a cottage at Salonica worth about £T 300. One morning there came a message couched in these obliging terms: 'Dear Sir,—Would you like to have your house 'appraised at £T 150?' The owner naturally enough answered that he had no objection to such an arrangement. Soon after the *Moukhtar* appeared, and smilingly said that it could be done for a consideration. A bargain ensued, and the owner, by paying down £T 1 to the collector, saved himself £T  $\frac{3}{4}$  per annum for all time. From this instance one can form an idea as to the scale on which systematic fraud must be carried on. It can safely be asserted that wealthy men suffer least from extortion. It is the small freeholder who, being too poor to offer a satisfactory *bakshish*, is usually made to pay for the sins of his betters.

It would be both tedious and superfluous to multiply examples of extortion on the one hand and corruption on the other. A few figures will suffice to render the independent farmer's position clear:—

Tithe . . . . .	12½ per cent.
Imperial taxes . . . . .	15 „
Export duty . . . . .	8 „
	<hr/>
	35½

It must be noted that the tithe is invariably raised to 25 per cent. and more by the tax-farmers. These worthies often refuse to accept payment in kind, and appraise the crop—while still standing in the field—with a keen eye to their own interest. If the owner protests, and refuses to capitulate, they go away, leaving the produce exposed to the mercy of the weather, until the peasant is brought round to a more practical view of the situation. The inevitable *bakshish* helps to raise the other figures in like manner, so that it would be nearer the truth if we estimated the farmer's liabilities at 70 per cent. of his income.

Thus fares the freeholder. The landless tenant is even worse off. He generally works on what is technically known as the metayer system. That is, he pays either one-half or one-third of the produce—according to agreement—to his landlord, who in the vast majority of cases is a Turkish Bey or Agha. The estimation of the crop is left entirely to the landlord's clemency. The latter, when harvest is just over, makes his appearance on the *tchiflik*, accompanied by a body of armed satellites, and proceeds to lay hands on as much of the produce as he chooses to consider himself entitled to. Protests and prayers are unavailing. The peasant, next to eternal punishment, dreads nothing so much as this day of reckoning with his earthly master. Necessity has sharpened his wits, and he often exhibits a marvellous fertility in the invention of expedients. The use of underground cellars is not unknown to him. Nor is he blind to the advantage of a swift-footed steed capable of carrying some portion of his hard-earned crop out of harm's way. But fortune does not always favour the efforts of genius. Besides, Turkish landlords, like H.M. school inspectors, have an embarrassing partiality for 'surprise visits,' and the unfortunate peasant is at the best content if he has managed to conceal enough to keep himself and his family on short commons through the winter. What really tries his ingenuity to the utmost is the all-absorbing need to provide as much as will satisfy the tax-gatherer, and, tossed as he is from pillar to post, he often has to appeal to the local authorities to come and claim the tax before the landlord's arrival. He knows that of the two the latter is the lesser evil. The landlord will flog him, but cannot put him in prison, whereas the tax-gatherer can do both.

‡ It would hardly be overdrawing the picture if the proceedings were described as a lively game at football in which the peasant stands for the ball, while the tax-gatherer and the landlord, with their respective myrmidons, figure as the rival teams. By the time the match is over both sides are rather the worse for the scrimmage, but neither is in half as pitiable a plight as the much-kicked human ball.

The time when taxes fall due is, according to official regulations, the month of March—the beginning of the financial year. But in this, as in everything else, custom, or rather caprice, runs counter to law. At any time of the year the peasant is liable to be pounced upon for payment at the shortest possible notice or without any notice at all.



The cruelty and savage disregard for decency which attend these erratic visitations are sometimes impressed with painful vividness upon the English traveller. Last autumn the scene of the drama was Nigrita, a small but comparatively prosperous township in South Macedonia. The district, thanks to its position in an open plain, is little infested with brigands, and, as it is entirely inhabited by Christians, it enjoys a greater measure of comfort and freedom than falls to the lot of places with a mixed population. The *Mudir* and his few dependents, having found by experience that self-effacement often conduces to harmony, leave the people alone. The absence of the Turk was evident in the character of the inhabitants—in their open and cheerful countenances; in their unconstrained and vigorous movements; and especially in the genial and unaffected manner, equally free from adulation and from suspicion, in which they exercised their hospitality.

It was the season of the vintage, and the peasants were employed in gathering their grapes and enjoying in anticipation the pleasures of the juice 'that maketh glad the heart of man,' when one day a rumour suddenly spread through the village that the *Taxildars*, or tax-gatherers, had arrived at Serres, the seat of the Moutessarif of the district, and would on the next morning but one be at Nigrita. The effect of the news was instantaneous. All joy vanished at once, and a dark shadow seemed to have fallen over the place. It was the shadow of the vulture hanging over its prey.

The mayor summoned the council of the notables in haste, and they set about drawing up the lists of taxes and assigning to each individual his rightful share. It was a sad, yet somewhat amusing picture that those twelve red-capped, spectacled old men presented, as they sat cross-legged in a ring upon a mat spread under the shadow of the church belfry. Two young men volunteered to assist the elders in their work as secretaries. The registers were produced and opened upon two empty petroleum cases, which served as tables. The name of each householder was read out, his financial position was discussed, the sum deemed his due was marked down, and in default of blotting paper was dried with sand picked up from the ground. In this fashion they continued their work for hour after hour, shifting their mat as the sun shifted his position in the sky, so as to keep in the shade. A short interval was allowed for a frugal midday meal, moistened with new wine,

and then back to work again: time and taxes wait for no man.

It was all done in such a brisk and businesslike manner, with so strong a sense of the leniency due to age or physical deformity, and withal with so perfect good humour, that it was impossible not to admire, while pitying, those rustic members of a rustic parliament. No sooner had this 'council of elders' concluded its labours than the *Taxildars* arrived with a strong force of *gendarmérie*. Those of the inhabitants who had been unable to get the money ready at the notice given had to suffer for their remissness. The prisons were crammed with such ill-fated mortals, while the narrow streets of the village rang with the cries of others dragged thither to the accompaniment of blows and the cracking of the whip. The cattle of some, the mules of others were seized and confiscated. Those who had neither cattle nor mules were mercilessly robbed of their household goods and chattels. Neither the maiden's trousseau—the loved labour of many a long winter's night—nor the family meal tub was spared. Over and above this misery the men-at-arms were quartered upon the peasants, had the best of everything, and in return beat their hosts and insulted their wives and daughters. Finally, not content with this, they claimed a backshish before they could be induced to depart.

The picture would not be complete without a reference to the uncleanly troop of Jewish brokers and money-lenders who, like a flock of carrion crows following in the wake of an army marching to battle, accompanied the *Taxildars* in the hope of an easy prey. Nor were they disappointed. Besides the confiscated property, which was put up to sale and disposed of for an old song, many a farmer was forced by the urgency of the case to part with his crop at a nominal price. The Jew's ready cash was for the farmer the only means of retaining his liberty, and those who know what a Turkish prison is will hardly wonder at the peasant's anxiety to keep out of it at any cost.

What is the return made to the peasant for all the suffering he undergoes in order to pay his taxes? Simply nil. A tax, as has been stated before, is never spent on the amelioration of the condition of those who pay it. The sums collected, after having passed through various hands and helped to feather various official nests, reach the Treasury so diminished that they barely suffice to defray the current expenses of the Government. Such money as can

be spared is devoted to the strengthening of the military position of the Empire, upon which the whole fabric of Turkish tyranny ultimately rests. A look around the country is enough to satisfy any one that the Sultan is fully alive to the importance of a well-appointed and efficient army. Signs of extraordinary military activity are visible everywhere since the last Greek war. Old garrisons are reinforced and new ones created. The army has been supplied with Mausers; barracks and military hospitals crop up in unusual numbers, and by a peculiarly hard irony of fate they are built with the money of the Christians. So called 'Voluntary Contributions' are the order of the day. Every one has to contribute to the utmost of his ability, the alternative being imprisonment and flogging. Thus the slaves are forced to rivet the chains by which their own slavery is perpetuated.

The results of this criminal misuse of what in happier lands is considered a public trust are obvious to the least intelligent traveller. Want of means of communication and want of security have stunted production. Commerce languishes under the bane of heavy customs, which prohibit exportation and encourage foreign imports. Mines and quarries remain unexploited, and the earth is condemned to guard its treasures while the inhabitants are starving. On a rough computation one half of the soil formerly cultivated is now forced to lie fallow, while the produce of the other half in the presence of foreign competition hardly yields one half of the former profit. In travelling through the country the eye is everywhere met by the saddening sight of deforested mountains and of broad plains which, to judge from the luxuriant growth of the weeds which flourish on them, could easily be made to support three or four times the actual population. Bogs and marshes stretch unchecked over miles of land which, with ordinary drainage, could be turned into arable soil, instead of being, as it is, the prolific nursery of pestilential microbes and malaria. Scarcity of capital encourages usury, and the peasant proprietor, after one or two bad years, sinks to the level of a pauper.

Robbery is another cause of impoverishment. The peasant is plundered not only by professional brigands and outlaws, but by the very persons who are paid to protect him. No sooner is he out of sight of the *karakol*, or wayside guard station, where he has been forced to leave part of the produce which he carries to market, than he is as likely as not to fall in with some of the numerous gangs of Albanian

ruffians who, armed to the teeth, roam about the country in search of booty. To these must be added the bands of Wallachian shepherds, a nomad population who also enjoy the freedom of the plains. But the most serious and most constant danger to the peasant's peace are the many settlements of *Mooadjirs*, or Mohammedan refugees from the various emancipated States of the Balkans, who migrated into Macedonia from time to time, and who live by cattle-lifting, horse-stealing, and murder. Not unfrequently these gentry act in collusion with the Turkish landowners. One day an Englishman's muleteer left him in the middle of the road, saying that he had some business to transact with an Agha, or Turkish landed proprietor, in the neighbourhood. Soon after he returned, and, on being asked, explained that he had been to negotiate with the Agha for the return of two horses of his which had been stolen a few nights back. The Agha, of course, denied that he knew anything about the matter, but at the same time he hinted pretty clearly that he might possibly be able to recover the animals for the muleteer, adding that £T 6 would not be an exorbitant compensation for his trouble. He finally consented to accept £T 4, and the next morning, sure enough, the horses were restored to the owner by the Agha's own groom, who pretended that he had been obliged to look for them all over the country, and claimed a backshish for his trouble. It would be impossible to imagine an English squire of the present day acting in the same manner, though on the Borders hardly more than two centuries ago such a tale would not have been incredible.

However, all these grievances wax pale before the terrible pest of brigandage, which has done more than anything else to bring the country to its present state of desolation. Many are yearly driven to the mountains by the tyranny of the Turkish landlords, others seek in them a refuge from the clutches of Turkish officialdom, while not a few embrace the brigand's career from sheer love of independence. 'Better one day's freedom than forty years of slavery and prison' is a popular maxim very frequently acted upon. The hope of speedy enrichment is also an attraction which goes far to minimise the risks of mountain life, while the slothfulness and the venality of the authorities inspire the brigand with the assurance of impunity. The ranks of these free agents of evil are further swelled by the creatures of the revolutionary committees who profess to be actuated by motives of pure patriotism, without, however, disdaining to

combine with them the pursuit of less ideal objects. The districts near the frontiers, affording as they do greater facilities for escape, are those most commonly infested with brigand bands, but there is hardly any part of Macedonia quite free from the scourge. Their activity begins with the return of spring, and for six or seven months in the year no man worth robbing dares travel in the interior. As a rule the greatest precautions are taken by travellers to keep their movements secret, and mounted gendarmes or private armed attendants are constantly employed. It can easily be understood that under the circumstances agriculture and commerce are extremely precarious occupations. The Turkish landlords are able to protect themselves, because they are armed, while the Christians, who are forbidden to carry arms, are at the mercy of every ruffian. The wealthier of them are forced to entrust the management of their farms to bailiffs, and are often satisfied if they receive one half of their income. Smaller proprietors, who are obliged to reside on the spot, do so in perpetual terror, and only save themselves by paying tribute to the brigands.

Brigandage is not in all cases a regular lifelong pursuit. Many resort to the mountains for a change from the monotony of the plains. The brigand of one day not unfrequently is a farmer the next, and a brigand again on the third. These amateur scoundrels are more difficult to deal with than their professional competitors, but, provided they are wise enough to enter into an agreement with the authorities before they leave the spade for the musket, they enjoy the same measure of immunity from persecution.

You hear casually, for instance, from a muleteer, how his friend had been sent to prison for having left his field in order to join 'a party got up for a short expedition.' Their operations were crowned with a success which they did not deserve. A rich merchant fell into their hands. They held him to ransom, and, having divided the spoil in a friendly way, they each returned to their homes and resumed their everyday occupations. But unfortunately they had counted without their host. In other words, they had forgotten to square the authorities, and the latter thought it was a good opportunity of doing a stroke of cheap justice. The others got wind of the danger and made good their escape; but the friend was surprised by the gendarmes in his field, taken to Salonica, tried, and sentenced to several years' imprisonment. To the comment that it was a pity his friend had not taken the authorities into his confidence,

the reply came at once, 'It was foolish of him, but then, 'you see, he was young and new to the business. He will 'know better next time.'

These words contain the key to the situation. Reciprocal benefit is the basis of this unholy alliance between the guardians of the law and its sworn enemies. It pays the authorities to connive at and even to encourage brigandage in two ways: first, it is a direct source of revenue, as they get a percentage of the profits; secondly, it affords them opportunities for squeezing money out of the peasants. An accusation of complicity can be brought against any one who has the wherewithal to buy himself off. If intimidation fails, torture is employed until the victim is forced to prove his innocence by the only argument to which the Turk is ever willing to listen. For this reason, although troops may be found stationed in all the principal centres, the brigands are seldom molested.

The causes of this phenomenal state of things are not far to seek. It should be remembered that posts in the Government service are, as a general rule, purchased. The usual course for a place-hunter is to betake him to the capital and spend some time looking about for a patron. When he has succeeded in his quest he proceeds to open negotiations with him for the place for which he deems himself specially qualified, or, indeed, for any place that happens to be on sale. The place found, he steps into it, and henceforth his only care is how to make by it enough money to satisfy the claims of his patron and his own cupidity. In this manner a numerous and daily increasing bureaucracy of needy and greedy employés is recruited.

Needless to say that justice under the circumstances simply means the survival of the richest, and that a lawsuit generally ends in a trial of rival purses, the longest invariably carrying the day. The all-pervading nature of official corruptibility was never brought so vividly home to the writer as when one day he had a public functionary introduced to him as 'the only man in the Sultan's service who 'had never been known to "eat money,"' that being the local phrase for accepting a bribe. The astonishing part of it was that the man, instead of resenting the doubtful compliment, acknowledged it with a smile which plainly showed how far he deserved it. But let us try to be just to these creatures of a system corrupt beyond redemption. The fault is not wholly theirs, and great sinners as they are they are more sinned against than sinning. From the

highest to the lowest they all are robbed at headquarters, and are, therefore, forced by sheer instinct of self-preservation to rob those over whom an impartial Providence has ordained that they should rule. Even when they do receive their salary it is curtailed by a percentage deducted as a 'voluntary contribution' towards the needs of the Treasury.

Institutions which in other countries are regarded as unalloyed blessings are in Turkey turned into instruments of oppression and extortion. Such is, for instance, the Post Office. All letters committed to the official messengers who carry on the postal service in the interior of the country are opened and minutely examined. This process is repeated at every station through which the letter has to pass, and by the time it has reached its destination it is reduced to such a state of dilapidation as to be valueless. The accidents to which a packet is liable are in direct ratio to the value of its contents. If it contains money or money's worth, the chances against its safe arrival are multiplied in proportion to the amount. It is infinitely worse if the Turkish official's eye has detected, or thought that it has detected, some treasonable allusion in a letter. In that case both sender and recipient are immediately arrested as suspects and—held to ransom. There are numerous instances of persons sentenced to long periods of imprisonment and exile, on no better evidence than that supplied by an ambiguous or careless phrase in a letter, and still more common are the cases where such an accusation is brought forward simply as a pretext for extortion.

Whatever the Turk does and whatever he leaves undone, they both lead to the conclusion that his object is to kill the goose which lays the golden egg, and the only wonder is that he has not yet succeeded in attaining his end. An old farmer, with the shrewdness peculiar to his class, summed up the whole situation in these words: 'The Sultan, sir,' said he, shaking his grizzled head in despondency, 'is just like a bad tenant who knows that he will soon be turned out of his estate, and so tries to make the most of his opportunities. He will fell and burn down so long as he has a chance. What does it matter to him whether he ruins the estate, since he will have to clear out one of these days?' The old farmer in these words echoed the sentiments shared by all his fellow-countrymen. These people have lived for more than four hundred years on the hope that every spring will witness the tyrant's departure. It is this hope which enables them to bear the crushing weight of their many

wrongs, and surely no class of people ever stood in greater need of a sustaining hope than the peasants of Macedonia.

We have hitherto endeavoured to draw a faithful picture of the poverty, the oppression, and the thousand and one different ways by which the Christians are made to feel the bitterness of the slave's lot. The principal causes of the material exhaustion of the country may be briefly recapitulated as follows: a wretchedly framed and more wretchedly administered fiscal system; a corrupt and indolent bureaucracy; want of justice, of security, and of means of communication. To these evils must be added the moral degradation arising from the social subjection in which the Christian is held, from the insults heaped upon him at the least provocation, and from the high-handed insolence which always marks the Turk in his dealings with those whom he considers as so much property entrusted to him by Allah. The discontent which results from this state of unmitigated misery is intense, all the more so because it has to be pent up within the bosoms of the sufferers, and is not allowed any of those outlets which in other countries serve as safety-valves to popular indignation. Nor is it confined to Macedonia. The traveller sees eloquent signs of it in every part of the Sultan's dominions, and everywhere it is a source of danger not to be ignored. But in Macedonia this danger is further accentuated by the fact that the animosity nourished by the subject races against the tyrant is equalled, if not surpassed, by the hatred of those races for each other. Racial and political antagonism is at the bottom of this hatred which finds expression in the relations of everyday life, in mutual recriminations and denunciations to the authorities, no less than in frequent outbursts of open hostility.

The Turkish Government fosters this antipathy to the utmost of its ability. Its policy seems to be based on the principle *divide et impera*, and it misses no opportunity of encouraging a division calculated to weaken its adversaries. Since the schism by which the Bulgarians cut themselves off from the communion of the Greek Church, in 1870, religious fanaticism has been added to the previous racial antagonism between Slav and Hellene, and the Porte makes excellent use of this new factor in the Macedonian problem. By granting now and again to the Bulgarian Exarch the right of establishing schismatic bishoprics in important centres it advances Bulgarian interests at the expense of the Greek. At other times it pursues an opposite course



and enables the Greeks to score off the Bulgarians. The Servians and the Roumanians also come in for an occasional mark of favour, to the disgust of the others. In a word, the Porte's programme is to play off one race against another, and, by judiciously throwing a timely faggot into the fire, to keep the heat of hostility among the Christian elements at a convenient height.

This state of antagonism is of comparatively recent growth. There was a time when all the Christian races under the Sultan lived in perfect harmony. The names of Greek and Bulgarian, of Servian and Roumanian were unknown, and all national designations were sunk in the one name *Roum*, just as all national distinctions were sunk in a common allegiance to the orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople. This ecclesiastic was regarded by the Turkish Government as the spiritual head of all the Christian subjects (*rayahs*), irrespective of origin or language, and was held responsible for their good behaviour. The Christians, on their part, looked upon the Patriarch as a common father and common guardian of their rights, in the same way as they looked upon the Sultan as their common tyrant. It is to the credit of the Greek Church that, in spite of the extraordinary opportunities for national amalgamation and absorption which it possessed, it never attempted to rob any of the races within its pale of their language and their national character. It insisted on the Bible being read in the original tongue, but that was due to the conservative spirit common to the Western no less than the Eastern portions of the Catholic Church, and not to any political motive. Had it abused its spiritual authority for the attainment of temporal ends, there would be no Macedonian question now, except in so far as the relations between Christian and Mohammedan are concerned. Thus for many a long century there was no national difference to set one Christian against another. They all lived at peace with each other, bound together by common interests and common hatreds. But there came a day when these bonds were rent asunder. This was the day on which one province after another gained its independence. Emancipation awoke the national sentiment and the desire for expansion. As none of the new-born States had been allowed to embrace within their frontiers the whole of their respective races, they all began to strive towards extending to the brethren left in slavery the blessings of liberty which they themselves had tasted. The Greeks naturally considered the work of inde-

pendence incomplete so long as the majority of their fellow-countrymen remained under the Turkish yoke. The Bulgarians had also reason to claim several thousands of Slavs beyond the boundaries of their principality, and so had the Servians. This legitimate ambition gradually gave birth to a number of propagandas, each bent on arousing the national sentiment and strengthening the interests of their several races.

To the Bulgarian and Servian propagandas in Macedonia was later added a Roumanian mission with a similar end in view. What business the Roumanians really have in Macedonia is a mystery to the uninitiated. The geographical position of Roumania precludes the hypothesis that she aspires to territorial expansion in that direction. The only possible explanation of Roumanian activity in Macedonia is that she wants to establish claims on the country, that she may have on the day of the distribution of prizes something to offer in exchange for acquisitions nearer home. But, be the motive what it may, the fact remains that the Roumanians, though less successful than the other aspirants, are equally energetic in their efforts to create a strong Roumanian interest in Macedonia. The Koutzo-Wallachian communities scattered over parts of Macedonia (chiefly in the west and south-west) are claimed by them as members of their own race. But the relationship, doubtful at the best, seems to be all on one side. The Koutzo-Wallachs, with some few exceptions, stoutly refuse to recognise any ties of blood between themselves and the inhabitants of Roumania. The origin of these tribes, which speak an idiom closely akin to Latin and largely mixed with Greek, and which have led from time immemorial a normal shepherd's life, is an historic puzzle better left to the investigations of the learned. What concerns the political student is the fact that no effort of the Roumanian propaganda has as yet succeeded in evoking the faintest echo of responding enthusiasm or sympathy on their part. The Koutzo-Wallachs have indignantly repudiated any connexion with the Roumanian 'brethren' across the Danube, and have emphatically declared their intention to remain faithful to the cause of Hellenism, which their fathers had espoused, and with which they have always identified themselves. The Roumanian propaganda founded schools and churches in various parts of the country, but it soon found itself compelled either to close them for lack of students and congregations or to support them at a cost out of all proportion to the results attained. We may, therefore,

dismiss the Roumanian factor from the problem as of little or no practical value.

The Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Servians, however, cannot be dismissed so easily. Their claims are real, and recognised by very respectable portions of the population of Macedonia. It is between them that the struggle for supremacy has reached its highest pitch. Had they each confined themselves to separate spheres of exertion, there would have been no cause for collision. Unfortunately they have not always been willing to limit their activity within definite bounds, and in some cases they have found it impossible to do so. Both Servians and Bulgarians, and more especially the latter, have long entertained the ambition of reaching the *Ægean Sea*, and in their endeavours to accomplish that end they naturally clash against each other, and only agree in ignoring the rights of the Greeks, who stand in the way. Hence a state of perpetual and passionate rivalry between Slav and Slav on one hand and Slav and Hellene on the other. Apart from this chief cause of enmity the geographical distribution, or rather inter-fusion, of the various nationalities renders the work of impartial separation of interests extremely difficult. However, after a careful and cautious examination of the ingredients of this seething hodge-podge of races and languages known as Macedonia, it is possible to arrive at some more or less clear idea as to their relative positions in the cauldron.

Discarding the administrative division of the country into vilayets, and looking upon it as an entire unit, including the territory bounded in by the Bulgarian and Servian frontiers on the north, with the ridge of Mount Schar on the north-west, by Albania and Epirus on the west, by Thessaly and the *Ægean Sea* on the south, and by Thrace and Eastern Roumelia on the east, we get the province generally called Macedonia and administratively consisting of the vilayets of Salonica and Monastir, and the Sandjak of Uskub, which belongs to the vilayet of Kossovo. This appears to us to be the most moderate delimitation of the province, although some authorities would have the Vardar for its western frontier, while others would include the whole of the vilayet of Kossovo in it. Having accepted the above as the boundaries of the province, let us now proceed to form some idea as to the way in which the various nationalities are distributed over the area included within those boundaries.

For this purpose Macedonia may be divided into three parallel zones—south, middle, and north. The first comprises the strip which extends along the littoral to the Gulf of Salonica and the territory adjacent to Thessaly in the south and Epirus in the west. This is the only district occupied by a homogeneous population, and is purely Hellenic. The corresponding zone in the north is Slav, the Bulgarian element preponderating in the eastern and the Servian in the western portions of it. The intermediate zone, which forms the central third of the province, may be considered as debateable ground. It is in this zone that a truceless strife between Slav and Hellene is waged with unrelenting vigour.

In point of numbers the two parties are fairly well balanced, but, owing to their geographical position, they are so hopelessly intermingled that the labour of separating and sorting them would baffle the efforts of the astutest statesman and drive to despair the most industrious ethnologist. Language is not always a criterion of nationality, as there are many Bulgarian-speaking districts which yet side with the Greeks. The inhabitants of these districts regard themselves as Hellenes by descent, and account for their loss of the Hellenic speech by pointing out that circumstances had obliged them to adopt the language of the Slav labourers whom they employed under the Byzantine Empire, or of those who had been afterwards pressed into the service by the Turkish landlords. This theory is certainly countenanced by an impartial comparison of the two races. The Bulgarian is a bad linguist, and must have found it extremely difficult to master Greek, while for the keen-witted Greek it was an easy task to learn the language of the men with whom business transactions brought him into daily contact. The Bulgarian imposed his language by sheer force of stolidity, while the Greek lost his by reason of his versatility. Similar conditions produced a similar effect on the Christian populations of Asia Minor. Both Greeks and Armenians there speak generally Turkish, and, were it not for their religion, they might easily be mistaken for Turks. An examination of the physical characteristics of the inhabitants of such districts also tends to convince one that this explanation, in some cases at least, is more than plausible. The sharp delicate features of the Greek, though Bulgarian-speaking, peasant easily distinguish him from his less handsome and less intelligent neighbour. As an instance of this class of

districts may be mentioned the Kazza of Yenidjé, to the west of Salonica. The peasantry of that district, though using the Bulgarian language in everyday life, still support Greek schools and will have none but a Greek education for their children. On the other hand it is worthy of notice that there is no Greek-speaking population anywhere entertaining the slightest wish to identify itself with the Bulgarians by adducing a similar or any other argument in explanation of its use of Greek speech. The Greek language, wherever it is spoken, may therefore be taken as a conclusive proof of the national sentiment of the people, though the reverse, as has been stated, does not always hold. In other districts again one finds the Bulgarian language predominating in the open country, whereas Greek is the language generally spoken in the chief towns. Melenik, which lies on the very line indicated as forming the southern frontier of the indisputably Slav zone, is a case in point. In the country around the town one hears nothing but Bulgarian, while the town itself is almost as purely Greek as Athens, and the upper class of the inhabitants boasts direct descent from the Byzantine aristocracy. The dialect of this, as of several other districts, is an evidence of the general predominance of the Slav element among the agricultural classes, in contradistinction to the city population. The names of cereals and of agricultural implements, for instance, are mostly Bulgarian, while all words referring to the pursuits of town life are Greek. Occupation is also in many cases an index to nationality. The husbandman is often of Slav, the tradesman of Hellenic descent.

In towns like Nevrokop, to the north-east, and Petritz, to the south-west of Melenik, the two elements are mixed, and it is in such places that an insight can be gained into the fierceness of the antagonism between the two parties. Allegiance to the Greek Patriarch or to the Bulgarian Exarch forms the distinctive badge of either nationality, and the racial feud is identified with and intensified by difference in religious views. Last autumn, at Petritz, when the feast of the Panaghia, or Holy Virgin, the chief local festival, was approaching, the inhabitants were preparing to celebrate it with the usual *éclat*. There are two churches in the town. One of them has remained in the hands of the Greek, or Patriarch's, party, while the other has passed into the possession of the Bulgarian adherents of the Exarch. To the latter church is also attached the cemetery which once was the common burial-ground of the inhabitants. Since

the split of the community into two hostile factions the Bulgarians have ceased frequenting the open space where the festival used to be celebrated, and insist on holding their revels in the churchyard. The Greeks regarded this as an insult to the remains of their fathers buried therein, and hence originated a disturbance only quelled by the timely interference of the police. Brawls often ending in bloodshed were the order of the day, and even a stranger, by stopping at an inn or patronising a shop kept by a partisan of either cause, might have unwittingly drawn upon himself the enmity of the opposite party.

All the districts in these midlands of Macedonia present the same spectacle of violent antagonism frequently resulting in murder. Very characteristic is also the way in which the two sides assert their rights and try to advance their respective interests. The Greeks, enjoying the advantages of ancient prestige and of long possession of the field, generally maintain a defensive attitude, while the Bulgarians, acting under the direction of the Macedonian Committee, which has its headquarters at Sofia, play the part of aggressors. Their propaganda has for its object to tear away from the orthodox Church as many of its members as possible. Formerly they were content to pursue this aim by the establishment or the seizure of schools and churches, and by obtaining from the Porte concessions, which the latter was willing enough to grant in accordance with its policy of inflaming racial hatred among its subjects. But things altered lately. The recent financial crisis in Bulgaria curtailed to a very considerable extent the resources of the Committee, and has rendered the continuation of a peaceful and more or less legitimate campaign impossible. The local authorities, which were habitually bribed in order to lend their countenance or their connivance to acts of violence, could be bribed no longer, and the Bulgarians soon realised that if, owing to lack of funds, they closed their schools and ceased to subsidise the authorities, their cause was doomed. The patient work of years would be annihilated in a single day. They therefore changed their tactics. Cold steel was adopted as a substitute for silver, grown scarce, and a reign of terror was established. A draft of the regulations of the Macedonian Committee, seized among other papers by the Turkish authorities during the arrests of the Bulgarian agitators last February, throws a lurid light both on the extent and on the methods of that organisation. According to this document Macedonia was divided into a

number of districts, and each district was placed under the jurisdiction of a revolutionary committee with a band of brigands at its command. The commission of political crimes—that is, the assassination of dangerous adversaries—was expressly mentioned as one of the duties of these bands, and minute instructions as to ways and means were supplied. In short, their programme was nothing less than the intimidation, or, failing that, the extermination, of their opponents.

The Greeks, on the other hand, still adhere to the old plan of securing their end by means of education. Their schools, supported in some cases by literary societies in the free kingdom, but still oftener by the communities themselves, flourish everywhere, and the only fault that one might find with them is that the education thus abundantly supplied is not always directed into those channels which would produce the greatest amount of good to the inhabitants. Each of the bigger towns, for instance, boasts a Gymnasium, or high school, preparing youths for the university, and smaller places have lower schools, conducted on similar lines, whereas it would be more to the advantage of the country if, instead of a classical education which it can ill afford to support, more attention was paid to its agricultural, industrial, and commercial needs by the establishment of practical schools. However, this is an error on the right side, and Macedonia, so far as Greek education goes, is rather an over-educated than an under-educated province. In addition to intellectual superiority, secured by the maintenance of schools, the Greeks also enjoy the advantage of holding the bulk of commerce and industry in their hands. These two forces render Hellenism in Macedonia, as in most other parts of the Ottoman Empire, a civilising element of paramount importance.

The struggle between Greek and Bulgarian in the middle zone of Macedonia finds its counterpart in a similar struggle between Bulgarian and Servian in the north, and between Servian and Albanian in the north-west, while still further to the west the latter maintains an equally lively feud with the Montenegrins. How this war of races will end it would be hazardous to prophesy. They all aspire to supremacy, and they all, each according to their means and lights, work keenly for the acquisition of proselytes.

In contemplating the above elements of discord one must not lose sight of the Mohammedan population which is sprinkled all over Macedonia. This partly consists of old

settlers, some of whom, under the name of Konjars, date their migration into the country further back than the time of the Ottoman conquest. They are supposed to be the descendants of Asiatic mercenaries employed by the Byzantine Emperors in their interminable wars with the surrounding barbarians and with Frank invaders, and subsequently paid for their services in allotments of land. Another class of Mohammedans consists of the descendants of those who 'came over with the conqueror.' A third comprises native communities forced to embrace Islam at various periods in order to escape persecution. And, lastly, as a fourth category might be mentioned the refugees who flocked into Macedonia from the neighbouring provinces when the latter passed under Christian rule.

In default of trustworthy statistics the population of Macedonia, as delimited above, may be taken at about 1,800,000 all told. Of this number the Mohammedans form quite one-third; the other two-thirds are made up of Greeks and Slavs—the first preponderating—with a small proportion of the mysterious Koutzo-Wallachs, who, as has been stated before, for the most part identify themselves with the Greeks, an equal proportion of Jews, residing chiefly in Salonica, and a still smaller number of gipsies—a race representatives of which are to be found in nearly every district, some encamped on the outskirts of towns and others settled within them. The Albanians of Uskub and the adjoining regions are included in the Mohammedan third of the population.

The mere enumeration of the races which claim the Sick Man's inheritance in Macedonia is sufficient to show how difficult it would be to venture on a forecast as to the eventual settlement of the Macedonian question. The problem becomes still more appalling when we consider that, beyond and above those races, there are two great European Powers immediately interested in the fate of that province. Russia openly poses as the champion of the Slav cause, which, in the long run, is her own cause, while Austria, though in all probability entertaining no wish to increase her domestic difficulties by adding another heterogeneous element to her mosaic of an empire, is forced by her powerful neighbour's policy to act as though she aspired to a direct annexation of the country. The former attempted by the treaty of San Stefano to achieve her end, and would have succeeded but for the opposition of the Powers who took part in the Congress of Berlin. Austria, by the acqui-



sition of Bosnia and Herzegovina, has taken the first step southwards, and, by the construction of the Vienna-Salonica railroad, has paved the way to further progress in the same direction. At the present moment various considerations compel both Powers to maintain an attitude of self-restraint. But there is no doubt that on the first favourable opportunity they will pounce upon Macedonia with an eagerness proportionate to the length of their abstention. Meanwhile they each seek to further their respective interests by establishing rival spheres of influence among the Balkan States. Up to within quite a recent period Russia held Montenegro and Bulgaria as two pawns in the game, while Austria reigned supreme in Serbia. But after King Alexander's marriage the game assumed a new phase. That event disturbed the relations between Austria and Serbia to the advantage of Russia, who succeeded in ousting Austria, and, by establishing her own influence in Serbia, she added that kingdom to her other instruments of panslavism. Austria hastened to restore the equilibrium thus destroyed by entering into an alliance with Roumania, and by bringing about a *rapprochement* between that country and Greece. This *entente* between the two non-Slav States of the Balkans may or may not amount to an alliance, but in any case it is sure to serve the purpose of checking, for a while, the progress of the Slavs. It happened at a most opportune moment. The Bulgarian agitation had reached its climax. The economic reasons mentioned above forced the Macedonian Committee to show its hand and to precipitate matters. Possibly an understanding with Serbia and Montenegro also had some influence in its determination to bring the Macedonian question before the eyes of Europe. By frequent assassinations, both of Greeks and Mohammedans, it hoped to provoke reprisals on the part of the former and a massacre by the latter. In such a case, it was expected, Europe would intervene, and through Russia's influence settle the question in favour of the Slavs. Unfortunately for the calculations of the Committee the Greeks remained passive, and the Turks, availing themselves of Russia's preoccupations in the Far East, proceeded to comprehensive arrests, which made the movement collapse. The repressive measures taken by the Turkish authorities convinced the partisans of the Committee in Macedonia that the Sultan was too strong for them, and that they had nothing to hope for from Russia. This Power, being unable to aid the Slav movement at that

moment, disavowed it, and joined the other Powers in counselling a peaceful policy to Bulgaria and in permitting a free hand to the Sultan. The consequences of this attitude were disastrous for the Macedonian Committee. Many of its followers, seeing that its power for good or for evil was on the wane, deserted its ranks, and others who had been forced to join by sheer terror thought the present a good opportunity for declaring their real sentiments. Things were at this point when the Græco-Roumanian understanding came to deal a fresh blow to the Slav cause. The object of this *entente* is to preserve the *status quo* in Macedonia, and resist all proposals of reform so long as there is any danger that reform might favour the interests of the Slavs to the prejudice of the other nationalities. This policy is certain to be successful for the present, although it is equally certain that we have not yet heard the last of the Macedonian Committee.

Meanwhile the only party who really gains by this state of affairs is Turkey. While the subject races and their champions stand eyeing each other askance the Sultan reaps the fruits of their mutual jealousies and prolongs his stay in Europe to their common detriment.

ART. VIII.—*The Child and his Book.* By Mrs. FIELD.  
London: Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1891.

IN these later days, when one publication follows upon the heel of another, and when each work of current fiction, eagerly demanded and received with acclamation, gives place to its successor and passes with ever accelerating speed into the limbo of forgotten books, the novel of classical reputation survives rather as a tradition than as a living influence. From 'Clarissa Harlowe' to 'Marius the Epicurean,' the immortality of the classic is for the general reader the perpetuation not of the book but of its fame. Its vitality is merely the vitality of a name. Richardson may claim his specialists, Fielding his. Miss Austen has her devotees, to whom her characters and dialogue are familiar as the plays of Shakespeare or the Homeric epic. George Eliot is an intellectual cult. Scott is—must we acknowledge?—a dying enthusiasm. And if Thackeray is still fully appreciated by one class of readers, and Dickens—as much by virtue of his demerits as by virtue of his genius—still appeals to the wider audience of public libraries and penny readings, they are exceptions, and disprove little. In the favour of the ordinary novel reader, the novel of the hour, whose success is as ephemeral as, for that hour, its interest is engrossing, is an all-potent rival to the classic of bygone years, and while the classic rests dustily upon the shelf, the book of the week circulates by thousands, and novelty records one more triumph over worth.

But if the classic of the grown-up world lives rather in the renown of its reputation than in the knowledge of its contents, the schoolroom classic—boy and girlhood possessing, it may be, some strain of conservatism lacking to maturity—retains a living vitality which the caprice of invading fashions leaves virtually intact. It is of course apparent that the schoolroom is not sole arbiter in its own literary market. 'You,' wrote Charles Lamb, *à propos* of his *Travels of Ulysses*, to William Godwin when the philosopher was applying his philosophy to the production of juvenile books—'you, or some other wise man, I have often heard say, "It is children that read children's books when they are read, but it is parents that choose them."' Yet, if the judgement of the book-buying authorities is the primary agent in the acceptance of this or that volume, that judgement itself more often than not is evolved from childhood's memories. If the classi-

cal imprimatur proceeds from the arbitrant above, its genesis may still be traced to a pre-existent schoolroom. The re-read story which stamped itself upon the donor's imagination in his own youth, or the story which he takes as resembling the probably extinct favourite, is selected as the gift-book for the new generation, and it in its turn, and generations to come in theirs, will select according to no other rule. In this manner a classic, or a classical school, of child fiction arises, a product of past recollections blent with up-growing tastes, and by such processes books which fifty, a hundred years ago (and for schoolroom literature a hundred years may count as a hundred centuries) took their place in the first rank, retain it to this day.

Moreover, if the purchaser and chooser of books does in truth belong to 'the years that run down the hill,' the child-recipient has a scarcely less weighty power—not of choice, but of rejection. It may be said all, and certainly much that is utterly valueless, comes as grist to the mill of any eager child-reader. But it is also true that while for the most part, always granted the child be of the reading order, any new book will secure its reading, while, so to say, ten books will be read, only one among the ten—even so the proportion is overstated—will be re-read ten or half ten times. And each new generation brings its own demands, it exacts its own ideals, and to a modified degree imposes its own fashions upon the literature submitted to its choice.

One element, however, conducing to the mutability of popularity in other departments of literature is with children partially non-existent. With the elder world style, the manner of expression, is of almost paramount importance; not the thing written but the writing of it is a main, sometimes a solitary, always an essential factor, in success. And perhaps nothing has more unexpected developments, nothing suffers such swift eclipse as the particular flavour attaching itself to that use and arrangement of words which constitutes a style. In course of a decade, or less, the language which impressed one generation changes into pomposity; custom can profane, in an inconceivably short space of years, words and epithets which were the written symbols of the simplicity and dignity and strength of passion to the basest usages of vulgarised emotion. Every day bears new witness to the fact that all particular and individual excellences in verbal modes are affected irrevocably by the taint of common appropriation. Words change their level, language loses its caste, and the novelist's diction must

perpetually conform to fresh standards, and ideas must re-apparel themselves in modern dress.

All such re-apparelling is of secondary import when the sphere is not the drawing-room but the schoolroom. The manner of narration is at a discount so long as it conforms to certain well-established rules in directness of progression, vividness of presentment, and simplicity of construction. So the story in episode and incident arrests the attention and stimulates the curiosity of the child, the telling of it remains a means to an end, and language is relegated to play the part of a mere conveyancer of facts. Further, one root quality which underlies the art of the successful child's book is the capacity of the author to appeal to the eye, to produce a pictorial effect, and tell his tale, as it were, with a paint-brush. 'The threads of a story [should] come from time to time together and make a picture in the web.' R. L. Stevenson says in his 'Gossip on Romance': 'The characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his finger in his ears; these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye for ever.'

Another secret of popularity is the adaptability of the incidents, or of some easily grasped particulars in the story, to a child's almost universal dramatic and imitative instinct. In other words, the story should be actable. 'Fritz, who is a great soldier,' says the Hoffmann teller of children's stories, in recounting the effect of 'The Little Nutcracker' on its schoolroom critics, 'was delighted with his name-sake's army, and the battle carried him away altogether. He cried, "Poo and poof and schmetterdeng and boom "booroom!" after me in a ringing voice, jigged about on his chair, and cast an eye towards his sword.' And Stevenson also, to quote him in another essay, has divined or remembered that the actor is inborn in the child. 'He works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting, he must rise, get something by way of a sword, and have a set-to with a piece of furniture, until he is out of breath. When he comes to ride with the king's pardon he must bestride a chair. . . . If his romance involves an accident upon a cliff, he must clamber in person about the chest of drawers.' And when—for this is more or less nursery lore—some few years

have passed and the primitive instinct to dramatise fiction is on the wane, a less elementary but nearly related instinct must be reckoned with. The story to please must be one into which he can throw his private personality. In the first instance he makes an obvious effort to bring the narrative into his own regions of action and experience; in the second, he puts himself into the narrative. A child is, in the realm of fancy, an egoist. A story into which he cannot project himself imaginatively will, we take it, remain a dead letter of the brain. He is invariably the central figure of his inventions. No hero is a hero into whose life he cannot inject a portion of his own, the fame of whose high adventures he cannot in day-dreams ascribe to himself, in whose glories he cannot feel some glow of participated and appropriated honour. Feat upon feat may be achieved by the adventurer of the fiction, exploit on exploit, heroism on heroism. To the child-reader it is all one whether he bear the name of Crusoe or Christian, of Jason in 'The Argo-nauts,' or of any hero of lesser fame. Still he paraphrases with unconscious plagiarism the 'anch' io' of the young Correggio, still the groundwork of his interest is based upon the assurance, 'I also am a hero.'

It is a stock-in-faith upon which books of adventure have traded for nearly two centuries of schoolrooms. When Grimm, Andersen, and all the fairy classics of the first ages of youth—the jewel age which antedates the golden, and to which we far more easily in later years return—are drifting into the unacceptable region of the unbelieved, realism in its first claims demands of fiction that it should present not maybe yet the actual, but the credible, the possible. It is then that the book of adventure has its reign. Worlds unrealised, unexplored seas, undiscovered countries, must figure in the tale, but worlds that may be thought to exist, countries with shores of solid rock, with bays, and creeks, and harbour—seas real ships might sail. And fiction must picture them plain with compass and map, longitude and latitude, and the full similitude of veracity.

And to supply such demand at the very epoch when the whole question of children's literature was occupying the attention of the authors and publishers of a day rife with theories of education and flooded with manuals for the guidance of Nature, in 1719\* Robinson Crusoe appeared, and attained in no long time that post of popular honour

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\* Mrs. Field's date 1714 is erroneous.

from which no rival in the field of schoolroom fiction has yet wholly dislodged it.

Whether the grown-up world, for whom Defoe wrote, would have perpetuated the renown of Crusoe without the concurrence of the schoolroom we may well question. The author was fifty-seven years of age when it appeared. He had twelve more years to live and to write. Yet of the 210 works, small and great, written during that lifetime of authorship, there is scarcely one—‘The History of the ‘Plague,’ ‘Captain Singleton,’ and, possibly, ‘Moll of ‘Flanders’ excepted—that has not sunk into the oblivion of the unread, certainly none, even among the novels following the track of Crusoe’s success, which would have served for the foundation-stone of a literary immortality.

The popularity of Crusoe was attested by the ‘Robin-sonades,’ which in Germany alone were produced to the number of some sixty volumes during the ensuing fifty years. But while the elder readers amused themselves with imitation and plagiarism, the younger had sighted in Crusoe a prey to be wrested from maturity for its own uses, present and future; and Defoe’s ‘*facsimile* of nature’ may be regarded as the prototype of that long line of books of adventure which in our own time added a new classic to fiction in ‘Treasure Island.’ Nor was Crusoe the only act of successful appropriation belonging to that period. A second raid upon works intended for the library of their elders resulted in the annexation of Swift’s acrid satire. ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ divested of social and moral significance, were incorporated in collections of schoolroom tales, the first adaptation to the exigencies of the juvenile library of the *Voyages Imaginaires* of French fiction, of which another satire, Cyrano de Bergerac’s ‘Excursion to ‘the Moon,’ was an earlier model.

‘The Travels of Baron Munchausen,’ the composition, in a literal sense, for much is borrowed, of Rodolf Eric Raspe, a German mineralogist—the charm of whose talents seems to have covered a variety of somewhat disgraceful transactions—followed in Gulliver’s train at the distance of some three-quarters of a century. It bore as its first title the name of ‘Gulliver Revived,’ and was as promptly adopted by the schoolroom. ‘Who is the author of “Munchausen’s Travels,”’ asks Southey twenty years after its first publication—‘a book which everybody knows, because all boys read it?’ It anticipated with its bold excursions into the marvellous the wonder journeys of Jules

Verne, much as another fiction, the 'Robinson Suisse' of Humboldt's tutor, J. H. Kampe, anticipated many desert island or desert inland tales of the type followed by the popular 'castaway stories' of Anne Bowman and Mayne Reid and Marriott. A conventional, if wholly ineffectual, attempt is made in one and all to preserve the tradition of actuality inaugurated by Defoe. That semblance of truth—which has caused 'Robinson Crusoe' to be classed \* 'as one of the 'great realistic books of the English language . . . an 'example of the possibility of rendering scenes wholly 'imaginary, and, in fact, impossible, truer to the apprehension than experience itself, by the narrator's own air of 'absolute conviction and by unswerving fidelity to truth of 'detail'—has, no doubt, been the endeavour of all succeeding works, so called, of adventure by sea, by land, forest, mountain, or within the circles of the Arctic zone. But writing, as later writers have written, avowedly for the schoolroom, the influence of the prevalent tendency to moralise or instruct has induced certain essential differences, apart from difference of genius, between Defoe and his copyists, which detract of necessity from their attempted realism. Defoe truly moralises, as was the fashion of his day, and he moralises at even greater length than those who came after him. But—and here lies the distinguishing mark—his hero is of that type now made wearisome by incessant imitation, which we may call the non-heroic hero. Integrity, indifference to gain, loyalty, courage, and generosity are the inevitable attributes the authors who write for a boy-public attach to their hero. Defoe's hero, although he is not altogether lacking in such moral qualities, betrays, and is intended, one must believe, to betray, deficiencies in all. One instance will suffice. The sordid selling of the boy-slave who had been Crusoe's comrade in captivity and became his companion in his perilous escape from their Moorish master, is an incident characteristic of the unheroic manner of Defoe's method. 'He [the 'captain of the ship who had taken both on board] offered 'me 60 pieces of 8 for my boy Xury, which I was 'loth to take; not that I was unwilling to let the captain 'have him, but I was very loth to sell the poor boy's liberty, 'who had assisted me so faithfully in procuring my own.' We all remember that the 'lothness' is overcome and that the 60 pieces of 8 find their way to Crusoe's money-chest.

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\* The Age of Dryden. R. Garnett, LL.D. Bell & Sons. 1895.



In this matter of the unheroic hero—which no doubt induces a certain impression of actuality—Stevenson and the whole Stevensonian authorhood have followed in the track of his great forerunner. The probable, all that belongs in character and episode to enhance verisimilitude, had entered into the soul of the nineteenth century in its decline. And if heroes are less heroic, so too waves are less high, mountains less precipitous, wildernesses less waste, deserts, if we may so express it, less desert. Realism has moved a step forward or—the minimisation of extravagances may bear another interpretation—authors are less confident of their powers to make the impossible true. It is no longer enough to be plausibly circumstantial in recounting the detail of the event, but the event itself must be introduced as a natural outcome of some linked chain of events, and the ordinary must be emphasised until it becomes a screen from behind which the un-ordinary may emerge unnoticed and unchallenged. In a broad way Defoe asks his readers throughout to accept a basis of radical improbabilities, though when once started upon that level little further demand is made upon the connivance of the reader's imagination. Mr. Stevenson, so far as it is practicable, eschews, or when inevitable reduces to its minimum, even such initial exactions. He barely asks his readers to enter with him into any conspiracy, and arranges his illusions of reality without their concurrence. In addition, the modern psychological method is called into play to enhance the realism of the scene. If we doubt the actuality of the events depicted, our doubt is allayed by the actuality of the portrayal of the personalities involved in it, and the always credible idiosyncrasies of the characters are made of as much importance in the development of the plot as the incidents, often incredible, of the adventure.

In pre-Stevensonian days, with some notable exceptions, the delineation of character as part and parcel of the child's story belonged to a different section of fiction; a section initiated by the 'Sandford and Merton' of Mr. Thomas Day, and by the 'Moral Tales' of Day's younger coadjutor in the field, Maria Edgeworth. In the eighteenth century the idea of a moral scheme had supplanted the idea of a theological scheme. The child-book with a purpose discarded the supernaturalism of the religious element popularised one hundred years earlier by Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It equally eliminated imagination and romance, and 'fable' was in its eyes synonymous with falsehood. Reason and

good sense, as agents in the formation of 'little Sir Charles Grandisons' and their feminine counterparts, were to reign supreme. That children's stories should have a moral bent was no new axiom. Tales of good counsel had existed for many generations of 'chap' books, doubtless read as much by children as by the 'common people' among whom they circulated. In these punishment followed ill-doing, and virtue was rewarded with as surprising a promptitude as, and perhaps a more unflinching ideal of brutal justice than, in the 'Parent's Assistant' or the 'Moral Tales' of Miss Edgeworth. But the aim of the eighteenth century was to do more. Its endeavour was to bring the new school of didactic fiction into close familiarity of surrounding, into common domesticities of circumstance and event. 'Blind to the joy of the half comprehended,' everything was to be brought home to the mind of the reader, at no matter what sacrifice of a child's faith and trust in human nature at large. 'Accordingly,' writes a just critic, 'we have the mean calculations of mushroom manufacturers, the dirty tricks of low lawyers, the personal animosities of their wives and families . . . with other scenes of domestic and professional degradation, put into a familiarity of form which is ten times more disgusting as reminding us for whose eyes it is intended.' The cheating attorney, the fraudulent servant, the coarse-grained fine lady, mankind in its most squalid and vicious shapes, were presented no longer in the hazy perspective of romance and fairy tale. The 'Arabian Nights' lay under an interdict—'Heaven forbid children being tempted to imitate the cabals of the Grand Vizier or the loves and intrigues of Schelsem-nihar and the Prince of Persia.' Instead evil bore the features and walked clothed in the garb of the next-door neighbour, while at the same time the whole literature was permeated by that artificiality of insincere sentiment which characterised English imitators of the Rousseau disciples.

From the perusal of Thomas Day's 'Sandford and Merton'—the inaugurator of the school from whose worst vices he is exempt—even the most book-loving of children would nowadays retreat worsted in the attempt. Day arouses more interest as the bold experimenter in a twofold and infelicitous endeavour to educate a wife (the unfortunate victims, Sabrina and Lucretia, both proved irresponsive subjects) than by his fame of authorship. But the name of his co-adjutor, Maria Edgeworth, has survived the fashion to whose service she dedicated her talents. A born story-

teller, the elder of a family numbering twenty children—Mr. Edgeworth, the educational theorist, was the husband of four wives in succession—Maria had enjoyed, we may believe, exceptional opportunities of schoolroom experience and schoolroom criticism. Her innate instinct for pictorial narration is stamped upon her writings; her leanings towards dramatisation, the more or less theatrical appointments of the figures who pass across her scenes, often the very stage properties of the scenes themselves, supply a make-weight of excitement to the millstone of the moral attached to the story. The white carrier pigeon of one tale; the volcanic doom, a Nemesis of eruption, overhanging the impolitic dishonesty of the little Neapolitan merchant in another; the buried treasure, and the groping beggar-woman with her bent figure, her pipe, and her sinister malice in ‘The Orphans;’ the fever-stricken gipsy of ‘Barring Out,’ were pictures whose colours neither the variations of fashion nor the lapse of years have effaced. And if we ourselves see little emotional value in the sentiment, a greater judge has pronounced otherwise. ‘When the boy brings back the lamb to ‘the little girl,’ says Sir Walter Scott, writing of Simple Susan, ‘there is nothing for it but to put down the book and ‘cry.’ While as moral teaching we may accept Miss Yonge’s pronouncement: ‘The minor morals of life have never been ‘better treated’ is her verdict; ‘... the good sense, ‘honour, and expediency of life are the theme. It is a high-minded expediency, the best side of epicureanism.’

Her lenient sentence can by no means be applied to the galaxy of moral tales of lesser worth which, from the last decades of the eighteenth and during the first of the nineteenth century, inundated English schoolrooms. ‘Tales of Truth,’ ‘The Educational Story-teller, calculated to promote virtue and render vice hateful by striking examples,’ ‘Tales Instructive and Entertaining,’ ‘Tales,’ by a Preceptor, ‘for the Instruction of the Youth of both Sexes,’ ‘For the Improvement of the Rising Generation,’ their names are truly legion, their record written only in the old bibliographies of children’s literature. Those of their authors, extinct authors of an extinct morality of selfish respectability and virtuous self-seeking, with all the roll-call of the anglicised ‘Contes Moraux,’ modelled on Marmontel, and brought into fashion by Mme. de Genlis, governess to the children and reputed mistress to Philippe Égalité, have now passed, we may well believe for ever, out of schoolroom knowledge.

What influence the moral tale exerted over the generations subject to its sway is a profitless speculation. It will probably always be the lot of current schoolroom fiction to serve as nursing mother to contemporary doctrinal ideals, religious or secular, whether most for their strengthening or their weakening is an open question. The danger is obvious. Ideals nurtured in fiction are apt to bear on them the stamp of their fosterage. Some diminution of austerity, some contagion of artificiality ensues, and the hypothetical developments of such literature may go so far as to reverse the intention of the doctrinaire author. His scheme of morality, like the creed of many a religion, may be obliterated by its own myths.

Howsoever this may be, the first wave of the revivalist movement of evangelical emotionalism displaced the moral to re-evolve the religious scheme in schoolroom fiction, and undermined beyond salvation the monopolist popularity of the Edgeworthian tale. 'The Story of Infant Piety,' Mrs. Field records, had made its first notable appearance in the works of a Mr. Thomas White, whose 'Instructions for 'Little Children' seem to have exemplified at their worst that curious feature of some of the later so-called 'Sunday' stories—which illustrate the breach of 'one after another of 'the Ten Commandments, without mincing matters.' They seem likewise to have contained the germ of the regenerate and short-lived child destined to play so conspicuous a part later on. In the 'Lytill Treatise of the Wyse Chylde' (printed by Wynkyn de Worde), the 'sage enfaunt,' aged three, already had anticipated some of the qualities appertaining to his lineal descendants, judged by the tenor of his final instructions to his elders and betters impersonated by the Emperor Adrian.

*Emperor*: 'Where was God before He made the world?'

*Infant*: 'In a wood, where He made faggots for to burne the and all these the which will from henceforth enquire of the secrets of owre Lord.'

The passage has often been plagiarised in jest, but, in all seriousness, that 'sage enfaunt' might have found himself outdone in spiritual arrogance by the sager infants of the school of religious fiction where Mrs. Sherwood's name stands foremost in the ranks of authorship. 'Henry and his Bearer,' the first of her Anglo-Indian stories, upon its publication in 1815 had an unprecedented success. But with the tales that followed, 'The Ayah and Lady,' 'George Desmond' (sug-

gested by a performance of dancing girls), and others of like nature, it is unknown even by name to the schoolroom of to-day. One, however, of her longer works—'The Fairchild Family'—remains as a lingering memory of childhood amongst elder readers, and from it we may arrive at some conception of what such literature achieved at its best, and how in the American school of Miss Wetherell's 'Wide, Wide World,' its tradition has been recast, rejuvenated, and supplemented.

As portraiture of everyday country and home life of a family of middle-class gentlefolk, the story is clearly and vigorously outlined with real—although too rarely indulged—touches of humour. This, with a keen sense of sympathy for the unprohibited pleasures of childhood, the excellent descriptions of country pastimes, of the healthy companionship of child with child in play and in mischief, of the ingenious misadventures of the less virtuously disposed, give a variety and animation which redeems the overcharged reprobation of microscopic sins, which, as 'Bard Ethel,' of the Irish poet, sings,

'. . . give unto God the eye  
(Unmeet the thought) of the humming fly.'

While, from another point of view, it may occur to some readers that were it possible by a stretch of imagination to translate the piety of 'The Fairchild Family' into some far remoter region of time and place, to read this—to us wearisome—record of religious middle-class English home-life, in the same spirit as that in which we should decipher a parallel record of ancient Egyptian or Hindoo civilisation, we might chance to find both beauty and dignity in the tedious reference of all the trivialities of common occurrences to the intervention of spiritual influences emanating from a supreme All Father, and from the miracle-working words of some psalter of divine magic.

But if 'The Fairchild Family' chronicle may be taken as a kindly example, in its earlier and less remembered phase, of what came to be distinguished as the 'Sunday story,' Miss Wetherell's works only some twenty years ago were at the zenith of a wide-spread popularity. 'The Wide, Wide World,' the last notable instance of that particular school of fiction, may be said still to retain an almost classical fame amongst one section of readers. Miss Wetherell attempted, as Mrs. Sherwood before her, and both were writers of talent, to centralise the interest of her tales of American country life on the religious experiences of her

very precociously pious heroines. The new ingredient in the American story was the introduction of a second element of precocity in the prematurely sentimental attachments of the little girls to the heroes—usually senior to them by many years. Thus ‘The Wide, Wide World,’ ‘Queechy,’ ‘Melbourne House,’ and its continuations, beginning as children’s stories, end as quasi-novels, and leave upon the reader a rather sickly impression of the combination of the sentimental with the religious emotionalism. Freshness and grace of treatment they nevertheless possess, a charm of detail united with a real delicacy and refinement of colouring, and often a lightness and gaiety of dialogue, which go far to justify the measure of favour they have retained even among children of this generation.

Evangelical fiction was, however, destined at the very epoch of its earlier triumphs to find itself confronted with a formidable rival on its own territory of emotional religion. In 1844 the ‘Quarterly’ hailed with satisfaction the rising ‘of a class of religious books where the fancifulness of the story or the remoteness of the time did away with that so-called truth for which a child’s mind is not ripe.’ It was a class owing its existence in the main to the Tractarian movement, of which it was a faithful reflex. But while the new venture in the realm of juvenile fiction was likewise a venture with a purpose primarily doctrinal, it differed both from the moral and the evangelical tale, in so far as its productions trenched upon wider and more varied fields of general interest. It touched life at more points. It sought as allies art, romance, and history. Symbolism, with all its sacred images, its outward insignia of faiths, re-reigned in the churches; colour and sound reconquered a place in worship swept bare by Puritan fervour. Men regarded childhood itself from another standpoint. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration lay with a lighter yoke upon the schoolroom than that of the ‘desperately evil heart’ of the unconverted infant. And if the re-reformed Church enforced fasts, it equally enjoined that dogma most congenial to youth—the sacred duty of rejoicing. The legitimated emotional excitements of revivalist conversions, convictions of sin, and ‘open deathbeds’ found a gayer counterpart in ritual excitement, in the glamour imparted to the external practices of religion. Links with the past were reknit. The long tarnished *légende d’or* of medievalism was re-burnished. Possibly the medievalism was spurious, and much of the gold counterfeit. But the zeal evoked for the

resuscitated forms of faith was as ardent as that of the Evangelical for his scriptural formulas. And, re-consecrating material beauty to the service of the soul, Tractarianism extended its influence and enlarged its boundaries. In like manner, basing itself on tradition, it summoned history to its aid, and the romantic spirit, at once the source of vitality and of weakness to Catholicism, was rekindled in tales of sainthood and martyrdom, drawn from the records of the early churches and re clad with a uniform of ecclesiastical idealism, while in the new atmosphere, with all its sacramental mysticism, that method of utterance to which Bunyan's solitary genius had given its immortal stamp became once more a chosen vehicle of expression for writers of cultivated talents and finely fashioned scholarship. Wilberforce's 'Agathos,' Adams's allegories, Monro's fantastic visions, tinged with the melancholy of his sombre imagination, one after another found their way to the schoolroom library, following afar off that greatest of all allegories produced by English prose, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

The 'Pilgrim's Progress' still stands alone and apart the prototype of all allegory, as Crusoe of all adventure. In its day it arose, as Southey writes, from the love of the illiterate to the veneration of 'those who are called the public.' And with Crusoe and Gulliver, the dream of the tinker has been termed one of the greatest of realistic fictions. Howsoever this may be, no one can recall the opening scene without recognising the power of the spell with which it has held bound generation after generation of readers—readers young and old, catholic, puritan, secularist, and religionist alike. 'I laid me down and dreamt a dream'—a dream, as more faithless eyes may interpret it, in a deeper sense than any Bunyan contemplated. But with that brief prefatory sentence the dream is lost in an illusion of reality, vivid as life itself. The figure of the man clothed in rags, the great burden on his back, his lamentable cry, that shadow of overwhelming calamity which tints with strange darknesses the familiar commonplaces of daily things, the neighbours' talk and the wife's remonstrances, all give the emphasis of mystery to that terror-stricken vagrant's flight. True, the long dialogues—the 'discourse by the way'—might daunt the untried reader, but children's eyes are singularly discerning, and, curiosity once aroused, their capacity for separating what is to them the gold-dust from the dross is unmeasured. Some instinct inspiring patience

tells them that beyond much moralising there await them fights and fierce woundings, and lions and dragons with scales like a fish and feet like a bear, valleys of hobgoblins, castles of giants, pitfalls, caves, snares, adventures with evil merchantmen at Vanity's Fair, where crimes of 'blood-red colours' may be seen as in a peep-show—entrance free—where the pilgrim will barely escape with life, and gallant Knight Faithful will die a cruel death. The City Celestial will bear for them the semblance of a Palace of Enchantment, and the Brave Country of Eternal Life will rise before them as one of those far lands which all heroes set forth to seek. And if, from older readers with dulled imagination, that elementary condition of popularity—actability—is hidden, let them read, in Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life,' how the Bronte pilgrims set forth in very deed to find the goal which lies beyond Doubting Castle, and met with many perils and much sorrow of heart thereby.

The 'Pilgrim's Progress,' despite its extraordinary success, gave rise to no specially notable school of imitation. But in the nineteenth century symbolic romance, both in England and in Germany, one distinctive note of the earlier allegory was re-echoed in more than one instance. That permeating spiritual terror which in Bunyan's own childhood had branded its mark upon his imagination, which overtook him waking by day and sleeping by night, overcoming him with despair, and causing him to wish—a strangely logical aspiration—'that he might be a devil that so he might escape the tortures of Hell,' a terror of which the exceeding horror clings to many a scene of Christian's wayfaring, re-awakened in two at least of the symbolic writers whose works were popularised by the Tractarian movement. Translations of La Motte Fouqué were in the forties issued side by side with such tales as the once well-known 'Lord of the Forest,' 'Iro and Verena,' and other works of the same doctrinal tendency. 'Aslauga's Knight,' an heroic romance of the North, susceptible of spiritual interpretation, was printed and circulated as an 'allegory' among the allegories pure and simple of Adams and Monro, and possibly served as a model to many other compositions in manner, phraseology, and atmosphere. But it was in 'Sintram'—the wildest spiritual fantasy ever conceived by man in the name of religion—that the modern allegory most nearly approached a popularity of classical duration, and in 'Sintram' terror is the master motive. The cry of Bunyan's ragged fugitive, 'What shall I do to be saved?' is reiterated in



Sintram's first utterance, with the fear accentuated to the verge of sanity. And in that dramatic entrance, the apparition of the frantic boy with his pursuers at the midnight feast of the Christmas revellers in old Biorn's hall; in his breathless appeal, 'Father and Knight, Father and Knight, 'Death and another are close behind me,' the gist of the whole story is epitomised with a brevity so many of Fouqué's writings lack.

Who of us does not recall the dread, transcending the dread of all other forms of horror, which belonged to that unshapen evil, the spectral embodiment of Bunyan's Dark Valley?—

*Christiana* : 'Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us; a thing of a shape such as I have not seen.'

*Child* : 'Mother, what is it?'

*Christiana* : 'An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing.'

*Child* : 'But, mother, what is it like?'

*Christiana* : 'It is like I cannot tell what, and now it is but a little way off.'

So, too, in 'Sintram' it is not on Death but on that unnamed and nameless companion whom we come to know under the vaguely suggestive pseudonym of the Little Master, that the terror-spell concentrates itself. From the first dialogue onwards, where the small, fur-cloaked, feather-capped snail-hunter, 'looking for all the world like a little 'bear erect on its hind legs, with a crooked horn on its head,' presents us with a semblance of the utmost materiality combined with a sense of the utmost illusiveness, the effect aimed at is—with a slow *crescendo*—the same.

*Little Master* : 'Young knight, brave young knight, whence came you, whither go you, and wherefore so afraid?'

*Sintram* : 'Whence came you, and whither do you go, the question is mine to ask; and what are you doing in our castle garden, you ugly little man?'

*Little Master* : 'Well, well! I am thinking I am quite big enough as I am. One cannot always be a giant. And what find you amiss in my snail-hunting here? Snails do not belong to the game your valour has reserved as sport for yourself. . . . I have caught sufficient for to-day—marvellous fat little creatures, with wise faces like men, and long twisted horns. . . . Will you look, young lord?'

*Sintram* : ' . . . Let them alone; tell me instead who and what you are?'

*Little Master* : 'Are you so bent upon names? . . . Let it content you that I am well acquainted with the oldest histories. Ah, if you would only listen once! But you are afraid!'

*Sintram* : 'Afraid of you!'

*Little Master* : ‘Many a better man than you has been so, only they would confess it just as little.’

The *Little Master*’s smithying feats in the guise of the dwarf-like warrior, his apparent dying on the battlefield, the terror which overtakes the men sent to bury the distorted corpse, again culminate in the recoil from the unknown, for questioned, no man can distinctly recall the features of the strange guest. ‘Neither chief, knight, nor soldiery ‘could accurately recall the stranger’s semblance.’ His apparitions, from first to last, with jeers and laughter, or cringing amongst the rank yellow grasses by the sea-shore, with Sintram’s last temptation and triumph, form a sequence of scenes which have few parallels in the fiction of romantic symbolism, nor can the calm of the final gloria, as Sintram rides home a conqueror to Drontheim, ever efface from our minds the haunted tragedy of his youth. That a book neither written nor intended for children should have been adopted for schoolroom use was doubtless due to the undoctinal neo-catholicism of the religious sentiment, as well as to the tone of purity—a purity almost transparent in the fearlessness and sincerity of its tone, characteristic not only of ‘Sintram,’ but of Fouqué’s other undeservedly neglected romances of love and adventure—the ‘*Magic Ring*,’ a treasure of great worth to any child possessing it, and the more rarely found volume of ‘*Thiodolf the Icelander*.’

Monro followed upon the same track. His allegories, unquestionably the most striking of their kind, read like visions seen under the influence of some spiritual narcotic. Monro is the Edgar Poe of Tractarian fiction. The very names of the several narratives recall figures and scenes which some generations ago literally haunted the dreams of their schoolroom readers. The ‘*Vast Army*’ has its magic-lantern slides of solitary sentinels posted among the recesses of shadowy mountain passes, where dimly outlined phantoms of evil glide behind the lonely watchers, and the bugle-calls ring with dying echoes faintly from the plain below, and the dusk and the midnight and the dawn throb with blind expectancy awaiting the final meeting of the adverse hosts. ‘*The Revellers*’ has its phantasms of guests feasting in palace halls, regardless of the grey pilgrim who sits, with warning cry, by the roadside, and of the sinister bow-bearers, whose shaft may never miss the life it seeks, to whom the palace doors open, and whose coming lulls the mirth of the flower-crowned throng, till, with swift oblivion, the feet of the dancers again tread their gayest

measure when the red stain of trampled rose-leaf and wine and blood discolour the whiteness of the marble floor. Or once more, in the 'Journey Home,' few who read can forget that other palace—that opium nightmare—a conception which, evasive as it seems in the sentence of descriptive criticism, takes conviction by storm in the gradual development of the story—the palace 'without a background.' The horror of that blank space of nothingness is unequalled perhaps by any other of *Monro's* sinister fantasies, and the sound of the chariot wheels falling on the strained ear which listens to the silence becomes a shadow of sound, but a very substance of terror. In days before the multiplication of cheap books and juvenile periodicals, and before the abolition of restrictions in the matter of novel, newspaper, and magazine reading had blunted and vulgarised children's imagination, the creations of *Monro's* brain—the brain of a poet, a dreamer, and a painter—afforded the child-reader that undercurrent of excitement which the successful introduction of the supernatural into fiction unfailingly supplies.

The literary movement, begun in allegory and continued in symbolic or spiritual romance, soon found a third outlet—the transition was almost imperceptible—in stories where historical backgrounds of persons and events took the place of the supernatural in removing the narrative from a too familiar approach to everyday life and common surroundings. Dr. J. M. Neale, author of 'Stories of the Crusades,' 'Tales of the Ancient British Church,' as well as of the far more striking quasi-novel of the French Revolution, 'Duchénier,' was one of the earliest, if not the first in the field where later Miss Yonge's ever well-beloved 'Little Duke,' 'The Prince and the Page,' and 'Lances of Linwood,' with, for elder children, her 'Chaplet of Pearls,' were to perpetuate the fashion of romantic historical romance for many a generation to come.

But while allegory and romance flourished, other currents, moral, realistic, scientific, and adventurous, of schoolroom fiction were widening and broadening, filling new channels and overflowing in many divergent directions. Stories of domestic, school, animal, or home life, of a changed tenor, succeeded to, if they did not supplant, the domestic moral tale or the tales of family life according to the creed of the religionist. Among the list of books commended sixty years ago by the 'Quarterly' reviewer in his survey of children's literature, while reprobating equally the evan-

'gelical handbook and the scientific manual . . . the one rendered as exciting, the other as superficial as can possibly be managed,' he finds place for Mrs. Argus's 'Adventures of a Donkey,' now forgotten, and Mrs. Trimmer's 'The Robins,' books 'which have,' he adds, 'saved many a nest from plunder, and warded off many a blow from the despised 'race.' To these later days have added many of like—and unlike—nature. Mrs. Gatty, her 'Parables from Nature,' 'Cruel Peter's Purgatory,' now, it is to be feared, out of print. Miss A. Sewell's 'Black Beauty,' and Miss E. Keary's delightful 'Wanderlin,' both recently reprinted, continued the chronicle of 'friendly beasts,' till, in yet more modern guise, 'The Jungle Book' carried away the prize as the animal book *par excellence* of its own century. In the Quarterly list, too, we find, among many books which have died the natural death of bygone fiction, not a few which still traditionally or veritably survive, as Miss Martineau's 'Feats on the Fiord,' 'Settlers at Home,' and the 'Crofton Boys,' the latter antedating a whole multitude of schoolboy records culminating in the accepted classic of 'Tom Brown's School Days.' The 'Copsley Annals,' Mrs. Craik's 'A Hero,' and Miss Sinclair's 'Holiday House,' where, despite its moral, for the first time children's misdoings appear rather as a source of amusement than reproach, obtained twenty-five years later a warm encomium from Miss Yonge,\* though one of the most attractive works of secularised child fiction, the brilliant little volume entitled 'A Runaway,' seems to have made no impression on literary historians.

A clear code of honour, truth, and courage pervades the whole of this department of the best child's literature of the period; with a reticent but avowed assumption of religion as the root and groundwork of all creeds of conscience and social law. A practical recognition of a child's capacity to apprehend and enjoy imaginatively what lies beyond the scope of his purely intellectual capacity is, Miss Yonge further contends, an essential principle of authorship, while, experience prompting, she adds that what lies beyond the compass of their emotional faculties should be prohibited ground. Love as a romance, thus she applies the doctrine, has its legitimate use in child-fiction. Love as an emotion should be set on one side. Her writings—those, that is, intended for schoolroom readers—illustrate her principles. In her own

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\* Children's Literature of the Last Century. Macmillan's Magazine, 1869.

works and in the works she commends, the primary purpose in the aggregate is that of affording wholesome amusement and pleasure to the reader, with, as a complementary and incidental result, the culture of a child's intelligence,\* the refining of taste, and above all the development of sympathy for Nature at large, for beast, bird, flower, leaf, and man, in the natural world; for what is true, honourable, and brave in the moral.

Other works of a less easily classified order had, even when, in 1869, Miss Yonge was occupied in tracing the genesis and progress of child-fiction, entered, or were about to enter, upon the schoolroom scene. As burlesque, Thackeray's 'Rose and Ring,' the coarsely comic parody of the true fairy tale of folklore, had struck a tuneless note, cheaply profaning, as it is the nature of caricature to profane, with 'broad fun, slang, and modern allusion,' those enchanted lands of Straparola, D'Aulnoy, and Grimm; kingdoms of shadowy primeval forest; countries where peacock kings and white cats reigned in glittering palaces, and princesses shepherded gold-fleeced sheep, and swineherds and cinder-lads dreamed dreams of royal diadems. Miss Yonge's criticism of such fiction, boldly contrary to the verdict of the grown-up world, would seem both just and experienced. Such stories, so runs her verdict, 'destroy the real poetry and romance of childhood, and foster that unnatural appetite for the facetious which is the bane of the young.'

Meanwhile Kingsley's 'Water Babies' revindicated with might the rights of imagination. It was the first notable example, since Miss Coleridge had published her fairy romance of 'Phantasmion,' of those narratives of serious fairy fantasy of which Miss Ingelow's 'Mopsa the Fairy' (again a book wholly worthy of revival) also illustrates the possible charm. George Macdonald's fairy moralities—moralities bearing much the same relation to the didactic morality of the eighteenth century as a mystery play to a school catechism—likewise appeared, diverging slightly from Kingsley's lines of thought and entirely from his 'open-air' atmosphere, but touching depths of feeling with as intuitive a sincerity and as sympathetically penetrative a spirit. And, once more a work impossible to classify, 'Alice in Wonderland,' the delicately handled extravaganza of familiar things, the daily bread-and-butter of common life, trans-

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\* Charles Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' Miss Keary's 'Heroes of Asgard,' Kingsley's 'Heroes,' Hawthorne's 'Tanglewood Tales,' are above praise for schoolroom culture.

formed (the reverse of Thackeray's process) into a playhouse feast of such fanciful adventure as a child's own dreams might weave, became with these the most brilliant type of books, ostensibly written for children, but whose most direct appeal would seem to be to the appreciation of children's elders.

To those same elders we may, perhaps, more entirely ascribe the popularity of another, and that an increasing, class of children's books so called. It is the class well defined as books not *for* but *about* children. That children and child-life are the subject-matter of a book does not, as people are apt to assume, make it a book for children—Miss Montgomery's overwrought 'Misunderstood,' where the sentiment, though not undiluted by humour, is as little desirable for schoolroom wear as was the tragic emotion of the Irish sketch, 'Flitters, Tatters, and Councillor,' or the delicate pathos of Mrs. Ewing's 'Jackanapes,' or, to cite no more, the heterogeneous reminiscences, gay and talented as they are, of Mr. Kenneth Graham's 'Golden Age.'

And yet, even in such passing judgement, hesitation and doubt creep in. Theories of an ideal of children's fiction have shifted too often in the past, far and near, for us of the present to offer any as worthy of acceptance. 'A union of the highest art with the simplest form,' suggested the 'Quarterly' reviewer. But the definition, however excellent, leaves a wide practical margin. Possibly the choice of such literature admits of no formulated principle. It can perhaps only be governed by the discrimination of those whose love is not only for the child but—and the distinction is of import—for the childhood. One constant remembrance should, however, regulate all choice—the remembrance that the chambers of a child's mind and memory are not infinitely capacious, that fiction belonging to later periods of life cannot enter in without displacing or barring the entrance to the rightful occupants of a child's imagination and fancy—a remembrance, moreover, that knowledge proper to maturity, lodged in a child's brain, anticipates the action of the years, bringing age where age is not, suggesting emotions, teaching facts for whose learning life is yet unripe, and developing that tendency to display, fostered by the vanity of parents, which is the hall-mark of what has been, in late years, designated the show-child. 'There is no degree of ignorance so unbecoming as the least prematurity of knowledge' is a wise saying, and would have fitted well with Sir James Stephen's memorable essay on 'Clever

Children'—children sans reticence, sans that instinct of silence which, as he expresses it, is the diviner dower of the deeper child-nature; whose cleverness lies in the incongruity of their talents with all that is by eternal birthright a child's. 'I like to read the fabulous histories about the histories of 'Robin, Dickey, Flapsay, and Peccay,' wrote Walter Scott's little Marjorie in her diary, 'and it is very amusing, for 'some were good birds and some were bad, but Peccay was 'the most obedient to her parients. "Macbeth" is a pretty 'composition, but awful one; the "Newgate Calendar" 'is very instructive; Dr. Swift's works are very funny. "Tom Jones" and "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard" are both excellent. . . . Miss Egward's tails are 'very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for 'youth, as "Lazy Laurance" and "Tarelton." But such inopportune developement of knowledge and criticism entails the irreparable estrangement of childhood's fairest possessions. Childhood comes but once in a lifetime. Further, strangely inadequate as it may seem, it is the sole preparation Nature affords for man and womanhood. To be—we might almost argue—in the sense intended by Nature, true man or true woman, it would appear that a child must be in the sense Nature intended, true child. A life defrauded, though but by a fraction, of such a childhood, however its gifts of precocity replace the loss, will always remain a life maimed and incomplete. And Marjorie, with her many successors whose reading is conducted on the like principles of 'admission behind the scenes,' presents, to eyes that see, something akin to the spectacle of an April pastoral degraded into the grotesque of a city street.

The question—as childhood emerges from the confines of the schoolroom world and advances into that borderland which is neither childhood nor yet maturity—becomes, so far as girlhood is concerned, one of the most difficult of problems. The reading of boys in its unshackled liberty is as a general rule of minor importance. Books are with them of far less weight as factors in the formation of opinion. Reading seldom takes a place of primary interest in the day's doings, there are more and stronger counteracting influences, and it is self-evident that for a boy fallacies derived from fiction are sooner and more stringently corrected by experience of the realities of life. With girlhood it is obviously otherwise, and where the dusk of childhood's evening meets the twilight of womanhood's first dawn, books, if the mind prove sensitive to impressions,

become silent but efficient agents of many unconscious developements, and the proverb of 'youth and white paper' verifies itself.

The difficulty of the question is enhanced by the fact that no fixed limit of years, no clear line of severance or landmark of time can be assigned for that crucial phase of life. 'Tel a vescu longtemps qui a peu vescu,' said the keenest observer of the human puppet-show; and the converse is equally true. And although the life lived be but a child's, who can divine with certainty when it has reached that receipt of custom where childhood pays its last toll and womanhood its first tribute at the place where two ways meet? The near ties of blood by no manner of means presuppose, as the world has long acknowledged, clear-sightedness of vision. To see too near and to know too much is as fruitful a source of error as deficiency of intimacy, where love, and it may be vanity, conspire to blindfold just appreciations of character. And for many a woman, the child, blood of her blood, soul of her soul, within the self-coloured circle of her home, shuts out all wider perceptions of childhood without the gate. The home-child becomes for her the standard by which all children are measured, while the standard by which all children are measured without is excluded from the home. 'Once a father never a god-father,' is a shrewd recognition of what is patent to uninterested spectators—the fact that close affections of blood-ties estrange the confidence of what we may name the guest-child, whose instinct will turn for full sympathy, not to the Leah of many children, but to the Rachel of none. However this may be, from both childhood keeps its secrets, and none more closely than the advent of that transformation time when the flower casts its spring petals and the seed-vessel of harvest prepares for the ripening—when, for such is the moral aspect of the phase, choice ceases to be a matter of mere instinct and obedience, and becomes by gradual stages a question of thought and will.

It was to meet the requirements of this transitional intermediate period that Miss Yonge most specially devoted her talents and experience in those innumerable and interminable records of family life, as she conceived it, of which the 'Daisy Chain' in England, 'Little Women' in America have been the typical classics. But, to paraphrase a well-known saying, there is the book of its own time, and there is the book of all times. To distinguish between the one and the other is by common consent beyond the capacity of judge-



ments too nearly contemporary. The judges are too much of their own day, life is too much intersected by the same aggregate epidemic tendencies. Common currents sway each seaweed on the sea surface, common influences bend each blade of the cornfield one way. There is an emotional communism belonging to certain periods of a century by virtue or bane of which all estimates are restricted in value, and can, except where genius itself turns critic, pretend to no universality of application. Yet, with regard to the 'Daisy Chain,' and still more with regard to other kindred works, the demand, if not extinct by any means, has suffered eclipse, and with it the fame of Miss Yonge and her fellow authors. Restrictions are, among a growing section of the community, on the wane. The principles regulating restriction are under revision. Romance as presented by Fouqué or Sir Walter Scott, to take two widely severed species of romance, had long been free of access to the schoolroom. Its pictures of life included in due proportion the good and the evil. But the very atmosphere and dress of romance made of such presentment a symbol, not an applied example, of life's actualities. Miss Yonge and her imitators worked upon another method. Eliminating absolutely and entirely, without hint of the reservation of truth, some aspects of life, symbolic truth was supplanted by an artificial reality. Miss Yonge's eliminations are now to a considerable extent disallowed. Knowledge which previously was veiled or withheld is now imparted with deliberate intention. Wisely, it may be as a simple lesson, a 'parable from 'Nature' of human life and of human affection; with a wisdom we may well doubt by means of plays and novels promiscuously seen and read, suggesting questions which, when once suggested, can only be dealt with by directness and sincerity of answer. Whether psychological fiction and problem-drama, whether, that is, novel-reading and playgoing, two of girlhood's most exciting amusements, are the fittest medium through which suggestions should be conveyed, through which she should arrive at her first apprehension of the most intimate relationships, consecrated or desecrated, of womanhood and manhood, is an inquiry with which at the present day men, no less than women, will do well to concern themselves.

Much may be plausibly urged on either side in the debate between the old and the new systems. But one factor in the dispute cannot be too often emphasised. Experimental methods are, on the one side, impossible. Knowledge

acquired cannot be withdrawn. While, on the other, ignorance, or that unapplied knowledge lessons of childhood impart, can be enlightened. When occasion arises, arising late or early according to the temperament and the surroundings protected or unprotected of each individual girl, ignorance can be amended without the aid of current fiction, and the omissions of Miss Yonge and her school can be supplied. Her pictures of life are misleading, not so much because they are untrue as because they are one-sided, and, moreover, no girl's reading is confined to Miss Yonge. The reading of history, of the great poetic, dramatic, and romantic classics, of 'Faust,' of 'Much Ado,' of 'Othello,' of Spenser, Dante, and the 'Mort d'Arthur,' with their fearless recognition of the broad outlines, good and evil, on which human life is fashioned, give, even to a child's conception of the world, breadth, veracity, and balance. In them ill is done and good also, the day cometh and also the night, and both are in the nature of man, and both are in the nature of the world which awaits the child's manhood or womanhood. In them sorrow and pain, and sin and death chequer the gold squares on life's chessboard; all must be met, suffered, or overcome. From such reading the child's mind and imagination assimilate that spiritual truth of conception to which the years, and the experience the years bring, give the individual body and form; and whatever may be the superstructure reared the foundation will need no relaying. Such manner of knowledge will prove a surer preparation for reality than any forcing-house of the emotions. And, to close with one more plea for caution, girlhood—to repeat the phrase—as childhood, comes but once in a lifetime. The compensations womanhood presents for its loss, a loss the precipitation of emotional knowledge indubitably involves, cannot be counted upon with such certainty as to justify its abbreviation. 'Puisque le jour peut lui manquer, laissons-lui un peu jouir de l'aurore.'

ART. IX.—1. *The Practitioner*. Tuberculosis Number. July, 1901.

2. *Tuberculosis*. The Journal of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption and other Forms of Tuberculosis. Numbers 1 to 8.

3. *Proceedings of the International Congress*. July, 1901.

**I**N 1899 an International Congress for the Prevention of Tuberculosis was held at Berlin. In the same year the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption was formed in England. The International Congress which met in London last July was organised by this society.

Valuable as previous congresses on the same subject have been, and luminous with the increasing brightness of the gathered foci of research, this most recent one will be for ever distinguished as having settled once for all beyond dispute the main causes of the terrible scourge which more than decimates the civilised nations, and the main lines on which the forces of prevention must advance.

The declaration of Dr. Koch was in a moment famous, and his conclusion, coming from such an authority, was certainly startling enough both to the majority of expert sanitarians, bacteriologists, and medical men, and to nearly the whole of the unscientific public, to be telegraphed in its bare rotundity to the 'clay creators' of the destinies of nations, to 'monarchs in their capitals,' and 'arbiters of war' against disease in every quarter of the globe.

The gist of Dr. Koch's pronouncement on the relations of human and bovine tuberculosis may be found in the following words: 'Considering all these facts, I feel justified in maintaining that human tuberculosis differs from bovine, and cannot be transmitted to cattle. . . . The infection of human beings [from cattle] is a very rare occurrence. I should estimate the extent of the infection by the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle, and the butter made of their milk, as hardly greater than that of hereditary transmission, and I therefore do not deem it advisable to take any measures against it.' Then he continues: 'So the only main source of the infection of tuberculosis is the sputum of consumptive patients, and the measures for the combating of tuberculosis must aim at the prevention of the dangers arising from its diffusion.' After pointing out the extreme danger to families from the sputum of a helpless patient in small overcrowded rooms at night, with

scarcely any ventilation, when, 'however cautious he may be, the sufferer scatters the morbid matter . . . every time he coughs,' Dr. Koch concludes that 'it is the overcrowded dwellings of the poor that we have to regard as the real breeding-places of tuberculosis.' These breeding-places, he declares, we must wipe away if we wish to wage our war against the evil with effective weapons. A further measure he lays down as recognised on all hands as effective is the instructing of all classes of the people as to the infectiousness of tuberculosis, and as to the best way of protecting oneself. The proper treatment of the sputum and the avoidance of ill-ventilated bedrooms and workrooms are the most important safeguards.

With the main part of these conclusions another great foreign investigator, Dr. Brouardel, who delivered to the Congress an admirable discourse in French, entirely concurs. 'The healthy house is anti-tuberculous.' If the germs derived from sputum 'fall in an ill-lighted damp house, they maintain their activity for a long time.' Densely peopled houses and rooms become centres of disease, from which the germs are carried to workshops and offices. 'The danger is in the sputum;' 'to expectorate on the ground is a disgusting and dangerous habit. Once the habit has quite disappeared tuberculosis will decrease rapidly.'

Here indeed, in brief, is the conclusion, full of hope and encouragement for humanity, of all the best authorities. As regards possible infection from flesh and milk, Dr. Brouardel does not go so far as Dr. Koch, and advises the regulation of slaughter-houses, care in relation to carcasses used for pies and sausages, and the boiling of milk, which is not thereby rendered less nutritious. It will be observed that Dr. Koch, in laying stress on the rarity of infection from the cow, does not deny its occurrence altogether, which he would do if he believed the organism to be quite distinct. He compares its frequency with that of inherited tuberculosis, which, we must remember, may appear in a great many different forms, affecting bones and joints and brain. The weakest part of his case is that which dissuades us from the maintenance of prophylaxis in regard to diet. It would be a great mistake, even if we were able to determine absolutely that bovine tuberculosis cannot infect the human subject, to relax any precautions, either public or private, against the use of contaminated meat or milk. The Jews have always, with good reason, kept up a careful system of examination of animal flesh offered for sale, and have pro-

bably thereby saved themselves from more than one kind of ptomaine poison. Moreover the regulation of the meat supply on the present lines will have the beneficial effect of gradually improving the conditions of crowding and bad ventilation which propagate the malady among cattle, and will so raise the condition and value of stock throughout the country. Tuberculosis and other diseases among dairy cows, now prevalent to a large extent in every county, and in almost every herd, would be very greatly reduced by care against contact with infected animals, by the proper periodic cleansing of the stalls, and better ventilation. The object should be to imitate as nearly as possible those conditions of outdoor existence in which, as a rule, tuberculosis does not occur. The second Royal Commission reported, 'Tuberculosis is almost unknown among those cows which 'are kept chiefly in the open air.' The old custom of milking in the field has much to recommend it, but is now generally objected to by milkers. Angus Smith showed many years ago that the air of cowsheds is grossly contaminated by foul dust and floating organisms, which drop into the milk-pails, and recent investigations prove that an enormous diminution in the number of bacteria in milk may be brought about by milking in the open air.

Other fatal diseases besides tuberculosis, and several more or less poisonous products, the result of bacterial growth, are communicable by means of milk. Epidemics of diarrhoea, diphtheria, and typhoid fever have many a time been spread by farmyard milk or by the watered milk of towns, and there can therefore be no question that if tuberculosis were hardly ever conveyed from the animal to man there would still be plenty of reason for the inspection of dairies and for care as regards the sources of our milk supply, and, lastly, for boiling all milk for ten minutes or heating it to at least 185° F., according to the excellent directions of the Association lately published in leaflet form. Thus by precautions against bovine tuberculosis we shall at the same time be saving a very large number of lives from other deadly infections.

Dr. Koch's dictum against the communicability, except in rare instances, of the consumption of the cow to man may be partly accounted for by the general prevalence abroad of the practice of boiling milk, for there can be no doubt that raw milk much more frequently contains dangerous impurities than half-cooked flesh. In England, where milk is commonly drunk raw by children, the pre-

sumptive evidence against it as a carrier of consumption cannot be disregarded. We know that a large fraction of country milk contains tuberculous germs—in Manchester, for instance, 17 out of 93 samples, in Liverpool 29 out of 100, in Cambridge more than 50 out of 100—and that cream especially contains them in large numbers. In fourteen out of sixteen farms visited by the Manchester authority there was at least one cow with a tuberculous udder. A very large number of experiments with different kinds of animals have shown positive results from feeding with tuberculous milk. The evidence before the Royal Commission gave ground for the conclusion that in a considerable proportion of cases children are infected from the cow. The cases of intestinal tuberculosis in young children fed with cow's milk have increased, while phthisis has diminished, and the increase has accompanied the large substitution of cow's for human milk among all classes. In Jersey, on the other hand, where only a very few cows are tuberculous, cases of *tabes mesenterica* are very rare. Positive instances may be quoted strongly tending to prove communicability. Thus in an institution in Scotland 30 per cent. in one year and 40 per cent. in another year of the total mortality was from tuberculous disease, apparently derived from cows with tuberculous udders; in Berne four infants in one house died from the intestinal form after being fed with infected milk.

We may take it, therefore, as nearly certain, until we have absolute proof to the contrary, that raw cow's milk infected from the tuberculous udder does account for a proportion of the mortality from tuberculosis in human beings. And in this country we have reason, from the important researches of Mr. George Hill, of the King's College and Great Ormond Street Hospitals, for putting the mortality of young children from tuberculous cow's milk at about one-third of their total mortality from tuberculosis. It seems, according to his computation, that the number of children under ten years dying in London from the disease is very much larger than the number certified in the Registrar-General's returns. That is, at least 6,000 every year. 'It is of the utmost practical importance,' he says, 'that we should appreciate correctly the relative frequency of the two great sources of infection; for until we realise that tuberculosis in young children, and especially in infants, is in the majority of cases the result of breathing infected air, not of swallowing infected milk, we are hardly

‘likely to adopt the best methods for its prevention.’ First and foremost he recommends thorough ventilation in the home, and several hours daily in the open air. Secondly, proper regulation of cowsheds, and until this is attained pasteurisation or heating of milk to the boiling-point, followed by rapid cooling. The proportion of milk infection to air infection arrived at by Mr. Hill is remarkably corroborated by the results of four independent observers in Great Britain and America; these also are derived from post-mortem examinations. They show 16·5, 24·7, 28·1, and less than 30 per cent. respectively of primary intestinal infection. Among 50 infants under one year old, in whom the primary channel of infection could be ascertained by Mr. Hill, 27 cases appeared to be due to pulmonary and only 5 to intestinal; the remaining 7 were infected through the ear. With older children the proportion of intestinal cases largely increases, until at ages above five years the two sources of infection seem to be about equal. Dr. Koch’s observations on the deceptive indications of intestinal origin should here be borne in mind. The large number of pulmonary cases in young children is attributed to the natural delicacy of their lungs, to the after effects of measles and whooping-cough, and to overcrowded infected rooms. We may also observe that children are specially exposed to inhalation and swallowing of noxious dust through their habits of fingering and their nearness to the ground. The total mortality of infants under one year of age in England from respiratory diseases alone amounts to about 270,000 in every twenty years.

Children are clearly to be saved from this fatality by the same means which insure them against other maladies and a low state of general health—namely, fresh air, clean surroundings, a well-regulated temperature, and boiled milk.

It is satisfactory, on looking back at the work of science in relation to the nature and prevention of consumption, that every one of the discoveries made is of a beneficial and reassuring character, tending to the increased comfort of the patient, increased safety of his associates, and better conditions of life generally. Formerly the supposed victim of weakness in the lungs was coddled in a warm room with closed windows, and if allowed to go out was protected by wraps and respirators against a breath of fresh air; now he is given the freedom of the atmosphere in any good climate, and even extreme cold has for him no terror. Dr. Theodore

Williams, in an interesting paper read at the Congress, described the results of different climates upon a large number of cases known to him, from which we learn that 63·5 per cent. improved in home climates, 65 on the Riviera, 77 on sea voyages, and 83·4 per cent. at high altitudes. Of course the classes of cases in these several localities may not be strictly comparable. Good feeding, and comfort generally, now play an important part in the cure, but the chief element of all appears to be rigid and skilful supervision.

Another depressing belief has been removed by the overthrow of the theory that consumption is hereditary in families. We now know that all children, with few exceptions, can be saved from the disease if they are sufficiently defended from inhalation or ingestion of the fungus-like germs. A predisposition is inherited, and so long as our streets and railway carriages and infected houses are allowed to collect sputum dust predisposed persons run a risk in frequenting such dirty places; but when law and habit combine in precautionary measures, especially in restraining expectoration, these will, in spite of a susceptibility either constitutional or temporary, be nearly as safe against consumption as we all now are against leprosy. The time, therefore, is not far off when even a strong predisposition will be nearly secure against attack, for we know our enemy, who is outside the body, and can destroy his forces.

Thirdly, all authorities now agree that although without care and ventilation proximity to the consumptive exposes the attendant, however strong, to considerable chances of infection, yet that where the proper means are constantly observed to remove the lung excreta, and to provide ventilation, there need be no fear. The statistics of the Brompton Hospital have for many years shown an immunity of doctors, nurses, and attendants at least equal to that of the general population.

Fourthly, we have, as a result of knowledge of the causes of the malady and of minute long-continued investigation of the actual effects upon the patient of different modes of treatment, the most encouraging expectation of cure in the majority of cases of which the character has been ascertained at an early stage. Under the strict rules of sanatoria, and prolonged treatment of suitable cases, Dr. Koch estimates the proportion which may be cured at about 50 per cent. Dr. Brouardel seems to go even further, for he observes: 'If it is true that in every stage tuber-



'culosis can be cured, it is certain to be true if the patient 'has been caused to take the necessary precautions in the 'pre-tuberculous stage, when lesions are very small, and 'when there is sufficient power of resistance in the patient's 'system.' Many years ago Dr. McCormac, of Belfast, enthusiastically advocated fresh air night and day as the true cure. Dr. Williams in 385 cases treated at high altitudes obtained improvement in 87 per cent., while only 12 per cent. grew worse; 45 per cent. completely recovered. Probably the results among poorer classes of patients, under less ample nourishment and less thorough care, would not be so favourable.

Fifthly, and from the point of view of the State this is the most important conclusion of all, tuberculosis is found to be a preventible disease. When we consider that 60,000 persons die annually in Great Britain and Ireland, and that 300,000 or more are constantly suffering from it; further, that after childhood the disease attacks chiefly men and women between eighteen and forty-five, the most productive period of life, and that a very large number of the most efficient workmen employed in quarries, metal works, cotton and wool manufactures, printing trades, and many other occupations exposing them to bad air and dust, fall victims to this infection; when we consider the amount of misery and long anxiety which oppresses families and deprives the country of a large total of possible services, the economic gain may to some extent be computed which will follow from a reduction, say, to one-tenth of the present number of killed and wounded in every year. But no computation can take into account the loss now occurring by the early extinction of some of the most brilliant and gifted intellects, or the gain which may accrue to the nation from a prevention of such loss in the future. The prolongation of life to a Newton, a Faraday, a Shakespeare, a Hallam, a Wellington, a Martineau, and to servants of the State much less conspicuous in fame—Parkes, Chadwick, Simon, Jenner—who have each saved tens of thousands of British lives by their work in relation to public health, has a value to the Empire and to the world beyond all estimation. The hygiene of the future will not tolerate the sacrifice to all sorts of preventible disease, now permitted, of five hundred in every thousand of our people.

It was shown eleven years ago by Dr. Ransome, in his 'Causes and Prevention of Phthisis,' an excellent handbook which ought to be familiar to all who have any influence

over public health, that 'there are few exanthematous diseases that could be so easily and so effectively controlled.' Dr. Newsholme, of Brighton, has for long had no doubt that 'this is a disease which is entirely preventible.' Dr. Brouardel concludes that 'tuberculosis is avoidable and curable;' '. . . we may reasonably prophesy that, united in one brave attempt, the whole civilised world will succeed in exterminating the cruellest scourge that has ever fallen on us, our children, and our friends, and which threatens the future of our countries.' Lord Lister, at the Congress, said 'It was known, thanks to Pasteur, that the tuberculous microbe was incapable of being originated *de novo* in the human body; hence had arisen the splendid prospect of the prevention of tuberculosis,' and anticipated that with the help of the public they might 'possibly eventually stamp out entirely the greatest scourge of the human race.' Six years ago there was ample reason for concluding, from an examination of the evidence, that as a national malady it is capable of reduction and almost complete extermination.

We are apt in these days to rely too much on purely scientific observations in the laboratory, or experiments on animals, and too little on common-sense induction from the large and instructively varied multitude of experiments which are proceeding daily before our eyes in the natural and artificial conditions affecting the individual in a modern State.

The announcement of Dr. Koch would have been less of a surprise if we had duly taken into view and borne in mind the evidence which has for a long time accumulated of the environment which in common life enables the tuberculous plague to fasten upon the human organism. A consideration of this evidence leads, not indeed to the sweeping exclusion of everything except human tuberculous sputum from the reconnoitred field of attack, but to the conviction of this excrement as by far the most important factor in the causation of the disease.

What are the principal counts in the mass of contributory facts? To begin with, we have the knowledge of the immunity of wild animals from tuberculosis, of the rare occurrence of the disease among cows living in the open field or in carefully cleansed byres, and protected from infection. We know, too, how easily the cow gets infected from a stall which has been occupied by a tuberculous animal, and how the infection may spread among the herd

by the animals inhaling the germs of the disease in ill-ventilated sheds.

Human tuberculosis, though it may be caused by a slightly different species of fungus, obtains its hold under very similar conditions. People living in the open air, like the Bedouins, wandering Arabs, natives of isolated parts of Africa, and of islands in the Pacific, are free from consumption until they use houses and clothes and adopt European habits. English colonists, living isolated and largely in the open air, remain unaffected till consumptives arrive among them. People living in ill-constructed huts, like the inhabitants of Labrador, or in rough shanties of stone, allowing much ventilation, like the Highlanders of Scotland and the Western Irish, were much less affected than a similar class who lived in good houses, and in course of time, with their improved accommodation, fell victims to the disease in proportion to the exclusion of air from their dwellings. In Eastern Ireland the rate of consumption was 250·62, compared with 95·64 on the west coast.

Soldiers on campaign, sailors, fishermen, hunters, lighthouse-keepers, gardeners, Arctic explorers, and outdoor labourers were less subject to attack in proportion to their outdoor life and avoidance of crowding. On the other hand printers, potters, and Cornish miners had four times the rate of fishermen and gardeners. Tailors, dressmakers, and inn-keepers were heavily attacked, and nearly all dusty occupations, which weakened the lungs, induced a very large mortality. Thus flint-workers, needle-polishers, &c., had three to ten times as many cases as butchers and bakers; in cotton factories the workers in certain rooms rarely attained the age of thirty-eight.

Broadly, it may be stated as a proved fact that with man, as with animals, phthisis does not occur in outdoor life, where infection has not been introduced from a previous case; while it occurs very rarely among people who avoid crowded places or vehicles, who live much in the open air, and whose houses are roomy and clean.

It prevails in any place or branch of industry in proportion, roughly, to the amount of close indoor occupation and to the neglect of hygienic precautions as regards rooms and places of common resort.

Climate, however good, has of itself been no safeguard. Alexandria, in Egypt, has had double the mortality of England, and Athens and Rio a higher rate than London.

But in Cairo, where the rate for natives is excessively high, Europeans seldom contract the disease.

Families moving from Westmoreland to a Lancashire manufacturing town at once treble their liability to consumption, and similarly the rate for London is double that of rural Surrey.

Villages in which for a long time no case of consumption has occurred frequently lose a number of their inhabitants after the introduction of a single case.

According to information received quite recently from a number of orphanages, training homes, &c., in the South of England, these institutions have for a long time had only a very small rate of mortality from tuberculosis.

Now in all these instances the infection and mortality from phthisis appear to depend entirely, or almost entirely, on the freedom of the locality from tuberculous germs, and not to any marked degree on tuberculous milk or meat. If these last suspected sources were largely concerned we should not find complete immunity among people living an entirely outdoor life, for they doubtless consume tuberculous meat and milk; nor should we find villages almost or completely free from consumption for long periods until a human sufferer comes among them, for they too are accustomed to eat tuberculous food; nor would the rate vary so regularly according to opportunities of human infection alone.

We should expect the rate to depend to a discoverable extent on the ingestion or avoidance of animal flesh and dairy products, and to remain markedly low among those populations who are accustomed to boil their milk and eat little or no animal flesh, or to have it well cooked. We should expect a large crop of cases at orphanages and asylums supplied occasionally with tuberculous milk, and among children in the best districts of large towns, who must often be supplied with infected milk and butter.

Other things being equal, no difference of the kind appears to have been noticed, and neither climate nor any kind of food affords protection. In Demerara, for instance, the negroes and Hindoos, who eat very little flesh or milk, and that well cooked, die of consumption in large numbers, and about half the cases are of the intestinal form. In France, where milk is boiled, and, till recently, little butcher's meat was eaten by the mass of the people, the death rate has been more than double that of England, and in Germany the mortality has also been much greater.

Now observe the immediate and large diminution of the

disease when measures of cleanliness, including fresh air, are introduced in houses and workshops. In Canada, during the years 1830-7, the mortality from it among the troops was 23 per 1,000; after improved drainage and ventilation of barracks, &c., the rate fell to 9.49 in 1863-72, and to 6 in 1874. Thirty years ago it killed eight soldiers in the thousand per annum; now, since improvements in hygiene, the rate falls below three. In the ten years 1836-47 the deaths from consumption in a badly ventilated prison at Vienna were at the rate of 51.4; in the well-ventilated House of Correction, under similar diet and modes of life, at the rate of 7.9. Here is no question of meat or milk. In English prisons, which are clean and airy, consumption is rare, apart from imported cases. In the year 1889-90 only seven, and in 1890-1 only nine persons, besides a few who were discharged, died from it out of a population of 4,807 in Wormwood Scrubbs. In French prisons, which were badly ventilated and less clean, a very large number of fatal cases has occurred every year. In German prisons, according to a paper read by Cornet at Berlin in May 1895, after the new hygienic regulations came into force in German State establishments the cases of consumption fell 54 per cent. Among nursing orders the reduction was 36 per cent. In this paper Cornet went so far as to say that practically the sputum is the only source of infection; in fact, he made nearly the identical statement which was received as a thunderbolt the other day in London when spoken by the Berlin professor. Thus at least six years have been lost by our State and local authorities, during which measures in conformity with the best hygienic practice might have been taken, and would quite certainly have reduced the deaths from consumption by thousands annually.

What, in brief, are the modes of overcoming the plague which are not only indicated by theory but proved successful in practice? There is no difficulty or mystery about them. We know that a single patient may eject in the course of a day more than 20,000,000 bacilli, and that when the sputum dries these may be blown about in the dust of the street, or settle upon the walls and carpet of his room. Exposure to fresh air and sunlight kills the bacilli in a fortnight or a month, but in a closed room without much sunlight the organisms retain their vitality for many months. The first object, therefore, must be the prevention so far as possible of indiscriminate expectoration, especially in rooms and crowded places. The supply of spittoons must

become general; the consumptive must use those which are specially made for the pocket; and the infective matter must be promptly destroyed. The extreme importance of fresh air must be insisted upon, and good ventilation provided in workshops, workrooms, factories, schools, and places of assembly. Ventilation has the threefold effect of diminishing the vitality of the microbes deposited on walls and floors, of diluting the air containing the pernicious dust, and of rendering the human body less liable to infection. Stuffy air acts as a good conductor, fresh air as a non-conductor of disease. The open-air cure shows that ventilation, besides saving others from danger, has the best influence upon the patient himself. When all precautions are observed there is little risk even in occupying the same bedroom with a consumptive.

As with other kinds of contagious and infective fungi, all the surroundings within doors should be frequently cleaned, and should consist as far as possible of washable material, impervious and of smooth surface; the furniture should be scanty, and there should be no sweeping up of dust, but wiping with a damp cloth. The annoying practice of dry sweeping with brooms, which still delights all good housekeepers and hotel-keepers, ought to be nearly altogether avoidable. It is not required on parquet or tiled or linoleum floors. The carpet rugs, and worse still the common rough mats, used on some of our principal railways are abominably well adapted for the retention and diffusion of the fungus among the occupiers of a crowded compartment. The cushions ought to be easily cleanable with a damp cloth. No wonder that the bacilli of tuberculosis have been found to be numerous in railway carriages. The danger of travelling with closed windows is not confined to the constitutionally predisposed, for recent illness, colds, and fatigue predispose persons who might at other times resist a strong dose. The mere unguarded coughing or speaking of a consumptive is sufficient to infect the neighbouring air, as Professor Koch recently showed in his address to the Congress, and the cubic space per head in a full compartment is much smaller than in the most crowded dwelling-room of legal dimensions.

There are various other channels by which the disease can easily be conveyed, and which, so far as we are aware, have not hitherto been brought into notice. In nearly every office in the kingdom, at the counter of the bank, the booking-office, and the shop, the clerk will turn over the

leaves of his ledger by means of frequent applications of his finger to his mouth, and the process may be repeated very many times in the same book during the day by different persons. If one of them be consumptive the probability of infection is not negligible. Many a parcels-office clerk at railway stations and many a post-office employé loses his life through this habit. The high rate of mortality among the hundreds of thousands of clerks in this country is probably largely due to it. Some cases among the general population may be caused by the custom, which prevails in nearly every baker's and grocer's shop, including even those which supply royal families, of the assistants handling their loaves, biscuits, and cakes without any due precautions, especially when they are suffering from a cold or influenza; if the customer takes his purchases with him, a paper bag is detached from its place with moistened fingers, and blown open with the mouth. It would be wise, though unpleasant, to refuse eatables subjected to such dirty handling. The shops for light luncheons and teas, which have grown so numerous, accumulate on their floors dust brought in from the very unclean pavement outside; much of this dirty matter, after being stirred by the feet of customers and swept up with brooms several times a day, settles upon the goods by the window and on the counter. The combination of baker's shop and crowded restaurant is decidedly unhygienic, and in cold weather the windows, clouded and steaming with moisture, give an unappetising sign of deficient ventilation.

These may seem to be trifling details, but from insanitary habits far more than from an inclement climate the great bulk of disease in modern life is derived, and as regards consumption the alteration of a few habits would result in the immediate saving of 30,000 lives a year in this country. The expulsion of a bacterial malady is not a difficult matter, when once the public realises what are the proper lines of attack and willingly supports the authorities who know exactly how to deal with the haunts and strongholds of each particular enemy. The means by which cholera infects a population is now so well known that the reasonable dread which used to follow its landing on our shores can never be repeated. The plague, a still more horrible disease, cannot now successfully overrun a well-governed community. Hydrophobia, the worst of all, has been entirely extirpated by a few simple regulations,

which had for a good many years been recommended by sanitarians as certain to succeed.

Leprosy, which has great bacteriological affinity with tuberculosis, was dealt with systematically in the ignorant Middle Ages by isolation and segregation; and no better means could have been devised for its extinction even in our own biological era; deprived of its human pabulum it died of starvation. Happily no such banishment of the sufferer is required in the case of the tuberculous; still we have to acknowledge that the separation of the sick from the healthy is a measure of the greatest importance where the proper precautions against infection are not observed. At present neglect is general except among educated people, and these comprise only a very small fraction of the population, so that for some time to come the removal of any one declared to be tuberculous from the midst of susceptible persons, and from general social intercourse, will be most desirable in the interests of all concerned. It is not necessary where careful habits may be relied on under medical supervision. Every encouragement should be given to the patient to present himself for examination on the first suspicion, and to the doctor to report maladies of a tuberculous character. Comforts and appliances for the outdoor treatment might well be supplied along with medical advice. Opportunity should be afforded for the full curative treatment of consumptives in every district, sanatoria should be provided round our coasts for scrofulous children, and the houses in which any case has occurred should be thoroughly disinfected.

Leprosy was incurable; tuberculosis, in the majority of cases recognised early, is curable. The patient will have every reason to notify his condition, and every facility should be given him to promote his own cure and the safety of those about him. Not only is the house occupied by a consumptive of ordinary habits dangerous to present inmates, and to subsequent tenants, but it appears, from observations in New York and elsewhere, that neighbouring houses are very apt to propagate the infection. This may be due either to social intercourse between neighbours or to the shaking of rugs, mats, &c., in the street. Dr. Newsholme, of Brighton, who has long been one of the foremost officers of health to declare the preventibility of phthisis and other infections, finds that, as a rule, 'the necessary precautions are not taken,' and has introduced a system of voluntary notification. 'The patient has always been grateful for the



'advice given,' and this seems to be the usual experience in other towns, both in England and abroad. But Dr. Newsholme and most other distinguished sanitarians recommend, for the future, obligatory notification as likely to be a far greater protection to the community; Sir Hermann Weber considers that without notification it is impossible to carry out satisfactorily the necessary preventive measures.

In several countries measures of prevention have been adopted which will largely reduce the risk of infection, at any rate among well-to-do people. Any traveller by the Northern Railway of France may notice the excellent arrangements on that line for the security of passengers, and M. Brouardel states that all the railway companies have received instructions from the Minister of Public Works calling their attention to the necessary precautions. In parts of the United States rules against indiscriminate expectoration are in force, and have been well received by the public; hotel-keepers have to notify their reception of a consumptive to the municipal authorities, and disinfection of the rooms which he has occupied is compulsory; immigrants from other countries are examined at the port of entry, and may be turned back if tuberculous. In Germany a measure has been brought in requiring notification of pulmonary cases by the attendant doctor, disinfection of rooms, and notification by hotel proprietors and lessors of furnished houses. In Norway compulsory notification has been in force since January 1, 1901.

In the capital city of the British Empire nothing whatever has been done against the common diffusion of tuberculous dust; no spittoons are ordered by public authority to be placed on crowded railway platforms, in places of resort, and in the main streets, where they might be attached to every lamp-post, with much advantage; nor are the pavements kept properly clean. Consumption is actually increasing in central and northern London.

Voluntary notification of phthisis has been adopted by Manchester, Brighton, Sheffield, Norwich, and Cardiff. Excellent rules for cleansing, disinfection, and the instruction of patients are in operation in several of these towns. The importance of thorough disinfection, if not of rebuilding, may be realised by an inspection of the excellent maps lately brought out, which demonstrate how consumption infests not only particular houses, but rows of houses. A map of extraordinary interest, showing its prevalence in certain districts of Bath before and its rarity after recon-

struction, was exhibited at the Congress among other very instructive diagrams from the same town.

Consumption is a disease of the house. With a proper education in domestic hygiene the housewife will understand her responsibility for allowing it no quarter. Among the poorer classes both hygienic education and love of fresh air are wanting. The large percentage of tuberculous disease in Wales and Scotland, amid the best surroundings, is due to the fear of air in the dwelling. In the high-lying cottages, we are told, it is quite the exception to find a window that is capable of being opened. The only opening is the door, and each room is therefore a *cul-de-sac*; there is no periodic cleaning, and the furniture of the combined living and sleeping room remains undisturbed for years. It is the women in such conditions who fall victims to the disease; the men, who spend their days in the open, are much less affected.

In foreign countries, where all classes dread open windows and insist on stagnant rooms for living and sleeping in, consumption is much more prevalent than in England, reaching a maximum among European capitals in Vienna and in St. Petersburg, where double windows closed all the winter are the rule, and where the general death rate consequently doubles that of London.

There can be no doubt that sanatoria, to which at any rate the poorer victims of the disease may be sent, will confer a very great benefit upon the sufferers themselves, and will enable the local authorities to render the infected homes from which they come tolerably safe to the remaining members of the family and to succeeding occupiers. Families are every day moving into quarters which would be less dangerous than they are if infested only by cobras or wolves. Even the most robust among the inmates of virulently contaminated dwellings may succumb. We heard recently of the death of a strong healthy man who entered as tenant a small office vacated by a consumptive of dirty habits; also of a doctor, of the strongest constitution, who was accustomed to pay long visits to a consumptive in the last stage. Experiences such as these are not uncommon, but less powerful doses of the bacterial poison are sufficient to infect the ailing or predisposed. Small, ill-ventilated, and carelessly kept dwellings may be considered generally unsafe; but first-class hotels we treat as above suspicion. Certainly, the standard of cleanliness and comfort in hotels has been immensely raised in the last

forty years. Sir Hermann Weber, however, tells of one in the South of Europe in which the room of a supposed consumptive was occupied within six hours of his departure by two children and a nurse; and on the south coast of England at least we have the strongest reason for stating that cases of the same kind frequently occur. Probably there are few hotels or lodging-houses in this country where proper rules of disinfection are in force. In railway cars, on steamships with close cabins, and in waiting-rooms at stations a constant succession of infected and healthy are admitted with no due precautions, although the presence of virulent bacilli in such places has been proved by many experiments. Some parents do not hesitate to employ consumptive nurses; and Sir Hermann tells of a case known to him in which three of the children became diseased within two years of the nurse's engagement. Very commonly a discharged soldier or sailor, or workman, who has returned home consumptive, infects some of his family, and they die before him.

We must admit that, although in thoroughly hygienic houses and in hospitals infection rarely takes place, the ordinary way of living among the great majority of the population permits diffusion of tuberculosis not only among the highly susceptible but even among the refractory who are brought into close association with a case.

From every quarter, and from every authority, we learn that cleanliness and ventilation of the dwelling are above all necessary for the reduction of the chief bacterial agents of disease in populous countries. During the successive epidemics of influenza which, since 1889, have ravaged Europe, and killed more eminent men than any plague recorded in history, it was proved that persons living in isolated situations, and avoiding contact with persons or things from infected places, were altogether free from the pest, but that a visit to any place of public resort was sufficient to induce an attack. Consequently no precautions were sufficient to procure immunity for people who went about their usual avocations and were brought into proximity to cases. The microbes of influenza are extremely minute and subtle, are given off from the person in immense numbers at an early stage, and to them most constitutions are susceptible. Consumption and the more severe bacterial plagues are much more easily disposed of. We may affirm with certainty that nearly all the consumption of adults at present existing has been forced as by a hothouse in dirty,

overcrowded, and stuffy places, and spreads thence to people in better conditions, by habits which ought to be tabooed as both disgusting and dangerous. These objectionable habits will speedily disappear under the influence of public opinion and through municipal regulation; but the systematic disinfection of foul apartments, demolition of slum dwellings, prevention of overcrowding, and supply of hygienic conditions, among which ventilation, with ample provision for fresh air, will always be foremost, must take years, and will only gradually have their effect upon public health. These means of recuperation are of the utmost importance; they will save annually nearly as many thousand lives from other diseases as from consumption, will greatly heighten the level of general health, both physical and mental, and the capacity for work, will serve the cause of temperance, and save town populations from rapid decline. Very properly we enact penalties against the seller of adulterated goods which do damage to health; with at least equal reason those persons, whether owners or tenants of unfit habitations, whose dwellings are propagating beds for mortal diseases should be warned and punished. The worst properties should be confiscated, the worst tenements, where occupiers are to blame, should be subject to periodical compulsory cleansing. These things are of more consequence to the community than false weights and balances, of which the London County Council has lately, much to its credit, made a clean sweep.

Elaborate investigations have shown that clean houses, with ventilation, have in their air only a small fraction of the number of bacilli contained in the air of dirty houses, and that in badly ventilated schools micro-organisms increase with increase of wall and floor space. Scrubbing of an ordinary plank floor fails to reduce them largely, except for a short time, and new schools are much less contaminated than the older buildings. Similar results would be found in dwelling-rooms and in workshops not subject to frequent cleansing. The bulk of the population who do not provide for the thorough cleansing of their walls, carpets, and furniture would greatly gain by the substitution of smooth surfaces on walls and floor for the present dust-gathering materials. Carpets, curtains, and paper retain for a long time infectious matter which could not survive on tiles or cement occasionally wiped with a damp cloth. The moderate degree of cleanliness which has left no power to typhus to continue its once formidable ravages is not sufficient to

reduce to insignificance the more widespread fungus of tuberculosis.

Much of the prevailing ill-health of towns depends on the presence of an immense number of particles of dust, both organic and inorganic, in the air breathed. At Montsouris Observatory the number of microbes in a cubic metre was found to be seventy-five, in the Rue de Rivoli 750, in rooms about eight times and in hospitals twelve times as many as in the open air. The curves of mortality in different places correspond to a great extent with those for the number of microbes. One gramme of dust from rooms contained 2,100,000 germs. Experiments in London showed very large increases whenever the dust of a room or hospital was stirred, and the number falling on one square foot per minute in the Natural History Museum was raised on Whit Monday from 196 to 1,662. In a railway carriage containing four persons, with a window partly open, there fell the enormous number of 3,120 per minute. In a full third-class carriage, with windows closed, as they generally are in winter, this figure would be greatly exceeded.

Inorganic dust, which pervades the air of towns to a degree which, if put in figures, would seem incredible, helps to render the bacterial attack more potent, and carbonic acid gas, also more abundant than in the country, works to the same effect. The 'stiffness' of rooms is due to these combined ingredients, and to some minute traces of organic effluvia. Together they reduce the vitality of the resident urban population and are largely concerned in the result, most ominous for the British race, that scarcely a man of the highest distinction has been born to parents brought up in the largest towns, and that London families born and bred do not survive beyond the fifth generation.

The scientific discovery of the open-air cure for consumption may lead to the still more wide-reaching popular discovery that fresh air is the primary condition of our preservation not only from consumption but from a host of deadly diseases and distressing ailments. If by the removal of windows, and living and sleeping out of doors, consumptives, supposed to be so susceptible to cold, gain more than by any other treatment, will not the healthy by the same way of living rise superior to the attack, and add greatly to their capacity of work and enjoyment? What a fund of lost wealth lies here within reach! Clean surfaces, air, temperance would abolish half the evils we see around us, and add immeasurably to the vital resources of the Empire. Begin-

ning with young children, much of the time lost by the closing of schools on account of epidemics would be saved; the children would not be thrown back, as they often are, by troublesome sequelæ; the teacher would find his task less wearisome and the intelligence of his pupils not a little brighter in proportion to the air admitted. Ventilation in schools has already been proved to add to the alertness of the children, and even where expensive mechanical appliances are necessary must be regarded as a measure of economy. Schoolmasters and teachers are at present as a class unhealthy, no doubt very largely owing to the vitiation of the air in which they perform their trying duties; their task would be greatly lightened by the provision of an ample supply of fresh air at the right temperature.

In office, workshop, or factory the young people employed would in course of time attain a much higher degree of well-being, and many of those who now suffer from the influences of unhealthy or dangerous trades would recover if only they insisted on a fair allowance of their birthright—the free oxygen of the atmosphere. The majority of indoor workers, and of women and children, breathe bad air, a devitalised and slightly poisonous compound. In towns the ozone which enhances the bracing character of the open country is altogether wanting. Considering the immense importance of the quality of the blood for building up body and brain, we cannot wonder at the disastrous effects of town life, which is so largely within doors, upon the race. Products of this starving and poisoning of the blood may take a long time to accumulate up to the point of serious disease. But in every crowded street the unchildlike pallid faces of the young reproach civilisation, in every crowded quarter the death-rate is more than double what it ought to be, and in the central area of the largest towns the population would rapidly die out if not recruited from the ever-decreasing strength of the country.

The power of fresh air in relation to disease is not even now at all generally realised, although Dr. Parkes wrote long ago that the complete exposure of patients to air in several kinds of severe infections is the most important mode of treatment. There are, indeed, few conditions of ill-health in which it is not beneficial. But to this day we may in travelling notice that the occupants of third-class carriages anxiously exclude the outer air, fearing both for sick and sound the inspiration of that element on whose purity we depend for our very life. In the poorer parts of London

windows are rarely seen wide open. In nearly all houses, both in town and country, servants, unless specially instructed to the contrary, close every window soon after sunset. Colds, headaches, and other ailments consequently abound.

On the other hand people who camp out in roomy tents, with due provision for warm clothing, enjoy the best of health and are seldom troubled even with a cold. Exactly the same thing occurs with horses; in badly ventilated stables they suffer from coughs, sore throats, congestion of the lungs, and various disorders from which they are free, according to Major Fisher and other careful observers, when lavishly supplied with air.

Professor Huxley gave his opinion in 1893 that what is called 'overwork' means in a large proportion of cases under-oxygenation and consequent accumulation of waste matter, which operates as a poison. Sir J. Sawyer, consulting physician to Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, in corroboration of this opinion urges that much chronic invalidism is chronic suboxidation, and that one of the worst of wrong conditions is work in stale air. 'Whenever we doubt about our vitality we should doubt about our ventilation.' Dr. Cheadle reminds us that one-third of our lives is spent in our bedrooms, of which the air is poisoned beyond what would be tolerated in a sitting-room. Many of the cases of nervous disease, and especially, perhaps, of neurasthenia, which are now so common, depend to a great extent on want of open air and exercise.

The remedy for this prevailing tendency to ill-health, and especially for liability to consumption, is the fullest practicable imitation of camp life, without its inconveniences. Dr. Harold Coates, under the direction of Professor Delépine, has shown by a series of elaborate investigations on tubercle-infected houses that a large cubic space is of little avail if the ventilation is bad, and that light and air even in the dirtiest houses bring great benefit. Virulent bacilli were found abundantly in rooms occupied by phthisical patients, who were not careful as regards expectoration. From sixteen houses thirteen out of thirty-two samples of dust collected actually produced tuberculosis in animals.

Dr. Arthur Ransome stated at the recent Congress that our first duty must be to get rid of that 'air sewage' which causes more mortality than water sewage, and that this can only be accomplished by copious ventilation. By the Cotton Cloth Factories Act, 1898, a better standard of ventilation

was established in these places, with the result of a great improvement in the health of the operatives in weaving-sheds. Dr. Ransome advocates the application of the same standard to all 'work-places,' and regulation of the air supply of places of public assembly, such as churches and theatres. Some one has observed, with a great deal of truth, that the sleep which so easily overcomes a congregation during the sermon is due not to sacerdotal but to atmospheric soporifics. Certainly the theatre of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street was equal to any church in its persuasive drowsiness even during discourses of rare interest, and has lost that charm since it has been pierced with breathing-holes and Tobin tubes. The fancied difficulties of ventilation are much greater than the real, because the dread of draughts leads to the reduction of apertures to the smallest dimensions rather than to their enlargement. A chink or slightly opened door or window, or the space under a door, admits a draught which in cold weather may be both unpleasant and pernicious. But out of doors, in an open situation, we do not speak of a draught, nor do we often suffer from the effects of wind, however strong. The difference is owing to the bracing character of the pure outer air, to its even distribution, and to warmer clothing. The main preventive of harm from draughts or from a cold atmosphere is sufficient clothing, to prevent chilling of the surface of the body. Thus we find that consumptives, who may be abnormally subject to coughs and colds, bear very well their exposure to air at all sorts of temperatures in all sorts of weather, when carefully protected from chill. Dr. Childs, in an interesting paper read to the Sanitary Institute last spring, observes that few people can sit in rooms at a temperature below 50° F. for a long time with impunity, unless warmly clothed, and that few can endure a current of air greater than 1 foot a second with a temperature below 60° F. One of the best practical discoveries of the age is the harmlessness of air, even at the lowest temperatures, to the human body well protected. There are, of course, exceptions, such as persons just recovering from a severe cold or influenza, or subject to bronchitis. For ordinary dwelling-rooms Dr. Childs commends, when the outside temperature is below 50° F., widely opened windows properly arranged, warm clothing, and hot-water pipes or a good radiating slow-combustion fire-place. The delightful freshness of a room so ventilated, the absence of discomfort even to invalids, and the readiness with which people become accustomed to such conditions,



are, he says, astonishing. In several sanatoria in this country there are rooms from which the windows have been wholly removed, and after a short experience the patients seem to enjoy their *al fresco* cure as trout enjoy a running stream.

In the Brompton and Victoria Park Hospitals the windows have for a long time been kept wide open by day and night. In a large school near Petersfield the windows of class and bed rooms are always open, with excellent results. Dr. Childs, from prolonged personal observation during two cold winters, has been led to emphasise the great benefit derived from keeping the windows open, both at the bottom and the top. In successful examples of the mode of ventilation known as the *plenum* the intrushing air should rise, spread, and flow swiftly along immediately beneath the ceiling until the current dashes against the opposite wall. There the current breaks, and very slowly moves back towards the outlet, placed near the floor some six to eight feet below the inlet.

The general result of recent researches into the purity or impurity of air in day schools and other public buildings, with special regard to the question of ventilation, leaves no doubt that mechanical ventilation properly applied gives much better effects than any natural ventilation so far tried. The evidence from an extensive inquiry made by the National Union of Teachers in 1898 fully corroborates the conclusion arrived at on the scientific side. For hospitals the invigorating coolness of air currents through open windows, and the refreshing changes of temperature, make the natural preferable on the whole to any mechanical ventilation.

It seems to be important in the case of class rooms to maintain a rather high and even temperature, else one would suggest that in the smaller schools, especially in the country, all the windows on one side, or even the whole of one wall, might be removed, and the children keep themselves warm with extra clothing. In other public buildings, especially churches and chapels, there would be great advantage if a part of one side or the doorway end were removed altogether, leaving only an iron screen or railing for security two or three yards within the shelter of a projecting roof. Since people attending church are warmly clothed, and hot-water or hot-air systems are generally in use, there would be no objection to the circulation of air without unpleasant draughts, and many thousands of cases of infectious disease, from colds and influenza to scarlet fever, would thereby be prevented. The weekly assemblage for one or two hours in

a foul atmosphere is very well adapted for the rapid spread of several kinds of epidemic through the country, and for the maintenance of endemics. It is not yet widely realised how largely consumption and pneumonia fasten on the condition of body which follows influenza, measles, whooping-cough, and scarlet fever.

Building by-laws have insisted on the provision, among many other restrictions at least doubtful, of a height of not less than seven or eight feet in dwelling-rooms, and even in the country one is now prohibited from building a bedroom  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height. From a hygienic point of view there are great advantages in low rooms. They are more easily and economically warmed, lighted, and ventilated; they are more easily and quickly cleaned. The stagnant pool of heated air in rooms described as 'lofty' cannot readily be replaced by the inflow through widely opened windows, and the upper parts of the walls collect dust for long periods without disturbance. Economy in building and warming is really an important requisite in the provision of house accommodation for the industrial classes, and every unnecessary by-law increasing expense increases overcrowding.

The problem of the mode of distributing population within definite areas, and of the remedy for a density which is really calamitous to human development, has become one of the most pressing of our time, and deserves the fullest attention of British statesmen. It is serious in all our largest towns, in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, but most serious in London, because of its gigantic magnitude, and of the great distance to which workpeople occupied in the central districts must travel to find rooms at a moderate rental. Mr. Charles Booth is convinced that facilities of locomotion give the best hope of relief to the present congestion. No doubt the easy, cheap, and rapid conveyance of 'daily-bread' workers in all directions would do much, but we must remember that these people are not house-owners, and that easy communications mean more profits and higher rents eventually to the landlords of the suburbs. The best prospect of a change leading to a relaxation of the present disastrous pressure and a return to the more decent and humane conditions of existence which still happily prevail in our smaller towns lies in the removal of factories and businesses of various kinds from urban to country districts. The increased health of workpeople, the lower rates and expenses, the better light and air, the cheapness of land, will in very many kinds of industry more than

recoup the employer for the disadvantages of a less central position. Some of the most prosperous undertakings, and some of the very largest, are already flourishing all the more since they moved beyond urban limits, and some were originally built up in small country towns or villages. The best example of successful removal now to be found in England is probably the great cocoa and sugar-plum works at Bournville, where the most admirable arrangements have been made for the comfort of the thousands of employed. When the scheme is complete they will be spread over some scores of acres of land in excellent detached houses, each having a garden and facing a good open road.

The better distribution of the people upon the land which has borne them, and the relief of congestion in cities, will to a great extent reduce those bad conditions of living which entail a liability to consumption and other scourges of the physical frame, and will infallibly favour the growth of the nation in strength of intelligence and solidity of character.

Meanwhile, before the desired clearances and expansions can be accomplished, the most efficacious single reform for the prevention of physical maladies will be the admission to every dwelling of the largest possible inflow from the vital atmosphere. The chief objection to overcrowding is the offensiveness of bad air. Admit fresh air freely and continually, not, of course, without due precautions, and, from the standpoint of hygiene, you at once enlarge your apartment to spacious dimensions. Let our close-packed millions realise this, and they will enter the high road to recovery. One-fifth of the amount spent on liquors which are now scientifically proved to be neither nutritive nor heat-producing to the body would, if spent on economic warming apparatus and on fuel for dwellings, produce an excellent return. Since the sick are so much helped by mere air, the healthy have likewise the power to save themselves from falling into the clutches of a malady which, to use the words of Sir Edwin Chadwick, will always cling to 'stagnation' and cannot endure 'circulation.'

Before the campaign can be undertaken with that hearty support from public opinion which is the best guarantee for success, the known facts in their simple impressiveness will have to be disseminated throughout the kingdom, and lucidly explained in their particular bearing upon every situation in life. There are few persons of education who cannot do much in their immediate surroundings to dispel this blight of humanity which has so long oppressed us under the guise of an inevitable doom.

- ART. X.—1. *Muld, Det forjættede Land, Dommens Dag*, and others. Af HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN. Copenhagen.
2. *Gösta Berlings Saga, Antikrists Mirakler, En Herregårds Historie, Drottningar i Kongahålla*. Af SELMA LAGERLÖF. Stockholm.
3. *Kobberalangen, Ada Wilde, Fru Beatas Hus*, and others. Af THOMAS KRAG. Copenhagen.
4. *Sult, Pan, Redaktör Linge*. Af KNUT HAMSUN. Copenhagen.
5. *Kamp*. Af F. K. TRANAAS. Copenhagen.
6. *Julies Dagbog, Maria*, and others. Af PETER NANSSEN. Copenhagen.
7. *Korset, En Præsts Dagbog*. Af SIGBJÖRN OBSTFELDER. Copenhagen.
8. *Det hvide Hus*, and others. Af HERMAN BANG. Copenhagen.
9. *Fra en Garnisonsby*, and others. Af SOPHUS BAUDITZ. Copenhagen.
10. *Professor Hieronymus*, and others. Af AMELIA SKRAMM. Copenhagen.

TENNYSON and Browning—let us say the younger Tennyson and the younger Browning—may serve for examples of two types or orders of literature, each perfectly legitimate, each claiming and, in all ages, to claim its votaries (though not in equal numbers), but of such diversity in aim and method that the lovers of one order are never wholly sympathetic with the adherents of the other. Tennyson's aim is simple and easily understood. It is that which would, by the confession of most, be accounted the chief aim of letters and more especially of poetry—the search for beauty and the presentation of it. Whether he is concerned with some slight fancy, or with the deeper searchings and imaginations of the mind, or in rendering in verse a story or a legend, Tennyson never fails to try for this mark. It is impossible to believe that Browning, the author of such a poem, for example, as ‘Popularity,’ and its exquisite cadences :—

‘ Enough to furnish Solomon  
Such hangings for his cedar-house,  
That, when gold-robed he took his throne  
In that abyss of blue, the Spouse  
Might swear his presence shone,

'Most like the centre-spike of gold  
 That burns deep in the blue-bell's womb,  
 What time, with ardours manifold,  
 The bee goes singing to her groom  
 Drunken and overbold'—

it is impossible to believe that the writer of verse such as this was insensible to the beauty of imagery and of sound. Yet in the same poem we have lines of an abominable harshness and discord:—

'Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats:  
 Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup:  
 Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,'—

and so forth. Wherefore we must assume that discord also made up some part of the author's scheme.

The truth is that neither harmony nor unharmony in itself, neither beauty nor ugliness, is the prime aim of Browning, but the presentment of a certain precise conception (concept, as the metaphysicians say) which he himself has acquired, and which he knows to be distinctive and individual; in one word, knows it to be a *creation* in the proper sense of the term. Doubtless with Browning at all times no small fantasy and whim appear in the things he has made, answering to the character of their author. No doubt, too, in later days, owing perhaps to the neglect of the public and the over-strong fascination of Carlyle, Browning was driven back upon himself and became altogether too fantastic and analytical. Not the less when we have passed any while among a company of *his* creatures—the Cavaliers, the Johannes Agricolas, the Hugues of Saxe-Gotha, the Sludges, the St. Praxed Bishops, the Count Guidos and Pompilias—and then turn back to the poetry of Tennyson and his conceptions, we must feel a certain softness and indefiniteness in the latter, as of gold without the stiffening of its alloy. When Browning is not carried away by his eccentricities, we can believe that the harsh or quaint sounds and images that he interposes are there by design, to give a saliency and clearer outline to the more important parts, as—in the instance with which we began—the lines about Hobbs, Nobbs, Nokes, and Stokes serve well enough to express the vulgarity of manufactured verse side by side with the reality of poetry.

' . . . That dye of dyes  
 Whereof one drop worked miracles,  
 And coloured like Astarte's eyes  
 Raw silk the merchant sells.'

The two types of literature, which we have here presented in the guise of two contemporary poets, are in the field of fiction represented here and now by the school of Romance and the school of Realism; and the difference between the two schools lies not in the choice of subject—Dickens is a romanticist as well as Scott—but in the handling of it. We are not called upon, either as readers or as critics, to decide which is the better art; only to acknowledge that both are legitimate. Allowing for the natural swing of the pendulum, if we find one age given almost wholly to romanticism, in other words not merely to an ideal, but to a somewhat abstracted and typical treatment of life, we must not complain if the best intellect of the succeeding age consecrates itself to realism. It would be hardy to deny that such is the case now; that the literature of Europe which is most in the spirit of the age, *dans le mouvement*, as the French say, is of this realistic kind; though it is possible that by this time the realistic movement has nearly spent its force. The French, with that alertness they have in catching a feeling ‘in the air,’ and an especial quickness in giving names to things, have seemed to appropriate to themselves this tendency, and have invented a subdivision thereof, which they have called ‘naturalism.’ Howbeit, the movement, the realistic impetus, is rarely found in its simplicity and its true power among French writers. Its natural soil is much more among the nations of Northern Europe than in France. A recent French critic—M. Georges Pellissier—has acknowledged no less. In his book on ‘*Le Mouvement Littéraire Contemporain*,’ M. Pellissier contrasts the French realism or naturalism with the variety of it which has sprung up among some of the peoples of Northern Europe.

‘Our French naturalism,’ he says, ‘has not the frankness and the sincerity which theirs has: we are too conscious in it of system, artifice, and rhetoric. Above all, the spirit which animates it is quite different from theirs. Our naturalists make their observations on nature and on human life without sympathy: what they tell us expresses much rather irony and contempt. More still, they subordinate, they enslave the soul to the body. We are not saying that their work neglects the moral side of things: for in some of them, notably in Zola, we find a serious preoccupation with social morality. But our French naturalism has no concern with, has hardly any conception of, the inner life’ (*la vie intérieure*). ‘Now, it is precisely this sense of the inner life, which among the northern nations is kept alive by a more active and personal religion, which penetrates further into the consciousness, that gives to their naturalism its character and its originality.’

It is reassuring to find that England has a place among these 'northern nations' in M. Pellissier's category. But the example he chooses is George Eliot, who lies far away from contemporary fiction. No doubt, in the vast and turbulent whirlpool of our latter-day novels, most of which belong, not in truth to the class of literature at all, but to the class of journalism, there are to be found 'sparsely' swimming true realists of the kind which M. Pellissier's description points at, who deserve to be placed side by side with the realists of Russia or of Scandinavia. May they not go under! Not the less, however, it is the writers of the two last-named countries whose work possesses power enough to counterbalance or to overthrow the conception of realism which has obtained in France. The torch passes from hand to hand, from nation to nation; and we would in no way minimise what has been done by our next neighbours or by schools long past. Tolstoy would have been different if it had not been for Flaubert, as Flaubert but for Balzac, Balzac but for Richardson. But albeit Tolstoy is the greatest of Russian realists, he is not the only one. There have been *fortes ante Agamemnona*; behind Dostoëvsky stands Gógol. On the other part, Turgénev, who nearly all his literary life lived in the very lap of French influences, preserved a national distinctiveness.

In Scandinavian lands we have one evidence especially remarkable of the force of this time-spirit in its trend towards naturalism. English readers all acknowledge Ibsen as the very apostle of the art, and see in Ibsen's social dramas a sort of minor gospel thereof. They forget, or they ignore, that before Ibsen was the playwright of 'The Doll's House,' 'The Wild Duck,' 'The Pillars of Society,' 'The Enemy of the People,' and the rest of that company, he was a writer of exquisite verse; they ignore this, even if they have read 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt' in English, because these works cannot be adequately rendered. Few things in literary history are more remarkable than that the author of such lines as

'Ennu ikke, ennu ikke !

O, hvor langt det er at vente,

Længsels Raab paa Raab at skikke,

Aldrig noget svar at hente !' &c.

(to take but one of a hundred passages)—that such a poet should have deliberately turned his back on poetry to write the somewhat bald prose of the social dramas.

It is with the memory of these things, and from this point

of view, that we must regard the younger contemporary novelists of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Not, of course, that all these are realists, nor that Scandinavia has been without its romantic tendencies. There is among her living classics Björnson as well as Ibsen; and Björnson has only become naturalistic in his later days. But as in European letters Ibsen is by far the greater of the two names—almost what Goethe was to Schiller—so among the younger writers the tendency still is the same way. To Belgium its ‘symbolism;’ the northern peoples are still the apostles of the opposite school. In almost all the writers of Scandinavia we shall find those characteristics which M. Pellissier distinguishes, candour and frankness, and an absence of self-consciousness, along with a sense of the inner life, different altogether from anything that is to be met with further south.

And, considering the sparseness of their populations, we find in those Scandinavian countries too a great productiveness—productiveness of real literature. If to the average and natural man here or in France, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are represented almost exclusively by the two great Norsemen we have named, there has really come between Ibsen and Björnson, and the novelists who represent the immediate movement, a generation of which we do not intend to speak in this place, because its best work has been long before the world. It is, at all events, well known in Germany; are we ignorant thereof, the fault is ours. And if we attempted here an appreciation of what the writers of this middle time have brought forth, there would remain no space to speak of their successors. We shall put aside Strindberg, by far the most important literary figure of Sweden—the Ibsen of Sweden, as he has been called—but a writer of plays much more than a novelist; we shall put aside Holger Drachmann, and all his vast production in poems, stories, and plays. And we shall not speak of Drachmann’s contemporary and sometime colleague, Jens Peter Jacobsen, partly because Jacobsen is more of a poet than anything else; but also because his best work belongs to a time nearly a quarter of a century ago, and that he likewise has been much translated into German, and can be studied in that tongue.

An absence of self-consciousness, a sense of the *vie intérieure*, these characteristics of Scandinavian fiction might seem to contradict each other if we did not bear in mind that there is a difference between self-consciousness in art and consciousness of oneself as a subject of art. The latter



element is rather conspicuous in the Norse and Danish novels. By autobiography people who are constituted in a particular way attain sometimes a degree of reality which they never reach again. One of the most convincing novels that have appeared in England during the last twenty years, 'Mark Rutherford,' is a case in point: whether it is really autobiographical we of course do not pretend to say. It has all the appearance of being so. What is certain is that its author never again quite reached the level of that remarkable book. It is quite after the type of the best northern novels, not unlike Dostoëvsky's 'Pauvres Gens' in its ruthless sincerity; and like again to Knut Hamsun's 'Hunger,'\* of which we shall speak again in its place.

Howbeit we can hardly place these autobiographic, inward-looking studies in the first rank. Tolstoy and Ibsen alike have given us a higher standard. The best kind of realism in fiction is that which is as impartial in its sympathies as it is wide in its comprehension. And among the Scandinavians the writer whom we will choose first for a close examination fulfils these conditions: this is Henrik Pontoppidan. Pontoppidan has concerned himself with rustic life, but very much also with the inner life—the peasant and the man of education seen under the excitement of religious and political agitations. And the picture which is thus presented is very like the rural England of George Eliot's day—of 'Adam Bede' or 'Silas Marner;' sometimes like that of 'Felix Holt.' Up to now, the most important of Pontoppidan's works is a sort of trilogy which we may call collectively—founding on the last sentence of the concluding volume—the 'History of the Promised Land.' More exactly it is the life of Emanuel Hansted, parson, socialist, self-sacrificing enthusiast, and, as at last he seems to be, madman. Each of the three stories had its individual title, 'Soil,' 'The Promised Land,' 'Doomsday: '† and judging from internal evidence we should be inclined to doubt whether the author, when embarking upon the first, had any intention of writing the trilogy. Be that as it may, from the first to the second,

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\* 'Sult.' We shall throughout this article cite the novels mentioned by the English translation of the title, giving the proper one in a note, and mentioning in every case likewise when there is an English translation known to us. 'Sult' has been translated into English under the title 'Hunger.' 'Starvation,' however, better renders the intention of the author. There is also a French translation, 'La Faim.'

† 'Muld,' 'Det forjættede Land,' 'Dommens Dag.' The first two of these have been translated—and very well translated—as 'Emanuel' and 'The Promised Land' (Dent & Co.).

from 'Muld' to 'Det forjættede Land,' he has certainly gone from strength to strength.

In reading these books we cannot but be struck with the likeness between our Danish kinsmen and ourselves. A difference in doctrine between the Anglican and the Lutheran churches does not prevent Archdeacon \* Tønnesen, to whom in the first volume Emanuel Hansted comes a beardless curate, from being the very type of the high-and-dry parson in England thirty or forty years ago. Tønnesen is in perpetual feud with one-half of the parishioners of the united parishes of Veilby and Skibberup. Veilby is inclined to be orthodox: Skibberup is irreclaimably radical. At first, Emanuel sides with his chief; gradually he passes over to the other camp. But more than that, he grows to see the superiority of the peasant type, the children of the soil, in their candour and simplicity and unpretending sense of duty, over the educated type with its artificial standards. As the passions always play their part in our judgements, the rival claims of the two classes are typified by two women who come much into Emanuel's life—Ragnhild Tønnesen, proud, reserved, witty, fastidious, hating country life and *Natur i Adamskostume* as she calls it (the phrase needs no translation), and Hansine Jørgen, a farmer's daughter, passionate and faithful, and, in regard to her strongest feelings, almost inarticulate. There is nothing finer than the way in which Hansine's character is impressed upon one, despite the fact that throughout all the three books (even when we meet her after seven or eight years of marriage) she still hardly ever speaks. She had got into the habit of never speaking while her husband poured himself forth, the author tells us in the second volume, and not always of paying much attention. Here is suggested the terrible truth and the fearful irony of the situation—Emanuel thinking, because he has cast off 'society,' tilling his own land, encouraging his parishioners to address him as 'Emanuel' simply, and the husband of a peasant wife, that he has ceased to be the essentially vocal idealist of former days. Of course he has not changed. Everything with him is still 'theory.' He has a theory that it shows

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\* 'Provst.' The word is generally translated 'dean;' as such it is familiar to us in 'Brand.' The translator of 'Muld' has left it in the Danish, but in 'Det forjættede Land' has changed it into 'archdeacon,' and this much better suits the position of Tønnesen, as of most 'Provsts,' than would 'dean.'

want of faith in God to call in a doctor, and his eldest boy dies in consequence. Hansine has to watch the tragedy coming on in mute inward protest and not less amazement. But there is worse in store for her. The death of 'Laddie,' though it does not in any true sense destroy Emanuel's faith, disturbs his moral balance; and his coming in contact once more with one belonging to his old world in the person of Dr. Hassing, who is called in to 'Laddie' at the eleventh hour, is fruitful of consequences. For the second occasion of Emanuel's meeting with Hassing brings about a meeting also with his former acquaintance, his half-flame, Ragnhild Tønnesen, now matured, and more mistress of herself than of old, cleverer in talk than heretofore, less ready to take offence. Ragnhild and a girl friend come to call on Hansine, and the younger utterly fascinates Sigrid, the Hansteds' eldest surviving child. And as Emanuel grows more friendly with the 'gentlefolk,' he more and more loses touch with the peasantry. It happens that great agitations are afoot. It is the moment when the franchise has been limited, the peasantry in part deprived of their political rights. Emanuel is all for action at first; then he wavers; and the arch plotter through all these three volumes, the true *artifex malorum*, Jens Hansen the weaver, springs a mine upon him. On a great public occasion Emanuel gets up to speak—he is hissed and no longer cheered. Hansen's speech which follows is one of the cleverest ever put in the mouth of a peasant. It manages to raise the discontent to a storm. It is not possible to quote the whole, but the following is a fragment:—

'Well, that was a very queer speech we've just heard from Emanuel. I stood there pinching my ears, and thinking I couldn't be hearing right; and at last I said to myself: "You're asleep, Jens! You're dreaming that you're listening to our old friend Archdeacon Tønnesen."

"Hear, hear! Bravo!" the Skibberup people thundered.

'This is just how it is, ye see. I can't help thinking of another speech Emanuel made ever so many years ago. . . . It was the first time he spoke to us in our old meeting-house. He sang a different song then. . . . Then peasants were the very best sort of folks Emanuel knew. Ah, we were that nice and that honest; it was almost too much of a good thing. Well, I dare say a good many of you can mind that speech: folks thought a good deal of it then. I don't mind saying that for my part I wasn't near so taken with it: and so Emanuel's speech to-day isn't so much of a surprise. It's always like that with folks that fill their mouths too full: they have to spit some of it out again. Well then, there was what Emanuel said of our being so taken with ourselves, and everything had gone wrong because of it. We ought to learn of the good people of the

towns, he said, and then the Almighty would be sure to give us what we asked for. . . . Oh, no. I've not much faith in that . . . '\*

At this same meeting Hansine has met once more an old friend of her girlhood, Ane by name, now married and living some way off in a poor fishing village. Hansine has long foreseen the necessity of a separation, that her husband may return to his old associates, and her children enjoy their natural rights of education. She privately makes her arrangements to live with Ane, and then she takes it in hand to persuade Emanuel to go back to Copenhagen, to his father's house, 'on a visit.' By birth, it may be said, Hansted belongs to the upper ranks of the educated class, and has a brother in the Guards. The husband is not hard to persuade. And the book, the second of the trilogy, closes with the picture of the father and children driving off in high glee: Hansine, with the surety in her heart that the parting is eternal, walking up a little mound to see them pass out of sight. 'Wave, children, wave,' the father cries out; and presently, 'But why does she not wave back; why doesn't mamma wave back?' It is a simple and splendid tragedy; and here, to our thinking, the tale should have had an ending.

A comparison suggests itself between this story and the plot of Mr. Bernard Shaw's clever play 'Candida.' But the advantage is all with Pontoppidan. No doubt the novel form better lends itself to display the subtleties of character than that of the play; for all that, side by side with the drawing of Emanuel Hansted, Mr. Shaw's socialist parson is clumsy and a caricature.

This is not saying that Pontoppidan does not commit many artistic blunders. One of them is that he associates the plot of each of the three volumes of his trilogy with a separate agitation and with a distinct public meeting. In the first volume it is merely the agitation of the Skibberup people against their minister. In the second volume it is a wider agitation against the new electoral laws. In the third volume ('Doomsday') the meeting is yet more important in the estimation of the persons concerned in it, and it looms on the horizon throughout all the story. This time it is a religious question that is to the fore. A broad-church party has sprung up, armed with the results of German criticism on the question of eternal damnation; some of the party's leaders (the antitypes to our 'Essayists and

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\* 'The Promised Land,' translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas, pp. 259-60.

'Reviewers') have been deprived of their cures. The whole country is in a ferment; and, when the meeting to consider the position of the church and of religious teaching to-day does take place, a Liberal Minister of Education is among the auditory. In this last volume we find Emanuel returned, after some years' stay in the capital, to the neighbourhood of his former cure. There has been, we gather (and this seems altogether inexplicable and improbable, as Emanuel is a worthy, married man), something very like love-passages between the idealist and Ragnhild, who once more appears upon the scene. Hansine has quite left it, and it is Emanuel's widowed sister Betty who is now seen taking care of him and his children.

In company with Miss Tønnesen is a middle-aged town clergyman, Petersen, a perfect type of the parson of the world, plausible, witty, and on occasion wise also. If Petersen's remark to Ragnhild in one place, *à propos* of Emanuel, smacks too much of profanity even for this Jesuit-abbé type—'I sometimes wonder whether, if our Lord 'could have foreseen the effect of His teaching on unbalanced 'minds, He would not have been inclined to abide in heaven 'a while longer'—one must own that his comments on the purpose of the meeting on 'Eternal Damnation' lack neither wit nor sense.

'Heaven grant,' said Petersen, 'that they will settle the question rightly. For we have only now had occasion to find out what fearful results may come from the smallest oversight in matters of this kind. You've probably read Pastor Magenson's epoch-making work on "Hell and Eternal Punishment!" Think of the fact that we Christians have gone nineteen hundred years in fear of eternal punishment if we lose God's favour. The doctrine on the terrors of the judgment day has weighed upon mankind like a nightmare. Now comes our esteemed Magenson, or this or that German professor, and shows us as clearly as that two and two make four that the whole thing rests upon a mistake, a shortened transcript of a word in the original text, or some most unlucky error of the translator, which now for the very first time has come under notice. Isn't it frightful? The old hermit of a transcriber was sitting there and working, sweating over it like a labouring man, not missing an iota till he came to that fatal word. Suddenly, once in a way, he gets careless. He was disturbed perhaps. A friend came in to ask how he did; or a fly settled on his nose, and—piff!—the fatal word got onto the paper. . . .'\*

But the end of the story is too awful. Our author stands by, with an almost Mephistophelian irony, while Emanuel rises to a saint-like enthusiasm, and then seems to topple

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\* Dommens Dag, pp. 56-7.

over into insanity, and finally dies. Artistically, too, there is the defect that this reading of Emanuel's character is too suggestive of 'Brand;' and then, again, that the position of the wife in this last part is never explained—why Hansine stands so utterly aside—why the thought of her children did not move her. The proofs that the elder girl Sigrid has never forgotten her mother are infinitely touching. Of all among life's greater ironies which are crowded into this tale, not the least, surely, is this—that this peasant revolt, which attracts the sympathies of Emanuel, as of Hansine and the Jörgens and so many honest folk, should have been chiefly architected by the veritable Uriah Heap of the story (but a much subtler study than Uriah), the weaver Hansen.

It might have been thought that instead of casting our thoughts back to George Eliot, and drawing any parallel between her work and these novels of Pontoppidan, we could have found a nearer comparison with Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' and its successors. Outwardly, of course, there is considerable resemblance between Robert Elsmere in his northern parish and Emanuel Hansted among the Veilby and Skibberup folk. But in our judgement the comparison, if carried further, could only be invidious. It could serve no purpose but to show the difference between *creation* and *construction*, between the work of the imagination and the work of the intellect; finally, between the candour and frankness of the Dane and the self-consciousness (an unconscious self-consciousness, if we may use the paradox) and the instinct of a listening public which marks the work of the English novelist. On the other hand, the likeness between Pontoppidan's novels and the Russian fiction is very great. It does not stand so far behind Tolstoy; it is quite worthy to be compared to Turgénev's 'Fathers and Sons.'

In Sweden the movement towards realism has been far less strong than in Norway or Denmark. Naturally this country, whose language is different from the Norse, and which possesses a literary tradition of its own—not a highly distinguished one, it is true; the names of Tegner and Frederika Bremer almost sum it up, so far as the rest of Europe is concerned—has been less influenced by Ibsen than the neighbouring countries have been. Strindberg is often called the Ibsen of Sweden; if Ibsenism were identical with pessimism, we might say that he had surpassed the tradition he received. But, in truth, Strindberg has kept to no particular line of literature, as he has never adhered to one set of opinions. He has tried everything and quite

mastered nothing. Still, he is the most conspicuous writer over there. Von Heidenstamm, who perhaps holds the place next to Strindberg, is a writer of historical romances, often of a rather antiquated pattern. Selma Lagerlöf is a better representative of Sweden's literary achievement at the present time. She is about the same age as Von Heidenstamm, that is to say, is in the early forties, was originally a schoolmistress; and her first essay in letters—up to the present her best—was not produced more than ten years ago at the most. This is the well-known '*Gösta Berlings Saga*,'\* a book remarkable in almost every respect, not the least so for the writer's independence on any special tradition or literary movement. Selma Lagerlöf's method of workmanship, if modelled on anything, seems to be remotely derived from the old Icelandic saga; though it is, of course, impossible that a woman in the nineteenth century should more than recall with a faint and far-off echo the special and splendid beauties of that classic literature. In Fröken Lagerlöf's narrative style there is a certain feebleness and sentimentality quite unlike that model. But in some other respects her works do resemble the classic saga; most in their episodical arrangement and fragmentary narrative; in being at once biographical, encomiastic, and yet brutally veracious. This is true especially of '*Gösta Berling*.' Berling, the central figure in this series of sagas, episodes, or sketches, is a disrobed drunken priest in a corner of Sweden—the Värmland—during the earlier years of the last century (*circa* 1820). Berling's offences must have been flagrant; for the people of the book all do pretty much what is right in their own eyes. On the other hand he is beautiful to look at, a poet, generous and strong at times, much beloved of women. The whole book forms a broken picture, not specially edifying, of drunkenness and intrigue, mingled with generosity and sometimes with a passionate fidelity. Just such pictures, bitten in in sharper lines, do we get of the Icelandic heroes from Broadfirth or Waterdale. In modern literature there are few things which take so sharp a hold of the imagination and memory as the story of Berling putting his hand into the fire for fear the young Countess Dohna should be compelled to kiss it; of Anna Stjärnhök and her sudden violent passion for Gösta; Marianne Sinclair's night in the snow; the Count-

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\* Translated under this name by L. Tudeer (Chapman & Hall), and again '*The Story of Gösta Berling*,' by Pauline Bancroft Flach (Gay & Bird).

ess's night journey to stop Gösta's marriage; and of her escape, and how she appears at last as Gösta's wife; or, for a quaint episode outside the history of Berling himself, of Lilliecrone's return home; again, the whole picture of the knights of Ekkeby, who are a body of gentlemen-pensioners to Major Samzelius and his wife; lastly, the account of these two, the wife, more especially, Margareta Celsing, and her death.

In the course of creating these pictures the author formed her style. And she immediately began to apply it to quite a different type of story from one which recalls the saga age. With courage and self-denial which deserve all praise, Selma Lagerlof refrained from making capital out of her success with 'Gosta Berling' by continuing on the same lines. She changed her scene utterly; now it lay in a walled town under the shadow of Etna. The hero here is Gaetano Alagona, the last of an old house that had been known for centuries in Diamante. Round him is grouped a quaint and varied assemblage of personages further connected together by a flimsy and too fantastic piece of legendary, which yet gives its title to the whole—'The Miracles of Antichrist.'\* This legend hangs upon the stealing of a miracle-working image of Christ, the substitution therefor of a tinsel imitation which is also miracle-working. The miracles of the Antichrist are supposed to be purely material ones; and Selma Lagerlof confuses her plot still further by making this Antichrist the symbol of Socialism as opposed to Christianity. The style of narrative has here, straying still farther away from that of the ancient saga, in many places degenerated to a sort of childishness which approaches that of the fairy or folk tale (*Eventyr*), suitable enough for that—charming, for instance, in the mouth of Hans Christian Andersen; not by any means wholly suitable or charming in a story written for and of grown people. That, however, the author can rise to something much higher is shown in the introductory chapter to 'The Miracles of Antichrist,' where it is told how Augustus had gone out to ask the will of the gods whether or no a temple might be built in his honour. Surely it is no common thing to find a writer—not to say that she is a woman likewise—who can be so much at home alike in a northern tale and in a sacred or a classical scene:—

'On the way the Emperor chatted gaily with his retainers, and none

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\* 'Antikrists Mirakler,' translated under the above name by P. B. Flach (Gay & Bird).



of them noticed the infinite silence and calm of the night. It was only on reaching the open space at the top of the Capitol, which had been thought of for the new temple, that it was revealed to them that something unusual was occurring. . . .

What they behold there is the Sibyl ('they had never 'seen anything so old, so weather-beaten, and so gigantic') gazing out into the blackness as if something in it were visible to her:—

'They urged Augustus to hasten, and said that the old Sibyl had probably come out of her cave to greet his genius.

'But the truth is, the Sibyl, engrossed in a vision, did not even know that Augustus had come to the Capitol. . . .

'She did not know that people were raising an altar, lighting charcoal, strewing incense, and that the Emperor was taking one of the doves out of its cage to make a sacrifice to her. . . .'

The vision which she sees is the Nativity; first the shepherds on their downs, then the choir of angels:—

'Could they know that the Sibyl still thought she was standing by the shepherds' fire, and that she was now listening to a faint sound that came vibrating through the dead silence of the night? She had heard it a long time before she noticed that it came from the sky and not from the earth. . . .'

And so onward till the star flames over Bethlehem:—

'At the moment when the star flamed out over the mountain-village all nature awoke, and the men who stood on the Capitol were conscious of it. They felt fresh but caressing breezes: sweet perfumes streamed up about them. . . . And out of the sky the two doves' [which had before escaped into the blackness] 'flew circling down and lighted on the Emperor's shoulders.

'When the miracle took place, Augustus rose up with proud joy, but his friends and his slaves fell on their knees. "Hail, Cæsar!" they cried; "your genius has answered you! You are the god who shall be worshipped on the summit of the Capitol." \*'

In one of Selma Lagerlöf's latest writings, 'The Queens in Kungshälla,' † we have another passage as fine, or finer still; it is the description of a Roman merchant galley entering a northern fjord:—

'During these preparations the sea became narrower and narrower, and the sailors discovered that they were entering the mouth of a river. The water was fresh, and there was land on both sides. The trireme glided slowly onwards up the sparkling river. . . . On both

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\* *Miracles of Antichrist*, pp. 2-7.

† 'Drottningar i Kungshälla.' This has been translated in a volume containing also the translation of 'En Herregårds-Historie'—'From a Swedish Homestead,' by Jessie Bröchner. (Heinemann.)

sides of the river primeval forests, high and thick, met their view. Pine-trees grew right to the water's edge. The river in its eternal course had washed away the earth from the roots, and the hearts of the seamen were moved with solemn awe at the sight, not only of these venerable trees, but even more by that of the naked roots, which resembled the mighty limbs of a giant.

'There was no doubt something awe-inspiring in all this, but it was also elevating to see nature in all its power before man had yet interfered with its dominion. It was not long before one of the sailors began to sing a hymn to the God of the Forest, and involuntarily the whole crew joined in. They had quite given up all thought of meeting human beings in this forest-world. Their hearts were filled with pious thoughts: they thought of the forest-god and his nymphs. They said to themselves that when Pan was driven from the woods of Hellas, he must have taken refuge here in the far north. With pious songs they entered his kingdom.

'Every time there was a pause in the song they heard a gentle music from the forest. The tops of the fir-trees, vibrating in the noonday heat, sang and played. The sailors often discontinued their song in order to listen if Pan were not playing upon his flute.

'Then, all of a sudden, at the outlet of one of the tracks, there stood an elk, a royal deer with broad forehead and a forest of antlers on its horns. . . . Behind the broad horns one could now discern more distinctly something light and white. They wondered if the elk carried on its back a harvest of wild roses.

'The crew gently plied their oars. The trireme drew nearer to the animal, which gradually moved towards the edge of the reeds. . . . Behind the horns one could now distinctly see the face of a maiden, surrounded by fair hair. The elk carried on its back one of those nymphs whom they had been expectantly awaiting, and who they felt sure would be found in this primeval world.

'A holy enthusiasm filled the men on the trireme. One of them who hailed from Sicily remembered a song which he had heard in his youth when he played on the flowery plains around Syracuse. He began to sing softly:—

“Nymph, amongst flowers born, Arethusa by name,  
Thou who in sheltered wood wander'st white like the moon.”

And when the weather-beaten men understood the words they tried to subdue the storm-like roar in their voices in order to sing:—

“Nymph, amongst flowers born, Arethusa by name.”

They steered the ship nearer and nearer the reeds. They did not heed that it had already once or twice touched the bottom.\*

The nearest approach to the romantic style of Selma Lagerlöf which is to be met with in the other Scandinavian countries is in the work of the Norseman, Thomas Krag,

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\* From a Swedish Homestead, pp. 145-9.

who, like the Swedish authoress, began his work in the last decade of the nineteenth century. He seems to have shared with her the good luck—if it is good luck—that his earliest productions were welcomed with a great deal of enthusiasm. In this country he has attracted the sympathetic notice of a graceful critic, Mr. Edmund Gosse. Krag has considerable charm of style, not comparable with Fröken Lagerlöf's when she is at her best, but never childish, dignified and equable. For all that, we must confess that the praises that have been lavished on the Norse romancer seem to us excessive. One among Krag's drawbacks is his monotony in the choice of subject and in his method of dealing with it. As he is a romanticist, we have, perhaps, no right to complain that he generally confines himself to the straightforward narrative with little dramatic aid. Occasionally the speeches of one character or another are reported; there is very rarely what can be called true dialogue. In the concluding portion of '*Ada Wilde*,' Krag's best novel, perhaps, up till now, we get a certain amount of dramatic dialogue. But the author might at least aim at giving his personages some vivid traits of interest. He never seems to do so. Following the example of Björnson in that master's '*Heritage of the Kurts*,'\* but by all appearance very indolently, Krag, through the first fifty or sixty pages of his novels, is accustomed to treat us to the past history of a family stretching back a couple of hundred years or so. Thus '*Ada Wilde*' opens with the account of a man who seems to have had no other characteristic than that he lived in a boat. This and the fact that he generally walked abroad at night—in doing so he once scared a countryman—are all we learn touching the founder of the house of Wilde. People said, of course, that he must have committed a crime; but for all that we know he may have been as blameless as the *Æthiopians* or Mr. Peggotty. Not more exciting and scarcely more enlightening is what we are told of the earliest Gröbens in '*The Brazen Serpent*,'† or the history of the construction—the material building—of '*Dame Beata's House*;'‡ though it is only fair to add, we have always the chance of encountering graceful touches, little

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\* '*Det flager i Byen og paa Havnen*'—'*The Heritage of the Kurts*,' translated by C. Fairfax. (Heinemann.)

† *Kobberslangen*.

‡ *Fru Beatas Hus*.

unpretentious jewels of style such as this, which is from the last book of the three:—

‘Of the folk I tell of here I can talk freely, for no one knows them now; they are long since dead. I myself had almost forgotten them till I came to the place which was once theirs. When I went into the plantation hard by, all uncared for now, and saw the walls to which many years’ suns had given a golden tint, then the faded beauty of the little wood and all the sights of that autumn day and the sunken house compelled my mind to memory and to dreaming.’\*

Of all the different houses commemorated in the various novels the family history follows the same course—lines of degeneracy they would be for Nietzsche—from wild forebears to humane and not too energetic contemporaries, men *πλούσιοι καὶ μὴ πονηροί* after the Aristophanes pattern, rich at least by comparison with their neighbours. Again, if Herr Krag’s narrative seems fond of suckling fools, it is still more so of chronicling small beer. This, for example, is the summary of the first third portion or more of ‘Ada Wilde.’

Sakarias Wilde, the last male of his house, loses his wife in the second year of their marriage, and is inconsolable. In time he becomes an enthusiastic Nimrod, and we have some slight picture of his two cronies, Captain Kruse and Commander Bøg. At first, Sakarias can hardly bear to see the child who has destroyed his happiness; later, he grows devoted to Ada. She herself is a light-hearted girl, unknowing love until her twentieth year, when she meets her fate at a concert. She falls head over ears in love with Lieutenant Carsten Stahl. There are some whisperings afloat that Stahl is dissipated—‘not a marrying man,’ and so forth. But Wilde turns a deaf ear to them. Ada, for one thing, is an excellent match—charming to boot; we are told so, without precisely discovering for ourselves. The couple are engaged; the marriage follows, and is described with great detail. We have now got through one-third of the book, and nothing comes to the surface except *la triple banalité*, as Brunetière said, describing Ohnet’s work. The tale goes on further without startling change. Gradually the selfishness of Carsten comes more and more to the front. He cannot stand his baby’s screams, goes back more and more to his bachelor friends, and so forth. By the beginning of the second part, on the 173rd page (out of 325), we have got the young couple settled at

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\* Fru Beatas Hus, p. 23.

a new place, Sandby—Christianssand, it is said, in real life. Here certainly the narrative begins to improve. We have more character-sketching, and even, as was noticed above, some dialogue, as in the ordinary novel. The members of the club—the ‘Pleiads’—are rather well given. Now the story progresses too rapidly towards its tragic, or at least pathetic end. Ada meets again at Sandby an old school friend now married—Margrethe Lyders, a plump blonde with a dried-up husband. The two families—the Stahls and the Lyders—become intimate, with the result that an intrigue is soon entered into between Carsten and Margrethe. When Ada discovers the letters which have passed between the guilty pair, she follows the French proverb, ‘Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot,’ and ‘trompée elle s’éloigne.’ She goes back to her father’s house. In truth, the ending lacks not of dignity or pathos.

In the general run of such stories as we have read of Thomas Krag it is rarely the tale itself, the main stream of the narrative, that offers matter of interest. The nearest approach to a striking personality that we have met with in Krag’s stories is the Jew doctor in ‘The Brazen Serpent.’ But he is a suggestion, not a creation. The charm of Krag’s books lies in a certain atmosphere, a sense of the wood and of the *vidder*—the open table-land in higher regions—and sometimes, though we should judge that the author is no traveller, of the sea. Certainly the oncoming of the storm in ‘The Brazen Serpent,’ the phosphorescent light that runs over the mast, these things are fine; and, in ‘Dame Beata’s House,’ Riemann’s night upon the *vidder*, the cries of the foxes, the corpse he finds, have an effectiveness. Where human beings intervene in such scenes they are generally rather futile—the blind man who can smell the coming storm—all the gipsy gang in ‘Fru Beata;’ they give one an idea that the author has had a half-vision of something striking, and thereafter either lacked imagination enough or was too lazy to pursue its traces.

That Krag might have given us this charm of the country and not have left out so many others of the duties of a novelist is evidenced by a comparison between him and a writer of quite a different school, Knut Hamsun. We do not say that Hamsun’s ‘Pan’ rises quite to a level with ‘Ada Wilde’ or ‘The Brazen Serpent’ in those merits which constitute Krag’s special gifts, his quasi-mythological sense of nature and the mournful cadences of his style. In other respects Hamsun (who is a Dane) is the superior of

the Norseman. The story of 'Pan' is nothing, but the characters are much. It is a psychological study of a peculiar kind. Lieutenant Thomas Glahn has settled himself in Norway, within the borders of a wood, and right above a little town on a fjord. He lives in his cottage alone, surrounded by the sense and sounds of nature, does everything for himself, spends his days in shooting, and has for only companion a dog, 'whom I shot afterwards,' he incidentally says. He is compounded of poetry and wildness, almost savagery, most like those forebears of Krag's personages, those whom he does *not* tell us about, except only a few commonplace facts.

'From my hut,' says Glahn, 'I could see a jumble of islands, large and small, of rocks, a little of the sea, a few blue peaks; and then behind the hut lay the forest—a monstrous forest. I felt full of joy and thankfulness in the smell of roots and leaves, in the fat juice of rotting leaves which reminds one of the smell of marrow. Here, in the forest all my feelings came to rest, my soul was equable and full of power. Day after day I went along the wood-paths with Æsop at my side, and I desired nothing more than to still go on, day after day; for all that there lay snow and soft slush upon the open land. Æsop was my only companion; now I have Cora; but at that time I had Æsop, my dog, whom I shot afterwards.'

But soon the threads of modern life begin to weave themselves about this solitary. He makes acquaintance in the town below, most eventfully with the chief dealer or merchant and richest man of the place, Herr Mack. Mack is a widower, outwardly respectable, with clandestine love-affairs; and his daughter, Edvarda, is left free to do very much as she likes. One of her fancies is to affect to be a child and dress as one, while she is in reality a grown woman. She soon captivates the Lieutenant, and the story drags on—judged by our English standards—in an inconsequent fashion to an inconsequent conclusion. For, whether Glahn really was in love with Edvarda we do not know, nor how far she was in love with him. Not the less is 'Pan' an excellent piece of workmanship. Without effort, and simply through what Glahn reports in his diary, of folks' sayings and doings, we get a vivid picture of Edvarda and an adequate one of the other characters in the drama. The heroine is certainly first cousin to some of Ibsen's heroines—to Hedda Gabler, for instance; but she is no mere copy. She is as little restrained as these women of Ibsen are by moral considerations; and yet she is curiously modern in showing everywhere the restraints of civilisation and the

want of the power to a passion—to use Milton's phrase. The meeting of this modern self-consciousness with the wild impulses of the Woodman is the essence of the story; but there are side touches, and in especial the pathetic incident of the love and death of Eva, the blacksmith's wife.

Hamsun, although he is a Dane, must be reckoned to belong to the school of novelists which is known under the name of the Young Norse Party, for he spent some years in Christiania, and this residence is commemorated in another novel, his best-known one, 'Sult,' 'Starvation' or 'Hunger' (it has been translated into both French and English), which begins with a pathetic sentence, 'It was in the days when I 'wandered about and starved in Christiania. . . .' The Norse and Danish literature does not as a rule show traces of much reading in foreign tongues. In the matter of quotations it is as like as not to be English that figures. Herman Bang prefixes to his charming sketch 'The White House' a verse which may be a quotation slightly altered, or the offspring of his own muse:—

'Sing for me the songs  
Which you sang long ago,  
Long, long ago!'

And Thor Lange in a little tale, 'The Scholar,' misquotes Tennyson thus:—

'Break, break, break  
On the cold grey stones, O sea.'

Howbeit the Young Norse Party, who are no longer very young, are supposed to be terribly French, and to want to acclimatise in Scandinavia all the French tricks of literature, including the more pedantic kind of French naturalism. At present they have not gone very far. The most advanced in one respect—that is, in the direction of the improprieties—is Peter Nansen, whose 'Maria' is in sooth quite the sort of book which might figure on a boulevard bookstall; in irreligion Knut Hamsun bears the bell; other writers of the school are Sigbjorn Obstfelder and Helge Rode—this last is a playwright rather than a novelist.\* The characteristic writings of this group are love-stories which do not seem to contemplate marriage as part of their plan; but in other respects they are usually not offensive—'Maria' excepted

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\* One of Rode's best plays, very like in sentiment to the stories we are about to cite, is 'Dansen gaar' ('The Dance goes on.')

perhaps. Another novel of Peter Nansen's, '*Julia's Diary*,'\* is really in essentials very innocent and charming. Julia, who is evidently quite a young girl, half engaged to an old childhood friend, Erik, is utterly captivated by a Danish actor, Alfred Mørch by name, whom she loves too well. The story is a study much of the pattern of the '*Love Letters of an Englishwoman*,' about which there has been so much talk here, neither better nor worse than that. In other words, it well enough suggests a passion, but does not sound any wonderful and hidden depths of human nature. Like its English antitype, it runs on to a foreseen catastrophe, but, more wisely than it, does not make thereof a mortal tragedy. Alfred is essentially a virtuoso lover (one does not like to continue to use the hackneyed '*æsthete*'), who not so much tires of his mistress as of any bond of constancy. When she writes to upbraid him, he says she cannot understand his nature; but when, more desperate still, she humbles herself in the dust, and will be content to share his love with another, if that is the only condition of not losing it, he is shocked. Her letter is a '*vandalism*,' the greatest pain he has ever suffered, which he can only try and forget. There is a real pathos in the passage where Julia makes this surrender of her pride. And in the following, which comes a little earlier, when she has first received her dismissal, the likeness between her writing (making allowance for the fact that Julia is clearly the younger) and the writing of the Englishwoman of the '*Letters*' is noticeable:—

'A day has gone, a night has gone. A new day has come. It was *yesterday* it happened: and still I am alive.

'So grief does not kill one. I shall not die of grief.

'When I got his letter and had read it twice over before I understood that it was not a joke, or a misunderstanding of mine, I didn't cry nor faint. "So it is over," I said out loud. My voice sounded dry, almost indifferent. I thought, "You might at least have said it with more feeling." But there was no strong feeling in me. Everything in me had grown rigid. My heart seemed to stop beating, and my mind to cease feeling. Even my face, I thought, had stiffened, and the skin seemed to tighten. I passed my hand over it and distorted my face into a smile to give it some movement.

'I went out—whither I had no notion. But a voice within me said, "It is impossible for you to stay here. You must go; you mustn't let any of *them* see you."

'I met people I knew—bowed to them and had a talk with one old maid. She told me a long tale about an illness she had just recovered

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\* *Julies Dagbog.*



from. When we parted she said, "You look famously to-day. . . . Ah, well, that's what it is to be young and have spirits," she added.

'Next I found myself in the wood—in a clearing of the wood by the fjord. I stood on a little landing-place and looked over the water, and I said to myself, "If you were wholly miserable you would just let yourself slip down into the water here, and so with little trouble bring your troubles to an end."

'The sound of church bells came through the trees from the town: they were ringing for afternoon service; and I thought I had never noticed before how beautiful it was here. It was as if my eyesight had been sharpened. I saw things which I had never noticed before—a little island, for instance, with trees bending their heads down to gaze into the water like Narcissus, sick with his own beauty; then innumerable small sounds that came from the rushes by the lake, the depths of the wood, from the grass, from insects singing, birds that fluttered among the leaves, and fish that sent up bubbles to the surface of the water. I fell into wondering at the ever-changing forms of the clouds; they looked at first sight so quiet, so changeless in the still summer air, but for all that when one noticed their slow moving over the vast space you saw that they changed—to golden laughing islands, to great sailing birds, and then they disappeared from sight as a flock of little cloud-children.

'I took in the whole picture in a wide glance and said to myself, "If you should never come back here again, you will never forget how it looks to-day!"

'I wandered into the recesses of the wood. The same sort of solemn alertness was upon me, a sort of pondering receptiveness. Then all of a sudden I remembered that I was going about with *his* letter in my pocket. I felt a sudden blow at my heart, my soul trembled with a shuddering chill. My knees knocked under me, I had to support myself against a tree, or I should have fallen; I crushed the letter in my hands, and, without reading it, saw every word he had written before my eyes.

'It was true then. He had abandoned me. It was all true.

'Indeed, I had said all this before. I had gone with his words in my mind all the time. Now for the first time they reached my heart and made me moan with pain.

'Over! All over! Never to see him again! What did he look like now? I sought to call his image up before my mind. It escaped me: I saw parts only, now a pair of large dark eyes that looked at me sharply, ironically, unfriendly.

'I cried to heaven in my misery. I deceived myself, and prayed that it might not be true. "I know that I deserve punishment, God. But have you not punished me enough? Now I will shut my eyes. When I open them again, let it all turn out to be a dream."

' . . . Now I stood again by the water. . . . My madness was over-passed. I was only driven to death. I cried softly and quietly, I saw the summer landscape spread out before me. I who was still so young, and nothing more to hope for in life.

'Then a voice spoke within me, "There is hope yet; perhaps even

now there is a telegram waiting for you, or another quite different letter is on its way to you."

'There was no telegram and no letter the next day.' \*

Obstfelder's 'The Cross'† is another love story (*Kjærlighedshistorie*) on very similar lines. It is certainly not strictly moral, but it too is never offensive; the sentiment is always romantic, not sensual, and it is full of charm and pathos. The manner of all these stories—nay, we may say it is the manner of Scandinavian literature taken as a whole—is in the direction of over-simplicity, almost childishness. We noted the characteristic in *Fröken Lagerlöf*. But in this particular tale of Obstfelder's one hardly wishes it otherwise. The initial description of Rebecca, the heroine, seems, through this quality of extreme simplicity, to mark her off at once from one's notion of an English girl or a French. And the charm goes on growing, as her power to harm others becomes apparent, on until the end, which is so foolishly, meaninglessly, yet most skilfully sad. Rebecca springs out of the void. How the *liaison* between her and the narrator began we are not told—'he never thinks of asking about her past, her belongings.' Thus she is like the creature of a fairy tale, some Undine of modern Christiania. Then the hero makes acquaintance with an engraver, hardly less a being from the void, and going to his studio discovers to his horror that Rebecca's face and figure are everywhere. But he keeps these things to himself, and ponders them in his heart. Matters go on till the proofs of the girl's faithlessness seem conclusive, and there is an awful night in which the hero, after following Rebecca to town, wanders about in her traces, finds her shut up in the engraver's studio, and meets her husband (for Rebecca had once been actually married—'in church,' as the husband says), and hears his cynical account of her changes of taste. Then Rebecca, finding out how her lover has followed her about and has lost all belief in her, goes home, takes out a boat to sea, and drowns herself. After her burial the man discovers a packet, which he dare not open at first, he is so certain it is of other men's love-letters. It is, in fact, a diary, showing that, whatever she had been to other people, Rebecca had never swerved in her devotion to him.

Such is the class of book produced by the 'Young Norse' type of writer, running much towards diaries (of Obstfelder we have 'A Parson's Diary,' and 'The Cross' is in diary

\* *Julius Dagbog*, pp. 242-6.

† *Korset*.

form, as are both 'Marie' and 'Julia' of Nansen and Hamsun's 'Pan'); in other words, not attempting any wide sweep in the portrayal of human nature, but sharply distinguished from books like Thomas Krag's, in that they are what people call 'psychological,' not romantic. 'Psychological' is an abominable word, for an artistic study has nothing to do with science; but it is in use, and it would not be easy to find a substitute. It is on account of this last element, its introspectiveness, that with this class of book we associate Hamsun's 'Hunger,' for all that in plot it in no wise resembles those just described. 'Hunger' has what they have, or, in a still higher degree, an extraordinary *naïveté* and candour, such as you will not perhaps find in any other literature, not even in the Russian. It has no plot at all, and works up to no *dénouement*. It is merely a description of the writer's struggle for existence in the town of his choice. One gathers that he had been to the university there, had passed through a time of comparative ease. Now he is merely penniless, and we have nothing else than the record of days of starvation and semi-starvation, and the rare moments intervening when he earns something by his pen. No one among contemporary English novelists deserves better to be cited as a type of the true realist than Mr. George Gissing: his 'New Grub Street' is already almost a classic. And yet compared with the awful candour of Hamsun's narrative 'New Grub Street' seems almost artificial. We are spared no detail—of how the writer has to wear the same clothes for days and days, weeks it almost seems; or of his chewing chips of wood to stay the pangs of hunger; or again of his insane and useless and self-detrimental lies; his blasphemies; his eccentric, utterly inexplicable pieces of generosity, as when he pawns a waistcoat to give the chief part of the proceeds to a man whom he has known for some five minutes only, and then as an inconvenient neighbour; his allowing a shopman to pay him change not due, and directly after, ashamed of his theft, pouring all into the lap of a cake-seller at the street corner. The little love episode is of such a futile character that it is hardly possible to imagine a Frenchman confessing to a like *gaucherie*. And our author is so self-restrained in never giving us a hint or explanation, that a dozen persons might read the episode of the landlady and her accounts, and remain as blind as the narrator did at the time to its true significance. At last the tale that begins in nothing ends in nothing. The starving author does not finally get recognised; rather he does in a sense

get recognised, but by some fatality this seems to have no improving effect on his fortunes. In the end he embarks to work his passage on a ship bound for America, and the lights of the cruel city are the last things that he and we see as he passes down the fjord.

All this—or almost all—we are justified in assuming, is simple autobiography. For it is certainly historical that Knut Hamsun went to America and stayed there for some years to try and push his fortunes. If any one should think that the acts or thoughts recorded in this sort of ‘confession’ were too insane to be typical of human nature, let him read the book which records the result of Hamsun’s experiences on the other side of the Atlantic, ‘*Amerikas Aandsliv*’\* as it is called. In that book, bitter as it is and through its bitterness limited and sometimes almost stupid, yet alert also and witty to no common degree, there is not the smallest trace of a disordered mind. The truth is, we are all less sane than we imagine, and far less than we should appear if a record could be kept of all our passing moods and whims. Our own minds forget them almost as soon as they are gone, or rationalise them into a connected system of thought. The astonishing part of Knut Hamsun’s book is the exactitude (apparent, we are forced to add, but it is an appearance that carries conviction) with which he has preserved the transient acts and feelings which most forget.

In this brief essay on the Scandinavian novel we have thought it best to select only some few typical authors, and of each one’s works not more than one or two for notice, lest, by multiplying examples, we should give to the whole the appearance of a catalogue rather than of a criticism. There are many more writers who might seem to call for mention—certain ones who, from some characteristic quality, especially deserve it. In contrasting, for example, the meagreness of the human interest in Krag’s books with what one might reasonably expect or demand, we should willingly have cited the work of a young writer, ‘*Kamp*,’ by F. K. Tranaas (1900), which, along with purity of style and a great sense of natural beauty, has a very rich vein of human interest. Another writer, who is notable in that he follows quite other models than those which have attracted the Scandinavians as a class, is Sophus Bauditz. His ‘*From*

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\* ‘*America’s Spiritual and Intellectual Life*’ is the only possible translation. For the reason that *Aand* has not its English equivalent we have left the title in the original.

a Garrison Town' is, if anything, more like the German novel of thirty years ago than anything else; but it has a fuller sense of reality than have most of its prototypes. It is, however, as they are, somewhat conventional. More especially do the contrasted fortunes and rewards of the lieutenant and the schoolmaster in this story remind one of the German romance of the time of Freytag. Amelia Skramm is another writer who has claim to distinction, but not a very high claim. Her writings have a kinship with those of some of her English sisters whose books are called powerful by the reviewers just in proportion as they approach or overstep the bounds of modesty. And it need not be said that the 'woman question' is a very prominent feature in Scandinavian fiction as a whole—in the Swedish most especially—and produces there, as here, novels often able enough, but on the wrong side of the barrier which divides art from cleverness, literature from mere writing.

The books produced in Scandinavia necessarily suffer from certain disabilities. In these countries there exists no great classic literature, nor long tradition of letters. They have behind them no Tudor age nor silver age, no Pleiads and no Encyclopædists, no Cervantes nor Calderon, no Dante nor any of the innumerable poets and prose writers of the Italian Renaissance: their best substitutes for Goethe and Schiller are Ibsen and Björnson. At present the languages of all the three countries are poor, and their vocabulary is meagre. The Scandinavian writers are, as a class, lacking in dignity—Ibsen himself is scarcely an exception, Björnson is not an exception—and their followers have not developed in a direction to fill up this want. This is not the place to speak of recent Scandinavian poetry. But we may say that that too, as a whole, is rather trifling in subject and in scope. It has been subjected, too (more than the prose), to foreign, that is to say, to French influences. In one poet the influence of Verlaine is very discernible, in another that of Mallarmé. From drawbacks such as these the Scandinavian fiction recovers much by those qualities which we have so often insisted on—its sincerity and candour. These give it a kind of dignity even when it is a little childish. We do not propose to draw a comparison between the Scandinavian novel as a whole and the English novel; but, as compared with those types of the latter which gain the largest suffrage from the public and the press, we may say that the Scandinavian novel has something of the charm that a child has side by side with

an affected man or woman of the world. We can, indeed, boast of—in trade language—an enormous ‘output’ in this particular of literature. An immense series of romances—some all of adventure, running, so to say, with blood, the others all of style, as of a fencing master at a duel (the one of sound, the other of fury)—are to our account; and a series equally vast of the novels of manners (it is the best word) varied and witty, and tied to a wholly conventional presentation of life—as conventional as is our drama: and now and again a book which is simple and sincere. But out of this great production how much forms the contribution to the finer literature of Europe—of how much would the historian of European letters be obliged to take account? Whatever in fiction is good with us, very little indeed possesses the special merits which we look for in the realistic novel. To each age its peculiar type of literature, and on each type of literature lie its special obligations. Realism, the higher realism which attempts to be the mirror of life—life outward and inward—is bound by some of the duties which life itself imposes, and that rule which Marcus Aurelius lays down for his own conduct might very well be exacted of it. ‘Remember always to do what thou hast in hand,’ the Emperor says, ‘with complete and simple dignity and feeling of affection and freedom and justice.’ ‘With feeling of affection’ to avoid the moroseness of the French, of the pessimists of all lands, but with justice to comprehend and apprehend all phases of human nature; and, above all, with freedom and with dignity such as can never be the lot of those who are for ever watching the set of public taste and trimming their sails to catch a favouring breeze. There is less of this commercial instinct in Scandinavia than here; and so, with all its defects, the fiction of these lands holds for the nonce a more important place than does our own.

ART. XI.—1. *Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901. Catalogue of the Fine Arts.*

2. *The Glasgow School of Painting.* By DAVID MARTIN, with an Introduction by FRANCIS H. NEWBERY. London: George Bell & Sons, 1897.

TO celebrate the first year of the new century by an International Exhibition has inspired the citizens of Glasgow to raise a monument to their own industry and the world's commerce which marks the division of time between the past and the future. As an epitome of things accomplished and a forecast of new conquests in the sciences and the arts, the objects gathered together in the grounds of Kelvin Park are a remarkable, if heterogeneous, evidence of Scottish enterprise. The mechanical inventions, of course, show the one typical advance made by the modern artificer, whose swift onward progress is prophetic of the new century which has just begun. And we stand amazed by the ingenuities of huge engines, and the most delicate intricacies of minute contrivances, so adroitly made and so entirely the product of contemporary skill, that we are forced to acknowledge the engineer to be the master-workman of the age. Leaving the miscellaneous commodities and inevitable trifles, which lightly disparage criticism, we pass to the artistic and antiquarian collections which reflect the sober taste and more estimable energies of the West of Scotland.

The historical collection of antiquities has been formed without reference to purely local art, but nevertheless contains many relics of Scottish worthies and the circumstances of their lives, and of the city of Glasgow in particular. And we are reminded of a past when the culture of the city was centred in its mediæval cathedral and its university, founded in the middle of the fifteenth century after the model of that at Bologna, as it is said, when its learning and scholarship were an outflow of the Renaissance tinged with the austere logic and humanity of Italy. In spite of these ancient and important foundations the city grew but slowly, and apparently long retained the beauty and quietude of a mediæval town. In 1650 it was described as 'not so big or rich, yet to all a much sweeter and more 'delightful place than Edinburgh!' Even in the eighteenth century it was inconsiderable in size, with few premonitions of its sudden and eventful growth. An artistic movement

was, however, astir in the minds of the citizens, resulting in the establishment of the printing-press and academy by the brothers Foulis. Though conceived with hope and enthusiasm, the academy of art never succeeded. We hear that the drawings of the students were exhibited in the inner court of the college in 1761, and a few names not quite forgotten appear in the list of pupils, among them that of James Tassie. But the work of the printing-press was more fortunate, and is still memorable for its fine editions of the classics and its elegant type. Yet the injunction to 'print for posterity and prosper' was only half fulfilled, for the two brothers died insolvent.

Since those days Glasgow has grown monstrous in size and shape, swelling its boundaries in every direction. The prosperity for which the brothers Foulis prayed has come with a vengeance—the vengeance which heedless changing and trafficking bring. But the fierce strife of three generations has bred reflexion, and now again the last word from Scotland on the fine arts comes from Glasgow, who has become the mother of a school of painting.

The arrival of a group of young men professing a new æsthetic creed is naturally a matter of interest and curiosity, and when some years ago a few Scotch painters announced a revolt from the practice of their elders, and were ambitious enough to regard themselves and persuade others that they were the pioneers of new ideas, a public interest in their doings was aroused outside the immediate circle of their friends. And when this manifestation of intelligent vitality emanated from Glasgow, critical curiosity was still further increased.

That a city of merchants and engineers should bring to birth an æsthetic faculty is probably a natural part of its destiny, and is due to that energy and expansion which had hitherto gone out in the market-place, purged and softened by the inroads of culture. Even to make an ugly commercial city on a vast scale requires the virtue of strenuous effort, and the ardour for work may be easily directed to art. And as the ground is rarely too barren to produce a flower, nor man's conscience ever so dead as not to feel the touch of beauty, it happens that the consequences and disabilities of a black environment oppress us in a great town, and demand the service of artificial adornments. Tracts of dirty walls, endless pavements, and forests of chimney stacks however softened to the eye by the enveloping haze of smoke, are a poor substitute for the colours and



forms of the open country, and man perforce returns upon himself and his own resources to modify and counteract the ugliness which satisfied his first hurried needs. That a local phase of art should arise in the place which has been busiest in obliterating beauty in all Scotland is after all but the assertion of man's inability to live with dirt alone. It is the ethical need for beauty amid base surroundings, rousing the young men to a stronger and keener taste for it.

Coming upon the scene shortly before the last decade of the nineteenth century the Glasgow artists have a share in that burst of promiscuous genius which typified the passing years of that dying era. But the work of the school appears to be the result of education rather than of temperament, and its 'originality,' if not plagiarised, is traceable to ascertained influences producing a merely critical and eclectic art. Their battle and struggle against the older superstitions has been rather for professional success than an intellectual revolt arising from deep compelling convictions, and loses poignancy by a too great deference to conventional respectability.

Influenced by the modern spirit of France they have clearly absorbed many of the principles and methods which arose in the successive movements of recent years. The Barbizon school, the realists, the luminists, the impressionists were all at the service of the young Scotchmen, and each helped to mould and direct their attitude to nature and the problem of representing her anew.

They have wisely avoided any direct discipleship, but since no artistic impulse quite emancipates itself from its antecedent causes, we may recognise the inspiration of the young Glasgow artists in many places. At home there were a certain number of Scotchmen at the height of their powers, doing notable work, to whom the abler men of the younger generation would naturally look with admiration. Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Pettie, and Mr. McTaggart, to mention no others, might well exercise an influence upon their fellows. Mr. Orchardson, with splendid virility, painted a noble series of subjects combining the romantic treatment of realism with a very exquisite perception of the dramatic and structural embodiment of his theme. In the present exhibition at Glasgow the delicate qualities of tenderness in the large picture of a mother bending over her child are drawn with the strenuous touch of sympathy which impresses its finely ordered workmanship. Mr. Pettie also brought much power and spirit, as well as archæological insight, to the rendering of his episodes of Scottish history; and Mr. McTaggart

brilliantly anticipated by his bright vivid touch the mode of the luminists whose studied and reasoned science he divined with a natural and instinctive ease. The exhilaration of a clear breezy atmosphere is communicated with delightful freshness from these healthy stirring pictures, and the originality of his technique is one of the striking manifestations of a distinctly Scottish genius. How much Mr. McTaggart may have influenced the minds of his younger contemporaries is doubtful, but his methods tended in the direction followed by the Glasgow artists.

In England the example of Mr. Whistler, M. Legros, and even Mr. Sargent is acknowledged to have been a source of inspiration to various members of the Scottish group, and each of these men, it may be noted, has had a Continental training, so that directly or indirectly it is the Continental painters who are the avowed teachers of the Glasgow movement.

Mr. Newbery, who speaks with authority, says

‘that neither revolution nor revelation is being attempted, nor are the minds of the workers bent upon much else than that of doing a day’s work with the best possible credit to themselves. These Scottish artists desire to be neither prophets nor preachers . . . with no proselytising creed, they yet have a firm belief in *one* thing—which is, that it is quite sufficient for *Art to be Art*, and to be the most beautiful thing that man is capable of making her.’

Now this theory of art seems to exclude the passion and might of all great intellectual affirmation. It sounds ominously like a surrender to mediocrity. When the colouring sentiment of the mind lacks the compelling force of tragic intensity, or swift satire, or the ennobling romance which exalts man’s sexual instinct, or the pity for darkened lives, the best promptings of the artist’s nature are wanting. From the dark moments of the soul, or the bitter stripes of wit, as well as from more tender moods, must all impressive and serious art proceed. And when the work of a school, a period, or an individual deliberately avoids the poignancy of the intenser emotions for mere abstract generalities, picturesque or poetic though they be, we feel a sense of insufficiency of purpose in their efforts.

The artist’s business is to improvise a stimulus to life, to praise loveliness and strength, to represent an ugly or wicked thing as that antithesis or negation of beauty which shall disentangle for us the antagonistic web of nature by gross and unseemly symbols, and thereby glorify some spiritual excellence through a veil of dark texture. The views of

despair, hatred, cruelty, misshapen features, sinful deformities are the antidote to indifferent luxury, and, in a picture, are the artist's tribute to the gravity of the world's tragedies.

Then there is the reaction from the over-subtle and artificial to the elementary and primitive, which is inevitable to the mind languishing in barren ways and feebly interested in borrowed vitality. By the return to fundamentals and first principles realities are substituted for decadent ideals and the weary devices of custom. The reassertion of the real to the man of super-refinement comes with the awakening shock of the sunbeam in the morning, and refreshed by the instinct of freedom and loosed from the arid sterility of habit, there flows from the artist's hand a new spring of youth and primal honesty.

That the painters of the Glasgow school have founded their practice upon general impressions derived from principles formulated by other groups of artists, rather than from inward impulses emanating from themselves, seems too evident to be denied. They have caught at some guiding precepts, mainly of a technical kind, relating to the outward form of their work, and have cleverly adapted them to their individual faculties, and from that beginning have developed a consistent mode of handling. And at least some of their success is due to the fact that the leaders of the movement had the taste to discover better methods abroad than those which prevailed around them at home. 'Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young,' said Dr. Johnson—a truism which is clearly recognised and acted upon in Glasgow.

Unlike the contemporary novelists of their country, the painters abjure mere Scotticism in their work. A kail-yard cannot be a common adjunct to a Glasgow studio, nor are bagpipes often heard or kilts seen in the street. But were they so minded their pictures might abound with porridge-bowls, tartan plaids, Kilmarnock bonnets, red beards, whisky-bottles, elders, and Scotch mists. We have a faint suspicion that they regard these things as vulgar and provincial, and are too genteel and cosmopolitan to touch the homely things about them. But the facts of life in the great ugly city of the North are pregnant with matter for a painter with an eye and sympathy for them. And it is a deficiency in their relation to time and place, that no one has drawn adequately upon the things nearest to his hand, even a dignified rendering of Scottish life like that presented by Mr. Niel Munro being conspicuously absent.

It is notorious that a movement ceases to operate for good as soon as it takes corporate form and realises its existence by labelling and regulating its action. Attainment almost always paralyses man's desires; with consummation come inertia and the end of the power to work. In the case of artistic societies dulness creeps in with the election of a president and the purchase of a minute-book, and art flies out of the window. But the coming together of the Glasgow artists as a united and formal school only lasted for a brief period. They did not long submit to the nod of Mr. William Kennedy, and not for long was their oratory entered in the secretary's notebook. Their fighting days were over, and they became an easy prey to the enemy. In the year 1888 the Royal Scottish Academy, against whom they had banded together in battle, elected Mr. Guthrie as an associate, and by degrees others were caught in the net.

But peace is not yet in sight. At least one member has declined the Academic bait. After being duly elected to fill the last vacancy, Mr. Hornel repudiated the preferment, to the exceeding embarrassment of those within, and remains aloof in the sequestered woods of Kirkcudbright, where trees, flowers, and birds are patterned in the delightful convention of mosaic. Thus the revolt continues in a house divided against itself, and the flock is parted between those in the fold and those in the field, leaving to the Royal Scottish Academy the delicate task of electing possible members, who will throw the diploma in their teeth.

The new forces germinating in Glasgow owed much to the initiative of Mr. W. Y. MacGregor, whose landscapes seriously claim our attention for their sound artistic qualities. Reared on the banks of the Clyde he presently discovered the high road to London, and studied there under M. Legros, whose impressive personality has influenced not a few of our more distinguished young painters. The profound value of this master's art is a notable event of our time. His exquisite sympathy for human suffering in this death-haunted world, his noble pity for toil-worn men and all those who entertain '*le bonhomme Misère*,' their faith, their devotions, their illusions, realise the pathos of life only less fully than the art of Rembrandt. And his absolute mastery of the theoretic treatment of pictures has revealed the widest possibilities of advancement to his pupils.

Mr. MacGregor's range and vision are comparatively small, but by intensifying these he has perhaps reached a

stronger position than any of his fellow-workers. His bluff, stubborn, Scotch nature is reflected in the uncompromising and narrow scope of his work, and gives it an almost aggressive force. Intolerant of more delicate methods than his own, this robustness of aim deepens in the technique and formula of his art. Like all the members of the School, Mr. MacGregor has an acutely developed sense of form—so much so that the elaborate pains bestowed upon the pose of a tree, hill, or cloud, seems to withdraw the mind from that impassioned revelation of nature's secrets, wrested in a moment of inspiration and conveyed in the glow of exalted strength.

More than ever the landscape painter of to-day must be a seer. The ideal of nature has been presented to us in many forms, sometimes remote and sometimes near, hovering between a pure invention and a photograph or transcript. It may be treated in a hundred ways. To mention a dozen names of the last two centuries is to declare that its possibilities are as infinite and inexhaustible as the illimitable utterances of music.

The picture of 'An Upland Landscape,' exhibited at the International Exhibition at Knightsbridge in 1898, is a type of the country which Mr. MacGregor most often chooses to paint, and discloses his manner of painting it. In its features the subject of the picture is common enough—a stretch of lonely country, such as one may see anywhere in the North—the mixture of moorland and cultivated fields, which constitutes a farmer's holding in Scotland. Yet out of this homely material a vision is wrought. The actual topography receives a solemn and harmonious quality, impressive and beautiful. The scene is a re-created product in mental concentration, and Mr. MacGregor has found expression again and again for a preconception of the rough scenery of the half-mountainous uplands, absorbed, modulated, and composed to harmonic consistency. Formed thus out of the abstracted qualities and conditions of many places, grey rocks, brown peat, the red earth of a newly ploughed field, stunted trees, the rough cast of a crofter's cottage, and the rainy sky are blent together by a dominant and masterful will. The handling is appropriately broad, and the textures of the biggest—reminding us of his admiration for Daumier and Legros—the colour sober and sometimes delicate, but always satisfying in its fulness. Such work depending upon an inventive memory requires the most sensitive recognition of natural effects, a perfect adjustment of forms, of light,

atmosphere, and perspective to reproduce the true essence of the scene.

The architectural landscape, built up of conventional proportions, in which clouds, trees, hill, and dale are composed in balanced harmonious masses, was not a discovery of the Glasgow painters, but its principle has been adopted with dignified and sometimes poetic feeling. A purely reasoned art is apt to become dogmatic, and in the end too cold and dry; and the artist misses, by studious arrangement, the delightful vicissitudes of chance. In such carefully planned work nature's first influence gradually fades from the canvas, and the personal temper of the artist may assert itself overmuch, and almost always tends to monotony even in the case of more versatile masters than Mr. MacGregor.

'The Quarry,' which a few years ago attracted general attention at the New English Art Club, showed Mr. MacGregor at his best. This finely conceived subject disclosed his aims with greater finish and with a higher attainment of beauty than in any of his previous pictures. Here his careful avoidance of prettiness became embodied in a consonance of tone and form, mellower and more profound than that which he had hitherto reached.

The portraits from Glasgow have probably attracted the largest share of notice hitherto, and the more critical part of the public has generally looked to Mr. Guthrie for work of a higher quality than that of his fellow-townsmen. Usually he is regarded as their leader. Though trained in London and Paris, his character has retained much of the Scottish probity and earnestness which have tinged his work with an honest fervour and raised his technique to a height that has evoked constant admiration. His handling is, we believe, founded upon a long and close study of Velazquez, and if it lacks the swift vivid charm and perfect mastery of the Spaniard, there is a genuine vein of power in the effects of his drawing and painting. His dignified conception of portraiture is evident in many instances. That of Major Hotchkis (No. 447) in the Exhibition is a fine example of taste, selection, strength, and reserve, combined in a successful presentation of a soldier. Its quiet and satisfying tone has the acceptable serenity of an old master.

In the Corporation Galleries the portrait of Bailie Osborne is easy and natural. It has been painted perhaps too easily, and contrasts with the portrait of stern intensity by Mr. Orchardson close beside it.

Mr. Guthrie's essays in pastel hung in the Exhibition

have much of the rapid charm of that medium. The view of Helensburgh (No. 760), depicting a scattered crowd in the grey dusk, illuminated by newly lighted lamps mingling with a faint glow of sunset, is a picturesque study at the waning hour of the day.

If success be the measure of worth, Mr. Lavery may regard his position with ample satisfaction. By his agreeable talents he has reached an enviable fame both at home and abroad. Portrait-painters are often distinguished as those who enrage their sitters and those who please them, for there are not a few eminent limners whom every commission confronts with a prospective enemy. Mr. Lavery belongs to the pleasing type. The insistence upon feminine daintiness and the rejection of the unpleasant are characteristic of his themes, and, though the subject of cavil to his masculine critics, these qualities have secured him the admiration of a host of young ladies who would gladly submit to be re-created by his flattering brush. We do not mean that his popularity has been achieved by compliments dexterously conveyed in paint. His success rests on more serious grounds and is gladly acknowledged beyond the circle of his gratified patrons.

He has a discriminating eye for the elegances of a lady's toilet—draperies, laces, feathers, flowers, and stuffs are defined with appreciative grace, and are wrought into a delicate harmony and design. This taste for dress and furniture and the appreciation of fashion give an incidental reality and the flavour of contemporary manners to his portraits. But the art appropriate to the drawing-room, the croquet lawn, fashionable or domestic functions, the haunts of the gay world, and other accessories also requires a significant interpretation. And we feel that Mr. Lavery, with all his skill, never approaches near enough to those forces which make such phases of life alive by the portrayal of delicate subtleties of character and manners. The inward vision is wanting. Caprice and frivolity, the charm of their mockeries and vanities, are merely blurred in a far-off view with the keen edge and emphasis eliminated. There is too little appeal to the mind. We miss the serious sympathy and concentration of Degas, and stand unmoved before the picture of the Croquet Party by which he has chosen to be represented at the Glasgow Exhibition. Yet its composition is admirably studied, the figures are very skilfully grouped and coloured, and there is a perfect sense of 'tonality,' as Mr. Martin calls it. The sunlight on the

lawn and sea, however, is obviously untrue without any perceptible compensation. The Bridge at Grès,\* a picture of sunshine and pleasure, showing two gay ladies in a boat under the old bridge, borne lazily upon a purple tide, has the same unsatisfying character.

The examples of his portraiture are more interesting. The portrait of himself and a little girl, exhibited in London, showed the stronger qualities of his brush, and a more than usual concentration. His well-known portrait of Mr. Cunningham Graham has surprising vivacity; the attitude, the drawing of the hand, the picturesque mien are all true to life, and reveal much of the character of an interesting and many-sided personality.

The slight but brilliant drawings of Mr. Crawhall have more of the vital touch of genius than the more pretentious works of his colleagues. Only from Japan do we get such studies as 'The Black Cock' (No. 1070) or 'The Cockatoo' (No. 695). Both are superb in their realisation of familiar but beautiful birds, exquisitely imagined. The same delicacy and swiftness of hand are seen in a series of bull-fights wrought in Spain. In one of these the bull has caught a horse on its horns and raised it up with its rider, who plunges his spear in its neck. The drawing and the design are singularly dramatic. The dust of the arena, the palisade, and the spectators, suggested with the fewest strokes of the brush, make a picture reminding us of the more precipitous gusto of an etching by Goya.

It is regrettable that Mr. Walton, who has a real faculty for painting landscapes and pastoral subjects, should exhibit a picture like the 'Sun-dial' (No. 381), which is quite unworthy of him. The would-be-poetic sentiment is painfully overstrained and banal; it is badly designed, and nothing could well be uglier than the cast-iron design of the pedestal of the dial. On the other hand, the small Landscape (No. 1013) in another room shows that his talent is of a high order. There is a fulness of motive and tender atmosphere in this naturally and skilfully composed scene which is truly pleasing and satisfying.

The art of Mr. Henry has latterly received the recognition due to its merits and is well represented at the Exhibition. There is a real suggestion of music in the essentially harmonious picture called 'Symphony' (No. 495). A girl with a rapt face plays a piano. The tone of her dress

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\* Exhibited at the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.



and hair conforms to the ruddy brown of the mahogany furniture, and the scheme of colour is completed by the gleam of a goldfish swimming in a glass bowl. The emotion is more gracious and of a subtler kind than is usual in the North. His vivid and arresting portrait (No. 451) of a pretty bright-eyed child in red is also charming.

In the gallery of prints we notice with pleasure the plates by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, the etcher of the group, whose facility and grace in the use of the needle are not the least agreeable products of Glasgow art. His paintings are almost equally pleasing. The view of a road in Tuscany, hung in the Institute, is one of the most attractive pictures in the collection. A road between two purple banks, with slender fragile trees, winds towards a blue plain, till it is lost in the horizon of the pale sky.

The vast collections of an international exhibition dazzle the mind by their manifold array of divergencies; styles, races, periods, localities, disturb the normal 'congruities of 'the brain' and unstring the nerves from their customary repose. Not only does each section require the exercise of a new faculty, but almost every object in it. The fine loan collection of French pictures, too seldom seen in this country, shows the distinctive taste of the Glasgow collectors, and makes the Exhibition memorable by their presence alone. In the sculpture hall we are dominated by the strange and enthralling fascination of Rodin's work.

The hanging of the pictures in the Exhibition leaves much to be desired. For hanging, although the public is only slowly awakening to the fact, is an art in itself. It is an art, moreover, requiring a very special skill if justice is to be done to each individual work without prejudice either to other works around or to the general effect of the walls as a whole. Few of the picture-seers who visit a gallery grasp to what extent the appearance of a picture—and consequently their appreciation of its merits or demerits—is influenced by its position both with regard to light, and more still, in many cases, with regard to the close neighbourhood of other pictures. And though in the matter of light the choice of the hanger is obviously restricted by the inevitable limitations of wall space at his disposal, in the matter of the actual juxtaposition of pictures he is, or should be, his own master. With him, indeed, lies the responsibility; and again we repeat it, the task demands, not alone a rare and special talent, but judgement, patience, and experience—so to arrange his walls that the hazardous

brilliancy of one school may not eclipse the fainter delicacy of another, or the breadth of one artist's treatment be forced into a semblance of coarseness by the too near approach of some other painter's method of over-attenuated refinement.

A gallery hung by a competent artist, whose aim is not the display of this or that picture at the expense of others, bears its own stamp of recognisable excellence. In it the spectator is not required at every step to readjust his valuation of colour; he has not the oppressive conviction brought home to him that he must perforce efface the impression of each picture in turn before he can—without a visual somersault—shift his gaze to the next. And, in a less definite degree, the discomfort many picture-seers experience of being unable to receive any impression, clear or unclear, from the pictures before them, is reduced to its minimum. Unconsciously their eyes have been guided and educated in the art of seeing. Their attention has not been exhausted by violent transitions, except where contrast could be fairly employed to serve as stimulant or where contraries gained significance by immediate opposition. Nor—an equally exhausting process—has their interest been allowed to flag by an overstrained and unbroken monotony of selection. It is, with such results in view, scarcely an exaggeration to say that, except for trained eyes, a gallery of inferior works well hung will convey a more intelligent idea of art than a gallery of gems ill-assorted and misplaced. This being at least a half-truth, the importance of the office of a 'hanging committee' cannot be over-estimated. Moreover, if consistency of principle be an essential element in harmony of effect, it is self-evident that the duty of such committees should resolve itself into the careful choice of a dictator, with whom should rest the final appeal no less than the actual arrangement of the pictures. The Glasgow Gallery hardly appears to have solved the problem of authority as satisfactorily as might be, although possibly, as compared with other exhibitions—notably the annual hanging of the Royal Academy—criticism should perhaps be dumb.

On glancing at the architectural drawings we are struck by the lamentable degeneration of the modern Glasgow architects—only a generation ago the architecture of Glasgow was something to boast of—'Greek Thompson' and his contemporaries raised a series of buildings unique and admirable to which their successors might look with respectful emulation. Yet there is neither dignity, style, invention, nor consistency in the work of the younger

men. Notwithstanding, they need hardly have gone to London for such a provincial design as that of the new Art Galleries. It looks scarcely superior to the wooden pavilions, whose flamboyant outlines and fantastic cupolas are sufficiently appropriate to such ephemeral structures.

When the Corporation conceived the idea of decorating the Town Hall, they afforded a great opportunity to the four young men selected for the task. To a man of genius such a commission would mean a great achievement. Unhappily the adequate decoration of a public building is one of the arts hopelessly lost in the nineteenth century, and we therefore look with anxiety at every new attempt, if only to learn some lesson from its failure. The first defect we notice is that Mr. Lavery's panel does not harmonise with those of Mr. Walton and Mr. Roche, thereby breaking the continuity of the wall. Neither do the other designs, either in treatment or conception, realise the demands of the occasion. The lunette by Mr. Henry has far more affinity with the architectural scheme and colour of the Hall, but its convention reminds us of a page from a child's picture-book, and, therefore, it begs the question of how to combine a decorative harmony with a mature technique.

This united achievement of four members of the Glasgow School is an evidence of their collective and individual powers, as much as the small pictures from their hands, and confronts us anew with the problem of how to arrive at a true estimate of their talents. Placed before the work of a body of artists still at the height of their career, it is obviously safer to propound a question than pronounce a judgement. We therefore ask, Do their pictures possess the perfect workmanship of the great masters? Are they fraught with more than a conscientious dilettantism of previous schools? What is their part in the intellectual movement of our time? And how do they compare with their contemporaries in the South, like Mr. Rothenstein and Mr. Steer, whose pictures at the Exhibition are so notably conspicuous? And the still more important question remains, whether this sudden energy is the beginning of a decentralization of the arts, which shall lead to a permanent local tradition of painting throughout the country, and whether by realizing a more extended scope for their art these young men are strengthening a love of beauty which shall one day magnify their city by a line of artists as great and distinguished as those of Florence or Venice. These are questions whose answer time alone can give.

ART. XII.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., at the Reform Club, July 9, 1901.*

2. *Letter from the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., to the City Liberal Club, July 16, 1901.*

3. *Speech of the Right Hon. H. Asquith, M.P., at the Hotel Cecil, July 19, 1901.*

4. *Speech of the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., at the City Liberal Club, July 19, 1901.*

5. *Speech of Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., in the House of Commons, August 2, 1901.*

THE Empire stands to-day in a position of great difficulty and of some danger. Lord Salisbury's Government is unusually strong in the support of Parliament and nation; but it has not as yet found itself able to satisfy the hopes and expectations of the electors who a year ago gave it their confidence. 'Can we not, ought we not to, be doing better?' That is the question which all men are asking, and which means, when Englishmen ask it, that they are turning inquiring eyes beyond the administration of the moment to political possibilities of the future.

Let us look, then, beyond the supporters of the Government to the broad political situation, the position of parties, the condition of the House of Commons, and the state of things produced by this most deplorable South African war.

The Liberal party has never recovered from the blow inflicted upon its credit and its power by Mr. Gladstone half a generation ago. In 1885, for the last time, the united party appealed under a leader, recognised as such by every section of it, to the country. It obtained in Great Britain a very substantial majority. The Liberal party was not indeed, in 1885, entirely homogeneous, but comprehended, as it has always done, many shades of Liberal opinion, from Liberal-Conservative on the one side to advanced Radical or Socialist on the other. Between these sections, or between their leading representatives, relations sometimes became strained; just as in former days there was occasionally sharp antagonism between Whig leaders such as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and the spokesmen of the Manchester school, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. But in 1885, as in earlier times, it was found possible for the party, and advantageous to the country, for Whigs and Radicals to make common cause. The zeal and popular enthusiasms of

the latter, when practical measures of reform were under consideration, had often been brought face to face with the more cautious views of experienced Whig statesmen; and the happy result had been achieved of steady progress in almost every direction, no spirit of reaction having been caused by a shock to public feeling brought about by revolutionary change or even premature advance. In the autumn and winter of 1885 Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, Mr. Dillwyn, Sir Charles Dilke, to name eminent members of the House of Commons only, fought the battle of a common Liberalism, and won for that party with the electors of Great Britain its last victory.

It was, however, evident enough to those who looked below the surface that the elements of discord within the Liberal party already existed. The Radical Caucus was determined to assert its own power, which, be it said, it greatly over-estimated; representative Radicals, such as Mr. Labouchere, constantly urging on the public that what the Liberal party really needed was to throw off the burden of Whig influence, in order that unadulterated Radicalism might for the first time enter upon its inheritance. Still there were moderate men amongst Whigs and Radicals who earnestly deprecated the efforts of the headstrong or foolish members of either section to create a breach with the other. Above all, the high character, the eminent service, the transcendent abilities of their great leader gave Mr. Gladstone an unrivalled ascendancy with the people. It is strange that the only statesman who could have kept his party united and victorious in the autumn of 1885 should, a few months later, have been the man to shatter 'the great instrument' in pieces, to reduce it to a condition of powerlessness and discredit, from which even sixteen years afterwards it finds it impossible to emerge.

In 1886 Mr. Gladstone made the question of Home Rule—that is, the establishment of a separate Irish National Parliament and Government in Dublin—the sole test of Liberalism. In the light of subsequent events, it is difficult to suppose that the new cause was embraced by the more prominent of Mr. Gladstone's adherents (with the exception of Mr. Morley) with any great intensity of conviction. Still, at the word of command, Home Rulers they became, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt vied with each other in the vigour with which they denounced the wickedness of Liberals who main-

tained their own former principles of attachment to the cause of the Union, admirably expounded as they had been up to the last moment of 1885 by Mr. Gladstone himself.

What the people of Great Britain thought of all this history has made plain. In the gifts which draw popular support the Liberal party has never had a leader comparable with Mr. Gladstone. From 1832 to 1885 the Liberal party was distinctly the popular party in Great Britain; their opponents relying largely upon what was known as 'influence' against the mere voice of the crowd. After 1885, it is hardly too much to say that all constituencies were 'popular constituencies.' In these fifty-three years the Liberals had for the most part prevailed. In the sixteen years since the conversion of Liberals into Home Rulers, notwithstanding the democratic character of the constituencies, notwithstanding that in two out of the three general elections the Liberal party as newly constituted was led by Mr. Gladstone himself, Great Britain has steadily supported their opponents; and so decisive has been the national verdict that Liberal statesmen in opposition now themselves dread nothing more than the accusation that they are pledged to carry out that Home Rule policy which they had made the supreme test of Liberalism!

So far so good. Home Rule has been killed. Progress and reform have been proved to be no monopoly of the Liberal party. As a final result of the great measures of 1832, 1867, and 1885, there is no longer possible a conflict between parties relying the one on popular forces, the other on privilege and personal or class influences. Each party now draws strength from the same source, and has to appeal to popular opinion—the opinion of the masses. Mr. Gladstone's taunt about 'the classes' did not deceive the electors fifteen years ago. The appeal was out of date then. It would be even more hopelessly absurd now; for the classes and the masses are in truth indistinguishable. The changes that have been made in our electoral system, and not less the change that has come over opinion, have made it almost impossible that the old root distinction between political parties should prevail. There is nothing nowadays to make a strong desire for reform incompatible with Conservative statesmanship. Democratic developments are as likely to come from Conservatives and Unionists as from Liberals and Home Rulers. Free education, representative county government, extension of Irish land purchase, have been amongst the works of Lord Salisbury's administration: and

stronger evidence there could not be that the historic prejudices of an antiquated Toryism, if not extinct amongst individuals, can no longer direct the political action of the modern Conservative party.

It seems to be supposed in some quarters that the breaking down of the old distinction between the two English parties, the existence in the House of Commons of a third—the Irish party—independent of them both, and the tendency of the parliamentary Opposition to break up into groups, portend a permanent change in the working of the parliamentary system. It is, of course, at the present time impossible to classify members of the House of Commons simply as supporters of the Government, and as members of the Opposition. The majority, it is true, whether they call themselves Conservatives or Liberal-Unionists, do form one party, in the old sense of the term; but the Opposition, consisting of those who till lately made Home Rule the principal plank of their platform, having for the most part dropped Home Rule, seem to have no common bond to unite them, no leader to whom they all defer, no general tendency even to see eye to eye together on those political questions of the day that have the most interest for Englishmen. Still, it is certainly premature to suppose, in consequence of the disintegrated condition of the Opposition of to-day, that the two-party system has permanently broken down.

Men who have little practical knowledge of popular assemblies, and who are shocked by the unfortunate length to which blind partisanship often carries politicians, imagine that a House of Commons in which six or seven hundred members looked alone for guidance to their own individual judgements would be an improvement upon the present, and certainly very far from perfect, representative assembly. In truth, such a body would be nothing more than an irresponsible mob, which it would be impossible practically to call to account, and which would have all the characteristics—excitability, fickleness, and general foolishness—for which mobs, large or small, have from all time been distinguished. Parties there must be, and it is surely better there should be two great parties the opponents and critics of each other, each having before its eyes the responsibility which attaches to office, actual or potential, than that politicians should be divided into sections, or groups, or cliques, with an administration dependent upon the alliances, combinations, and intrigues amongst them.

The truth is, that the powerless condition of the Opposition to day is the natural result of what has occurred. There is nothing so abnormal in the present situation as to lead us to suppose that the party system in politics, such as we have known it in the past, is breaking down, and will not resume its old sway. The Liberal party in 1886 lost credit with the public, as completely as Mr. Fox and his friends a century earlier lost credit with the country in consequence of their coalition with Lord North. The power of Pitt throve upon the deep national distrust of his rivals. Lord Salisbury's authority since 1886 has been largely due to a similar cause. The effect of the coalition between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, after all that had occurred, gave a shock to the steadying elements in English politics, the effect of which has not yet passed away. When on the top of this discredit the Opposition found itself in the position of official critic of a popular war, it needs little knowledge of English history to explain the distressing condition into which it has sunk. To refer again to the eighteenth century, Lord North's ministry was one of the most unfortunate that ever governed England, yet it lasted longer than almost any other; and for this reason—that England would have none but a fighting ministry, and the Opposition was bent upon peace. The disasters of the American War would have sufficed to turn out Lord North's government half a dozen times had there been another set of statesmen ready to carry out the policy of conquering the Americans, upon which nine-tenths of the nation had set its heart. When, again, in 1857 the Peelites opposed the war with China, Lord Palmerston swept the country; and naturally, since the electors regarded the issue as one between 'an insolent barbarian at Canton' on the one side, and Lord Palmerston, the upholder of the honour of the British flag, on the other. One of the unhappy Peelites who urged that 'the barbarian' had been unjustly treated, and who suffered in consequence, long afterwards recorded his opinion that the occasion must be rare indeed in which the British people would not support its government at the beginning of a war.

These are considerations of a general character, and they are amply sufficient to show that of necessity the position of an Opposition at the present time must be an exceedingly difficult one. There are, however, special circumstances that have helped still further to promote actual demoralisation in the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal left his followers without any commanding authority to which the



rank and file of the party, not to mention those of more outstanding position, were willing to defer. In Opposition Lord Rosebery found it impossible to lead the party in the country and Sir William Harcourt to lead it in the House of Commons. Each may be taken as, to some extent, the representative and leader of a strong body of Liberal opinion. Each had failed, not on account of deficiencies of his own, but in consequence of the divisions which rent party Liberalism, to consolidate into one powerful Opposition the jarring fragments and sections which only Mr. Gladstone's great personality had been able to control and combine. In these adverse circumstances Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman felt it to be his duty to the party to accept the Liberal leadership in the House of Commons, when it was pressed upon him by every section of Liberal opinion, and never did any one take upon himself a more thankless task! It was to be his first duty, subject, of course, to the higher interests of the country, to keep his party together. Every party-leader is of necessity required to hold the doctrine of 'the great instrument,' and we have no doubt Sir Henry conscientiously believes that the existence of a strong and united Liberal Opposition is essential to the welfare of the country. Was he, as the accepted leader of the whole party, to identify himself with either section of it, and compel the other to leave the ranks? This would have presented the singular spectacle of a statesman (selected for the express purpose of keeping men together) giving the *coup de grâce* to every hope of their ultimate union.

In his capacity of leader Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was entirely justified in inviting the whole body of Liberal members of Parliament to meet him at the Reform Club. As he truly said, the reasons were obvious, for recent events had disclosed a discord in the party which had made united action exceedingly difficult. 'It is my prime duty,' he continued, 'as well as my chief desire, to maintain harmony 'in the party—the harmony without which it cannot fulfil 'the part it ought to play, and cannot exercise its due 'influence in the State—it becomes necessary for me to 'ascertain . . . whether I still retain your confidence—the 'confidence which is absolutely indispensable to any effort 'that I may make to achieve the purpose of maintaining 'harmony in the party.' That the great difficulty arose in consequence of the party being hopelessly divided about the war was not in his view correct; for what concerned prac-

tical men was not the origin nor the past conduct of the war, but rather 'the present administration of affairs, and 'above all the future policy to be adopted in South Africa, 'a question fraught with the most momentous consequences 'to the Empire, and to the position of this country in the 'world. The whole matter, however—and I would impress 'this strongly upon you that we should never forget it— 'rests not within our responsibility, but in the responsibility 'of His Majesty's Government. I have from first to last, 'so far as in me lay, done all in my power and exercised 'every endeavour that I could put forth to save the Liberal 'party from any share in that responsibility.'

In speaking as he did Sir Henry used language which would in similar circumstances have been employed by any leader of Opposition. His position required him to be conciliatory, and to minimise differences. Constitutional precedent justified him in placing responsibility for the present state of affairs entirely upon the advisers of the Crown. As a matter of course the vote of continued confidence in his leadership was carried with acclamation. But of greater significance than the vote itself was the line taken at the meeting by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Their speeches were evidently the result of deliberation, and, taken in combination with the subsequent deliverances of Lord Rosebery, they indicated possibilities of party development, of vital importance to the Liberal party and of considerable interest to the country at large. Mr. Asquith spoke with eloquent enthusiasm of the traditions, the name, the hopes, and the aim of the great Liberal party, which 'was to be in the future as it had been in 'the past, the most fruitful and potent instrument of 'national progress.' He, however, entirely disagreed with his Leader in thinking that differences of opinion as to the origin of the war might be minimised with a view to agreement as to present policy. Honest differences as to the causes of the war must, he insisted, 'colour and influence 'men's judgement of the present and their estimate of the 'future.' Sir Edward Grey, who, as well as Mr. Asquith, spoke with friendly warmth of the great services of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was no less explicit. 'I know 'his (Sir Henry's) opinion all through has been that it was 'possible to find a common ground by suppressing certain 'differences. I have felt all through that the differences 'were too deep to be suppressed.' And they both recognised the importance of the meeting as establishing hence-

forward their right to express their own individual opinions on the subject of the war, a right which, it must be said, they had already most properly established for themselves. It was a national as well as a party crisis, said Sir Edward Grey; but 'there are two things of which no one can think. 'One is that no man can think of retiring from public life, 'and the other is that no man can think of going over to 'support the present Government. They are a worn-out 'Government that have neither foresight nor grasp in 'things abroad, and no conviction in things at home. 'There is no health nor hope to be found in them.'

The public felt a little puzzled at the advice thus given it. It is, indeed, clear from Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey that statesmanship, wisdom, virtue are the inheritance of the 'Great Liberal Party,' though what that remarkable political combination has done, or aspired to do, to entitle it to so much public admiration, since it has had the honour of the support of these two gentlemen, is not very evident. But surely the simple fact dwelled upon by both—that deep differences of opinion divide the Liberal party as to the policy to be pursued in South Africa—is sufficient to prevent the British people in a time of national crisis from feeling a great desire to avail itself of that famous instrument. If, and it is a mere supposition, Liberal-Imperialists take substantially the same view of the South African question as does the Government, both as to the policy that has been pursued and the policy that is to be pursued, and if the times are as serious as Sir Edward Grey most justly considers them to be, on what ground is it forbidden to think that Liberal-Imperialists might patriotically support the present Ministry? They might perhaps supply some of that 'grasp' and 'foresight' which they deem so lacking.

Some five days after the meeting at the Reform Club Lord Rosebery wrote a letter to the City Liberal Club discussing the condition of the Liberal party. 'Neutrality 'and an open mind,' the basis of the Reform Club reconciliation, was little to the taste of the late Liberal Prime Minister. 'The whole Empire had rallied to the war.' In such circumstances Liberal impotence was impossible. 'The 'area of comprehension is too wide. On this question it 'embraces the whole human race. And this question is 'vital, morally and politically. Morally either the war is 'just or unjust. Either the methods are civilized or legitimate. If the war be unjust and its methods uncivilised, 'our Government and our nation are criminal, and the war

'should be stopped at any cost. If the war be just, carried on by means which are necessary and lawful, it is our duty to support it with all our might in order to bring it to a prompt and supreme conclusion. These are supreme issues; none greater ever divided two hostile parties. How, then, can our party agree to differ on them?' This difference was, according to Lord Rosebery, but one amongst a host of other differences. How (he asked) could men such as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Edward Grey be members of one party? The evolution of the Empire had produced all this divergence. There were two irreconcilable schools between which the Liberal party must decide: between, that is, 'Imperialists,' as the one school calls itself, and 'Little Englanders,' as it calls its rival. Until this decision was made 'it is of no use to speak of the grand old principles of the Liberal party. That is all very well for a peroration. But for practical or business purposes it is necessary to know what these principles are as applied to the British Empire in the present condition of the world.' As for himself, Lord Rosebery was determined never voluntarily to return to the arena of party politics.

Lord Rosebery would therefore, it seems, restrict the Liberal party to Liberal-Imperialists and enthusiastic supporters of the war—a rather strange contribution to the controversy, if his object be to build up a Liberal Opposition—but natural enough, and patriotic to boot, if his intention be to strengthen Lord Salisbury's hands in prosecuting the present war to a victorious conclusion.

Having written his letter to the City Liberals on July 16, Lord Rosebery on the 18th delivers a long speech to the same highly favoured gentlemen, in which the views expressed in his letter are expanded and revised. He did not complain of the vote of confidence in his old friend Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and he should not like to call the meeting of Liberal members of Parliament at the Reform Club 'an organised hypocrisy;' but if its policy of party comprehension was pursued, it meant the paralysis of the Liberal party. What was needed was a party in earnest as to matters of domestic reform, as to which the failure of the Government afforded a splendid opportunity to the Opposition. 'You start,' Lord Rosebery continued, 'with a clean slate as regards these cumbersome programmes, with which you were overloaded in the past. You are disembarrassed from some entangling alliances. You may proceed to deal in a new spirit with

'the new problems of the age as they arrive, and I, for one . . . do not yet despair of seeing the Liberal party, or some such party, because if the Liberal party will not undertake it, the matter is of such necessity that some party will create itself—I do not despair of seeing the Liberal party purged of all anti-national elements, and confident therefore of the support of the country in regard to Imperial and foreign questions of policy, proceeding in the work of domestic reform. . . .' And Lord Rosebery indulges a hope that Liberal-Unionists will rally to this promising 'Liberal party' of the future; and concludes his address by declaring that for the present he must remain alone and plough his furrow by himself, but before he gets to the end of it he thinks it very possible he may not be alone.

What is the upshot of these enigmatic utterances? That the present Government is to be turned out is common ground to the Reform Club meeting and to Lord Rosebery. The latter would supply its place by a Liberal Government, supported by a party freed from entangling alliances (that is to say, which has repudiated Home Rule), and 'purged' also of those who believe that unwise policy on the part of the Government at home and in South Africa had a very large share in bringing about the Boer war. We wish Lord Rosebery's speech could have been made to the assembled representatives of Liberal constituencies at the Reform Club. The purging process to restore the health of the Liberal party sounds a little drastic, and perhaps it might be safer to try it, in the first instance, upon Lord Rosebery's late colleagues on the Liberal Front Bench before applying it to the whole party in the House of Commons. How far its effects might extend, it is not within our province or competency to say.

We can judge with more confidence of the probable result of the audacious appeal of the late leader of the Home Rule party to Liberal-Unionists. Lord Rosebery and several, possibly a large number of, prominent Liberals are exceedingly and most intelligibly anxious to bury Home Rule altogether. Under the name of Liberal-Imperialists they have adopted the principles, so far as we can understand, professed and acted upon by Lord Salisbury's Government. *Therefore* the Liberal-Unionists are to quarrel with Lord Salisbury, and join a party, of which all we know is that 'it will proceed to deal in a new spirit with the new problems of the age as they arrive'! Liberal-Unionists

see with great satisfaction the desire of Liberal Home Rulers to return to the older faith of the Liberal party. But 1901 is not 1886. Surely there is a more logical conclusion to be drawn from the approximation of Liberal-Imperialists to the principles of the whole Unionist party on Home Rule and South African questions, than that Liberal-Unionists should turn their backs on a leader and a party with whom they have now no fundamental difference. But then Sir Edward Grey tells us that that conclusion is unthinkable. And it is for Liberal-Imperialists, not for Liberal-Unionists, to judge.

With an Opposition thoroughly disorganised, and disunited amongst themselves, the House of Commons cannot show itself at its best. The presence of the Irish members, who make a boast of their national hostility to the cause of the Empire, has in the purely party sense been of considerable use to the Government. Both as regards policy and administration, the interests of the country require that the action of the ministry should be subjected to public criticism by men who, if they see things from a different standpoint, are as patriotic as ministers themselves. But the effect of such criticism is destroyed by the association of the critics in the lobby with members who frankly avow their determined hatred of the British nation, and their hope that victory will be on the side of her enemies. In time of war an Opposition is always more or less exposed to the hurling against it of the party taunt that it sides with its country's enemies; but since the Opposition of the present day has been till lately closely allied with these gentlemen, and still depends upon their votes if it wishes to present a tolerable appearance on a division, the familiar party missile tells with crushing effect.

Under these circumstances, where legislation has not been in question, the Government has had its own way in Parliament, and has been subjected to very little effective criticism. The ministry has the support of a very large majority, fresh from the country, ministers themselves always present a united front, and there have been no symptoms whatever of differences in the ministerial ranks. Yet the Unionist party is not happy! Its frame of mind is not that of a triumphant majority, which has lately had from the constituencies a new lease of power. It votes straight, but it grumbles mightily; and both inside and outside the House of Commons it would be absurd to pretend that 'depression' is not the special note of the day.

Why is this? Too much by far has been said as to the

unpopularity caused by the ministerial reconstruction. No one, however, has pointed out the omission from office of those who would conspicuously have brought weight to the administration. Dissatisfaction of this sort is keen, rather than widely spread; for the country at large takes very little interest in the filling of minor offices. Putting the matter at its worst—viz. that Lord Salisbury has shown an ‘undue preference’ for his own relations, some of whom happen, as a matter of fact, to be amongst the ablest men in Parliament—the country would hardly take it very seriously to heart. What oppresses the Unionist party is a deep sense of dissatisfaction with the state of the House of Commons and with the state of the country; and it looks to the Government to show vigour and determination in putting things right.

It is certain that the arrangements for the satisfactory transaction of business in the House of Commons require to be thoroughly overhauled to enable that assembly adequately to perform its proper functions. Legislation, of course, is only one of these functions. Another, not less important, is to debate the policy of ministers of the Crown, and to criticise their action and the conduct of the administrative departments. The failure of the Government last session to pass into law the principal measures that had been promised in the King’s Speech ought not to be entirely attributed to the defective business arrangements of the House of Commons. The country being for the time indifferent to everything but the war, and Parliament closely reflecting the national mood, it is natural enough that little important legislation was accomplished, and that there has been no strong general dissatisfaction expressed at the smallness of the legislative output.

It would be premature—and this would hardly be the place—to consider in detail the alteration of parliamentary procedure which the times demand. When a minister of the Crown proposes in any way that the House should restrict what are called the privileges of private members, a storm is at once raised, as if the issue were one between a bureaucratic administration on the one side and a free House of Commons on the other. Now, the simple truth of the matter is that reform, involving no doubt the restriction of much-abused privileges, is as much needed in the interest of the House of Commons as in that of the administration. Supplies must be voted. Administrative business must be got through; but upon the adequacy of the debate depend

the usefulness and the reputation of the House of Commons. During last session—and the same may be said of all sessions—far the most important business with which Parliament had to deal was so-called ‘ministerial business.’ It was this in which the country, as well as nine-tenths of the House of Commons, was interested, and for which it was desirable to have ample time for debate. Yet, whenever Mr. Arthur Balfour, who after all cannot make time, asked to increase the time available for the discussion of this, the principal business before Parliament, at the expense of the time allotted by the ordinary rule to what is known as ‘the business of private members,’ a storm arose as if his proposals were not made mainly in the interests of the House of Commons itself. There is ample time between February and August for the House of Commons to do its work thoroughly, if only it will conduct its business in a businesslike way, and if only private members will remember that they owe some consideration to the working efficiency of the assembly of which they are a part. Of course, if 670 individual members were to proceed on the principle of putting as many questions, and making as many speeches at any possible stage, as the forms of the House permit, the whole thing would break down. The House has been too long-suffering towards those who, whilst they of necessity respect the letter of its rules and forms, do violence to the spirit by which in the past Parliaments have been guided. We are afraid it is impossible to ignore the fact, due to various causes, that the respect of the individual member to the House as a whole, and as an institution, is far less than it was.

The great difficulty in reforming procedure lies in the fact that it is the abuse of privileges and rules, in themselves very valuable, that has to be checked, and care must be taken in uprooting the tares not to tear up the wheat also. The right to put a question on the floor of the House to any minister about the conduct of his department affords, undoubtedly, great protection to the public, and many of our permanent officials are aware of the good that has sometimes in this way been effected. Undoubtedly, also, it is a protection to the public that private legislation should at certain stages have to face the ordeal of public debate in the whole House. Publicity in private Bill legislation is of much importance for many reasons, and there is no publicity to equal that obtained by full parliamentary discussion. Again, motions for the adjournment of the House in order



to discuss some definite matter of urgent public importance may be of the greatest utility. It is clear that, whether the Government likes it or not, there should be a means of discussing in the great assembly of the nation occurrences of real urgency and national importance. Here it is easily conceivable that the immediate interest and advantage of the ministers may not coincide with the interest and advantage of the nation; and if they wished to burke discussion a mechanical majority would always enable them to do so.

Now as regards these three matters—Questions, Private Bill Legislation, Motions for the Adjournment—if only members would make a moderate and responsible use of the privileges afforded them there would be no necessity for making great changes in the rules. It must always be remembered that it is only by a very limited number of members that what may be called the business-spirit of the House is set at nought. These are, however, sufficient in number and persistent enough in temperament to inflict great injury upon the House by diminishing the time available for the proper purpose of debate. The first feeling that strikes a stranger visiting the House is the sense of what can only be called the insincerity of a large part of its proceedings. Questions, maybe a hundred and fifty, are asked, eight or ten, perhaps, by the same member. There is hardly a pretence that any public purpose is served by the putting or answering of nine-tenths of these questions in a full House at the time of public business. The member could be supplied with the information sought by the written answer of the minister, and the answer might, if it were thought desirable, be circulated with the votes. It was in this fashion that till lately almost all members obtained the information desired. It would be interesting to know how many questions were put during their long parliamentary careers by the last three ‘Fathers of the House of Commons,’ and it is certain that the total of all three would not approach the record of several individual members during last session alone. During that session 6,448 questions were asked, and there are no existing means of preventing this preposterous number being largely increased.

The quite modern practice of debating at length private Bills on the second and third reading has grown largely out of a desire to shorten the time available for public business, and thereby to hinder the progress of some ministerial measure or other Bill to which objection is taken. Even where these debates are quite genuine, it must be said that as a rule a full

House of Commons is a tribunal singularly ill fitted to perform the semi-judicial functions required. The judgement should turn on the evidence ; but here *ex parte* statements only are put before a generally empty chamber, and the decision is then given by a comparatively full House, the majority of members voting in complete ignorance of the merits of the case !

Motions for the adjournment are also unfortunately largely resorted to for the purpose of abstracting time intended to be allotted to ' Government business,' that is, to the principal business before Parliament. If what was intended to be an exceptional proceeding in case of national urgency comes to be used as a convenient method of delaying Government business, or as a suitable occasion for delivering speeches on the subject of the leading articles in the morning's newspapers, the rule must, of course, be modified.

It is important to notice that in all the three cases with which we have been dealing, it is the efficiency of the House itself much more than the mere convenience of the Government of the day that is concerned. It is the House of Commons as a legislative body and as the great arena of national debate that requires protection against those who are hampering its action and injuring its reputation. It behoves the Government, and in an especial degree the leader of the House of Commons, to lay before that assembly at an early date proposals to restore to it its old efficiency, to give to it something like a command of its own time, and to defend it against those within, whether they be the avowed foes of the British parliamentary system, or those whose personal idiosyncrasies cause them to flout every consideration of parliamentary propriety and convenience.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is singularly well fitted to perform what is undoubtedly a difficult task. He has been himself something of a free lance, and his long subsequent career as minister and ex-minister has not led him into a favourite delusion of the official mind—that the two Front Benches constitute the House of Commons. It has been his duty to make more free use of the instrument of closure than any of his predecessors, but yet it is universally recognised that no one is by nature less inclined to silence arbitrarily *bona-fide* opposition and argument. When debate proceeds far beyond that limit the House of Commons in the past has been able to defend itself against indefinite prolongation of unprofitable talk on the part of members lacking the sense of personal responsibility, and without respect for the general

sentiment and dignity of the assembly. Closure by orderly clamour, if the expression may be used, that is to say, by the refusal of the House itself to hear more, worked in former days well enough, and by its means certain well-understood practices as to the regular winding-up of debates were enforced. Some years ago, however, it was demonstrated that the old instrument of closure had lost its efficacy, and it became desirable to forge a new one. In one way or another it has always been necessary for the House as a whole to protect itself against the domination of reckless or perverse individuals or cliques amongst its own members. It is the root principle of parliamentary government that after full discussion the majority shall prevail; and those are not the friends but the enemies of free parliamentary institutions who, in the much-abused names of freedom of debate and sacredness of the privileges of the representatives of the people, are ready to take from majorities their power.

There are two great and guiding principles which we hope will find very large support on both sides of the House of Commons, when in the near future it becomes necessary to revise its rules. Every precaution must be taken to prevent the repression of unpopular opinion. The opinions, for instance, of the Irish members cannot but be deeply offensive to the sentiments of Englishmen and Scotsmen. Nevertheless, they are the representatives, the constitutional spokesmen, of the majority of the Irish people. Ireland is the sore part of the generally healthy body of this kingdom, and if there is any merit at all in the representative system, the representatives of an uneasy, troubled, discontented region will surely reflect the temper of those who elect them. In these times we hear it glibly said that the House of Commons should not tolerate within it men who express this, that, or the other opinion. For these opinions they are accountable to their own consciences and to their own constituents, not to the majority of the House of Commons, were that majority ninety-nine hundredths of its whole body. What would be the use of a House of Commons if the representatives of the dissatisfied portion of the community were to be excluded? and where would exclusion end?

The second great principle concerns the due enforcing of order. During last session lamentable want of respect was shown to the spirit of the injunctions that came from the Chair. If one member was called to order, another member

would spring up and commit precisely the same offence; and occasionally an offending member seemed to think it was his business to argue with the Chair rather than to obey it. In Mr. Gully the House has a Speaker of absolute impartiality and of singular quickness, discretion, tact, and temper; qualities which it is given to few men to combine in an equal degree. Nevertheless, his authority, that is the authority of the House itself, was several times violently disputed, and scenes took place calculated greatly to discredit the House of Commons. It is not sufficient merely to punish offenders in these cases. Indeed it is not at punishment we should aim, so much as at the saving the House of Commons from a state of disorder fatal to its efficiency and most damaging to its reputation. For flagrant and determined resistance to the authority of the Chair, the House of Commons should suspend the offender for the duration of the Parliament which he has done his best to injure and degrade.

The task of reconciling liberty with order is never an easy one; but if the Government will proceed upon sound principles they will surely find it possible to do much to restore the House of Commons to its proper position in the eyes of Englishmen. Mr. Balfour has behind him a very large majority, and there are men opposite him not less eager than the Unionists to maintain the dignity and efficiency of Parliament; next year, therefore, should see the accomplishment of internal reforms, which cannot in safety be longer delayed if the efficiency of the parliamentary machine is to continue.

The proposal to reduce the number of Irish members has been discussed, as if it formed part of a scheme for the improvement of House of Commons procedure. Doubtless the diminution, by thirty or so, of the Irish representatives would improve the composition of the House, since amongst the Irish party is to be found almost the whole of the flagrantly disorderly element of which we have been speaking. That would be an incidental advantage, resulting from a measure demanded by sound policy and equity on other grounds; a reform which should be carried into effect at the first convenient season. The Home Rulers in these latter days have become affected with an extraordinary reverence for the Irish Act of Union. The Act provided that the representation of Ireland should be one hundred members, that figure having been chosen after a consideration of the numbers and wealth of the Irish people as compared with other

parts of the kingdom a century ago. A hundred years before, at the time of the Scottish Union, the number of Scottish members had been fixed permanently in a similar fashion. But 1707 and 1801 are respectively two centuries and one century behind us. It is no real disrespect to our ancestors to be just to ourselves, in circumstances which they were unable to foresee. We must not let the dead hand rule too rigidly the energies of the living. So, at all events, statesmen and Parliaments reasoned in 1832, in 1867, and in 1884. In 1832 the representation of Scotland was increased from 45 to 53, that of Ireland from 100 to 105, that of Wales from 24 to 29, whilst the representation of England was reduced by 18 members. In 1867, 7 more seats were given to Scotland, 1 to Wales, while 8 were taken from England. In 1885, England had an increase of 2 seats, Scotland of 12, Wales remained unchanged, and Ireland lost 2. In the last half-century there has been a very large migration from Ireland to England and Scotland, where the result has been to modify very considerably the political colour of many constituencies. It is difficult under all these circumstances to understand the contention that Ireland should for ever retain a much larger proportionate share of representation in Parliament than other parts of the United Kingdom. Of the justice and desirableness of the change proposed there can be no doubt; but as to the means by which it should be brought about there is room for much difference of opinion. Should Ireland alone be dealt with, or should the redistribution be general, and on one principle, throughout all the constituencies of the kingdom?

It is, however, certain that in times such as these Parliament will postpone domestic questions of great difficulty to the primary object of bringing to an end the South African war. We have now entered upon its third year. Many delusions, due to British ignorance of the conditions of the South African problem, have been swept away. The gloomiest anticipations of those who in the past deprecated every step that tended to bring nearer to us the overwhelming calamity to the Empire and South Africa of racial war have been more than fulfilled; and men are now beginning to ask themselves, as well they may, whether, after all, the ultimate effect of a war which has cost us so dear will be to render more secure than formerly British rule in South Africa.

We do not intend now to go into the right or the wrong,

the wisdom or the folly, of what occurred before the war. Since it began the great majority of Englishmen and Dutchmen, on the one side and the other, have been convinced that with their foes it was simply from the beginning and by design a war of conquest. The British meant to conquer the Republics. The Boers meant to drive the British out of South Africa. And each nation, looking only to the evidence in support of its own side of the case, triumphantly appeals to the annexation declarations of its enemy as proof positive of the truth of its own contention !

What we have to deal with is the war as it stands to-day, and, however men may differ as to its causes, there surely can be no difference as to what it now involves. If the British are victorious, the Republics will be conquered. Nothing less than complete annexation—that is, conquest—can possibly be accepted as the condition of peace. The Boers, therefore, are fighting for national independence. On the other hand, Boer success *now* would mean the overthrow of British power throughout South Africa. For such causes as these brave men will fight their hardest, and make almost any sacrifices. Already the British have sacrificed very much in the loss of valuable lives, and in a gigantic expenditure of public money. The Boers have lost almost everything they possessed. A very large proportion of the whole manhood of the population, including old men and boys, are in exile. Never probably in modern times have the consequences of war fallen with greater severity on a whole people ; for we have had to fight not an army of professional soldiers, but the whole citizenship of the two States. As with every war of independence against overpowering strength, the majority of those possessing means and substance—that is, those having most to lose—are willing to succumb sooner than the ‘broken men’ who, under high-spirited leaders, determine whilst life remains to prolong the struggle. This is the stage at which the war has arrived.

Yet it can hardly be described with truth as a guerilla war. The Boers are led in the field by known commanders, in considerable bodies. As a general rule, they respect the laws of war. They attack positions even when strongly held. And they pursue our own practices of night attacks, sudden surprises, and the ‘rushing’ of encampments. They still show themselves able to make considerable captures of men and supplies, and almost invariably put their prisoners at liberty after they have possessed themselves of their ammunition,

coats, and boots. They do not, indeed, wear uniform, for the sufficient reason that they never possessed any; but they, nevertheless, seem to come within the meaning of the term 'belligerent,' as asserted by Sir John Ardagh, when representing Great Britain at the Hague Conference. After the commandoes have been dispersed, and their leaders have been taken, it is by no means improbable that in so vast a country we shall still have to meet and put down with a strong hand a good deal of real guerilla warfare and sheer brigandage. For the present the war goes on.

The Government at the last general election received a double mandate. The war, then believed to be very nearly over, was to be brought to an immediate and victorious conclusion; and a constitutional system of government, resting upon the basis of political equality amongst Europeans, was to be established throughout South Africa. No efforts were to be spared to accomplish the first. When the first had been accomplished, the second was to follow as soon as possible. The Boers had excluded the British from the franchise in the Transvaal; but under the British flag all would be equal; and South Africa would take its place by the side of Canada and Australia as a great self-governing colony of the British Empire. The Government has found itself unable so far to give effect to the popular demand. And, truth to tell, the nation has not even yet grasped the gigantic nature of the task which lies before it; for when at last the conquest is complete, will the constitutional government of South Africa be much nearer?

What is only too certain is that the condition of South Africa at the present time, in the annexed States and in the British Colonies, is disastrous, and that the longer this lasts the more impossible will it be to return to a healthy state of things. Not only so. The British Empire has interests to guard all over the world, and it is sheer blindness to ignore all dangers that do not arise directly from the mobility of the commandoes of Botha and Delarey. The violence of the feeling against Great Britain among the nations of Europe cannot be disregarded. Sometimes even wise and prudent Governments have in unhappy moments given way to, or been carried away by, the vehemence of popular passion which they were unable or unwilling to control. These are democratic times, and even autocratic rulers may find it necessary, or at least highly desirable for their own sakes, to ride on the crest of the wave of strong popular feeling. Nothing is to be gained by blinking the

fact that every month that the war lasts increases the dangers to which an Empire such as ours always stands exposed—dangers which might very easily become greater than any that have threatened it since the close of the great war at Waterloo.

Do we know the whole truth about South Africa? Never in recent times has the public been so completely dependent for information upon purely official news; and for months together all that we get from these sources is the result of disconnected skirmishes fought at distances of many hundred miles from each other, which are very often without any important consequences. Lord Milner is now back again at Pretoria, and it is time that another general view of the whole situation should be laid before the country, such, for instance, as he gave of South Africa in the month of February last. It was then frankly confessed that the preceding six months had been a 'period of retrogression.' Has retrogression ceased? Is the complete subjugation of the two States really close at hand? And has the danger which has seemed of late to trouble Cape Colony and Natal finally passed away? It is distressing to find after two years' war that our troops have still to be employed in defending the frontiers of Natal from Boer attack, and to read accounts of aggressive Boer action in very widely separated districts of Cape Colony itself. It would seem that a country of the almost boundless extent with which our forces are dealing does not feel itself really conquered because of the military occupation of the railways and the holding of the more important towns.

Now our wish is not to deal with the detail of the military situation in South Africa, so much as to consider the political position created by it at home, and what prospect there may be of the country finding a way out of very pressing difficulty and danger, by having recourse to new political combinations. The Government have, it is true, not, so far, succeeded in carrying out the mandate of the nation. But, for our part, we are entirely unable to see, considering the essential difficulties of the case, that any other Government following the same policy would have been more successful. If Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey are really in possession of 'foresight, grasp, and skill' which will enable them to triumph over all difficulties, and to give us victory and peace, we believe that in the present national emergency the country, setting aside party predilections, would gladly entrust them with power. Theirs is the only



section of the Liberal party which the nation would trust to carry out its will, that is in the first instance to achieve complete victory in South Africa. But we are entirely unable to discover when these statesmen in the past have been more in the right than the Government, in the view they have taken either of the political condition of that continent or of the conduct of the war. In the light of the great events that have been taking place, the letting loose of tremendous forces, the clash of national passions, the criticism of Liberal-Imperialists strikes the public as almost microscopic. Had five or six thousand more troops been sent to Africa earlier before the outbreak of war, how much better it would have been! If only Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley had pulled better together! If only the Government had despatched disciplined regular troops of the best quality rather than raw yeomanry! If two years ago these statesmen had been in power, they would not have had, any more than had Lord Salisbury, an army of a quarter of a million men at command. They would have had to do what after all Lord Lansdowne and his advisers achieved very remarkable success in doing—they would have had to create one. Why they should have done this better does not appear. Surely all this is to make the mistake natural enough to statesmen in opposition—that of attributing difficulties intrinsic to the policy pursued entirely to errors of management and administration. In such gigantic operations as we have been engaged in, some mistakes will always be made. We do not wish to excuse them; but in the last two years the faults and blunders brought home to administration have been far less frequent and less important than those that have marked the carrying on of any of our historical great wars. The grand error of all, the blindness as to the consequences which racial war would bring upon South Africa and the Empire, a blindness which in our opinion at least told upon policy, they shared to the full with the members of Lord Salisbury's administration.

We are not concerned to deny the truth of some of the criticisms that fall from the Liberal-Imperialists, nor is the criticism that comes from the more Radical section of the Opposition without weight. For instance, what has been said as to the mischief done by farm-burning as a military policy was certainly well founded. And the objections taken to some of the proclamations both of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were perfectly sound, and it was right that they should be noticed in Parliament. The proposed

exiling for life of those Boer leaders who had not surrendered before September 15, was rightly shown by Mr. Asquith to be beyond the authority of the military or civil executive. When Lord Durham, possibly for very good reasons, exercised authority not altogether dissimilar in regard to French Canadians, the Whig Government of the day found it impossible to support his action. After the Republican States have been really conquered, their citizens will have the rights of British subjects according to law, which law can, of course, only be abrogated or modified by a competent legislature, local or imperial. The idea that when the war is over, the liberties and rights of South African Dutch will be determined by military proclamations issued during the extreme stress of a mighty struggle, ought to be completely dispelled. Martial law has unfortunately been a necessity of the position with which we have had to deal. Enforced over limited districts, and only for a short time, it might do little harm; but nothing can be worse than its effect upon the ordinary population where it is unduly prolonged. The dislike to martial law is a natural and most wholesome instinct of Englishmen, and no folly could be greater than the maintenance of such a system in any locality an hour longer than the safety of the public and the actual peace of the district demand.

We have no desire to deprecate public criticism of the action of the Government or its agents. During the last few years we have had perhaps too little rather than too much criticism. Only do not let us suppose, because occasionally mistakes have been made in administration, some of them serious ones, that our present most difficult position is mainly due to them. The conquering of the Republics, having regard to the general condition of South Africa, could not in the nature of things be anything but a gigantic undertaking; and it would be most unfair to attribute our present stress to the supposed lapses of Mr. Brodrick or to an alleged want of genius amongst our generals in the field.

Far the best speech made in the House of Commons during last session on the South African question was that of Sir Edward Grey. It was admirable both in substance and in tone. Whilst criticising with effect where he had to blame, he did not forget the necessities of the case, nor lose sight in these necessities of the ultimate result which we hoped to achieve. 'You cannot, when the country is in a state of war, have the operation of the ordinary law, but admitting that martial law is necessary,

'the more reason for great care in the execution of it.' Capital punishment might be unavoidable in certain cases; but in our proceedings there should be at least some sort of dignity, and he censured most properly the conduct of those who had compelled the friends of the condemned men to be present at their execution—'a reversion to ancient 'methods' which is hardly credible, and which, as he said, 'must tend to greater exasperation without having any 'more deterrent effect.' Again, it was probable that the camps for the Boer women and children were a necessity, but the Government in doing its best to improve the sanitary condition would receive assistance—not hindrance—from the utmost possible publicity as to their real state. Vigorous common sense also marked his comments on that most serious step—the suspension of the constitution in Cape Colony—a step which could not but be regarded with suspicion.

'But we have it before us as a temporary measure, which excites no protest in Cape Colony itself, and I make no protest against it here. But I dwell on this, the suspension must be temporary; otherwise your government in the Cape must tend to become arbitrary; and if you once carry the suspension so long as to have discontent excited, the mere existence of discontent makes it more difficult to resume the constitutional situation afterwards.'

But the words which it is most essential for Englishmen to bear in mind were those spoken of the future:—

'After the war we want South Africa to settle down. Two races there must be; but if we are agreed on the lines of the settlement, though there be two races, may they not feel that there is but one mind at home? *I can imagine nothing more deplorable than having one race appealing to one party in this country, and the other race appealing to the other party.*

And Sir Edward then referred with approval to Mr. Chamberlain's excellent speech last winter as to the terms on which the Government were willing to make peace, and the sort of settlement to which they were looking. On those lines he thought Englishmen in general might agree to work.

That, no doubt, is what they ought to do. But a moderate course, if the only right and wise one, and the only one moreover which has in it any prospect of success, will be little to the taste of either of the extreme parties in South Africa or at home. It is but natural that there almost all should be extremists, and the Government will have to exhibit considerable firmness if it is to adhere to a really

statesmanlike policy of South African reconstruction. Here the Liberal-Imperialists may do good work in strengthening Ministerial hands.

The Liberal-Imperialists, if they understand their own position, may render great services to the State in its present exigencies. They may strengthen the Government for good, they may do much to keep it out of mistakes, into which possibly some of its own followers might push it. Amongst them are very able and public-spirited men, and their leaders at least are aware of the conditions of local self-government under which alone our great Colonial Empire can be retained. But do not let them flatter themselves that they can, as things stand, reconstruct the Liberal party in opposition to the Unionist Government and prepare to take its place. No opposition was ever founded upon the basis of agreement with the Ministry on the great question of the day; and this, so far as we can understand it, is the position at present taken by Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. They are ready, even anxious, to abandon Home Rule; and though to zealous partisans amongst their opponents it may seem the clever game to identify the whole of the Liberal party with the principles of its least admirable members, more patriotic men will rejoice at the tardy escape of an effective portion of the Liberal army from a policy so much opposed to national well-being. We fail, however, to see how all this brings 'Liberal reconstruction' any nearer, or to understand what is to be done with Liberals, and they are many, and many of them are statesmen of mark, who repudiate the principles of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. If Liberal-Imperialists are prepared to part with so large a section of Liberals, in what way is the loss to be made good? Lord Rosebery is sanguine that in the future a 'Liberal party, or some such 'party,' will put everything straight. We shall watch with interest the growth and development of the 'Some Such 'Party.' 'Imperialists' are, we believe, Unionists. Indeed, this seems to be not the least definite part of their creed, and so far at least we wish them success. But if on the great subject of Home Rule, and on the great subject of the war, they are in agreement with his Majesty's Ministers, what about their opposition?

Till the Unionist Party breaks up, the notion of a Liberal Ministry victorious over Unionists, Radicals, and Home Rulers, is of course a dream. But the Unionist Party shows no sign of breaking up. Should Lord Salisbury, after a long

and brilliant career, feel himself compelled by the weight of advancing years to withdraw from public life, great though the loss would be to his party and to the country, the consequences would not be such as followed the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. The choice of his successor would be limited by the fact, that in the House of Lords no one could take place above the Duke of Devonshire, whilst in the House of Commons no one could be put over Mr. Balfour. It would be for the Sovereign to decide which of the two statesmen he should ask to form a Ministry, and there are no precedents to prevent him selecting the Minister in his opinion best able to form and keep together a strong Government. Whatever his choice, the party situation would remain unchanged.

The almost unanimous desire of the people is to strengthen the existing Ministry, not to weaken it; for in the existing crisis all men feel that party considerations are small indeed as compared with the national interests which are at stake.

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